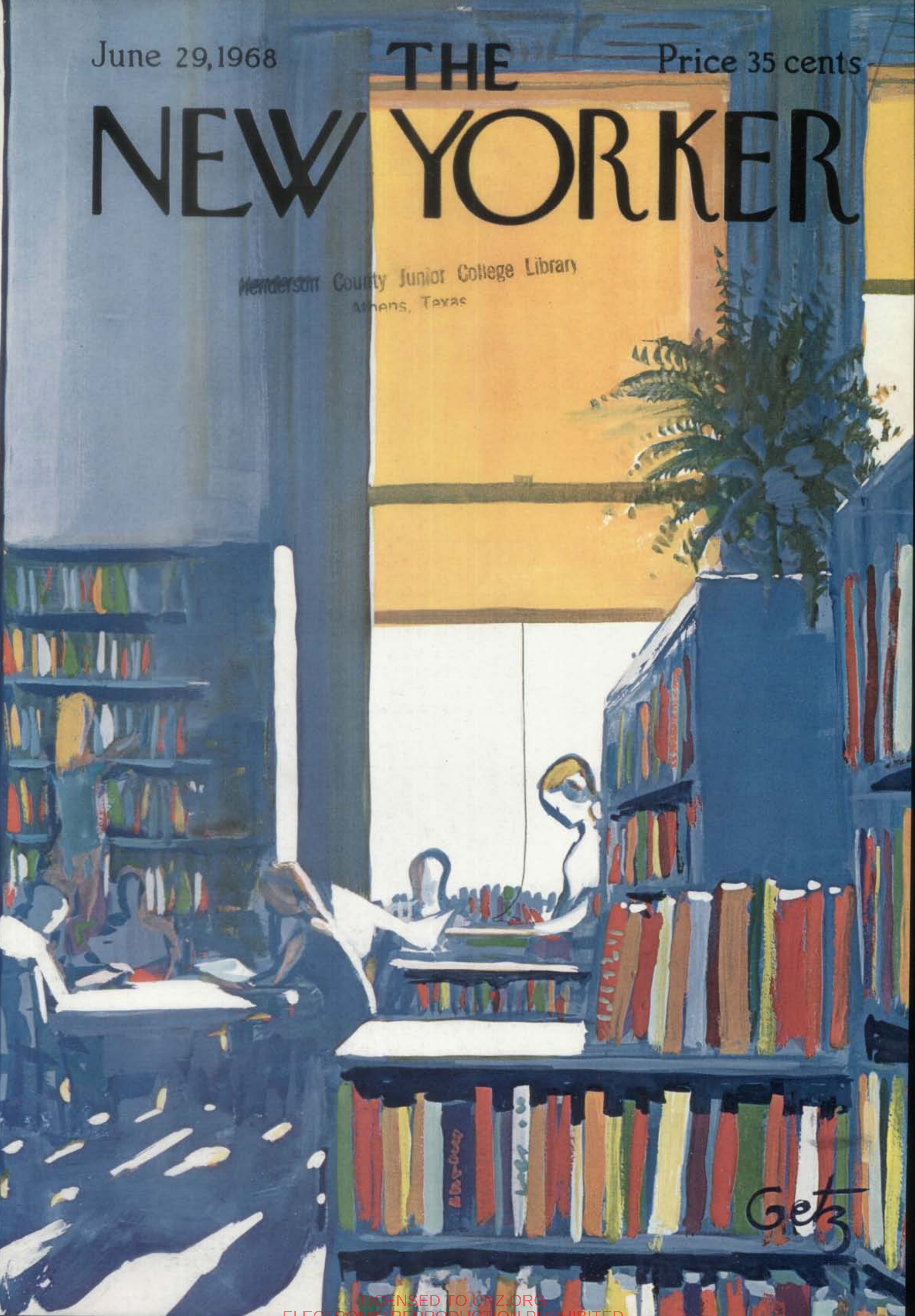
June 29, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

Henderson County Junior College Library
Athens, Texas



The one-family airline.

If you're now expecting us to tell you what a big, happy family we all are at Delta, forget it.

You're not interested. And we know it.

We know that the only family you care to hear about is the one that beats you into the bathroom every morning.

And until the time comes for you and your family to fly somewhere together—to visit relatives, say, or to put a little pleasure in your next business trip—you've got no time for us.

If you do call Delta, the last thing you'll want to hear about is how great we are with families, and how many deliriously happy trips we've flown in the past.

You'll be looking for proof —not promises. And it's not very likely that we'll be getting more than one chance to do the proving.

You'll expect us to be able to put you all on a flight that's going where you want to *when* you want to. You'll expect us to be prepared in case somebody in your family is more interested in a warm bottle than a sizzling steak. And you'll expect to get the whole trip at family-plan discount fares that you can afford.

And you'll be right to expect all those things.

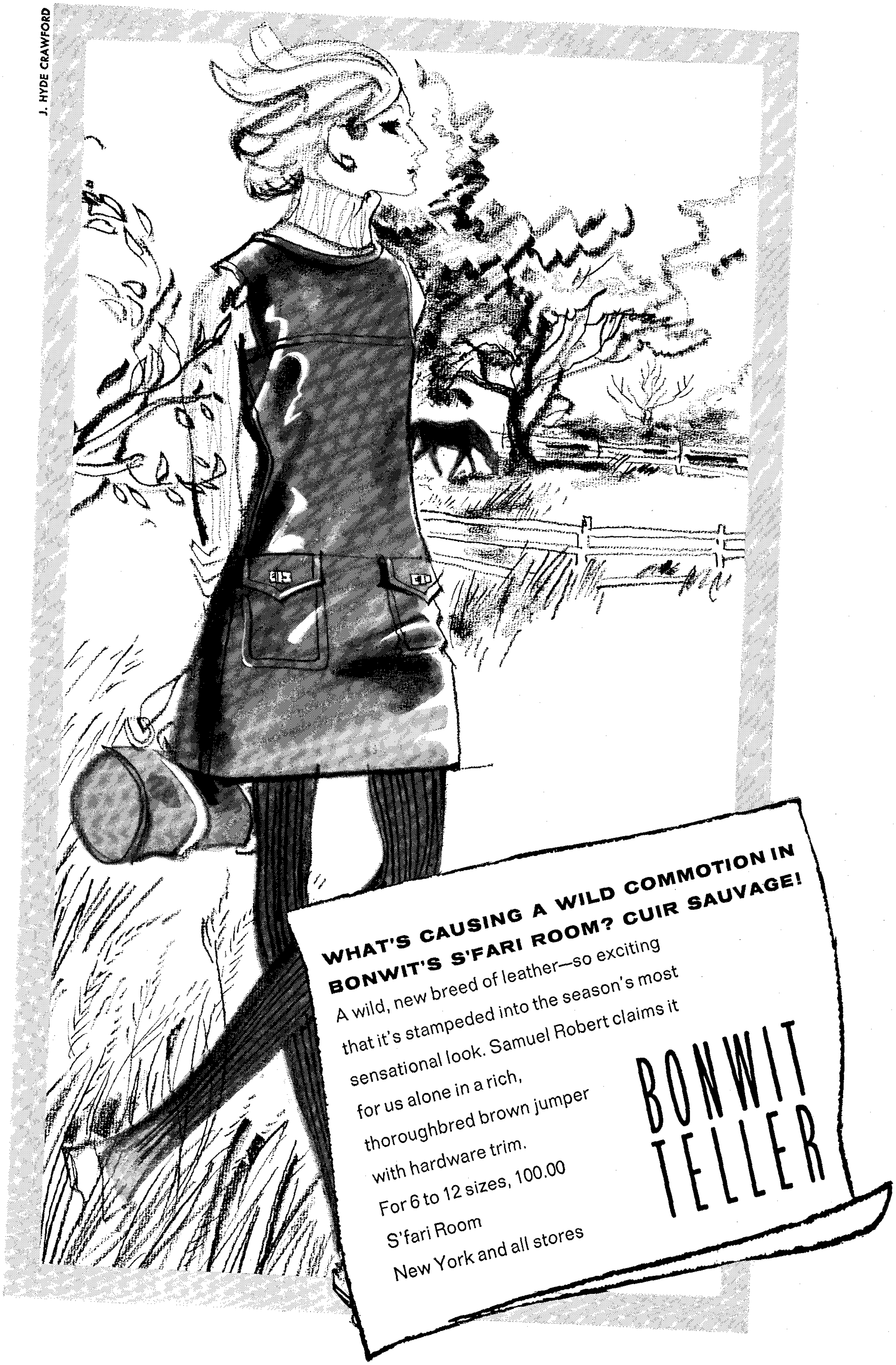
Well, our job, as the one-family airline, is to make your family as important to us as it is to you.

That may sound like a pretty hard promise for the nation's fifth-largest airline to keep. But it's worth the extra effort.

The way we look at it, one satisfied family is worth four or five satisfied individuals any day of the week.

DELTA

The one family that matters is yours.



J. HYDE CRAWFORD

WHAT'S CAUSING A WILD COMMOTION IN BONWIT'S S'FARI ROOM? CUIR SAUVAGE!

A wild, new breed of leather—so exciting that it's stampeded into the season's most sensational look. Samuel Robert claims it for us alone in a rich, thoroughbred brown jumper with hardware trim.

For 6 to 12 sizes, 100.00

S'fari Room

New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Atelje 212—A three-week repertory of four plays, in Serbo-Croatian, by this avant-garde company from Belgrade. Popović's **BORA, THE TAILOR**: Thursday, June 27, at 8; Saturday, June 29, at 2; Sunday, June 30, at 7:30; Thursday, July 4, at 2; and Friday, July 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Jarry's **KING UBU**: Friday, June 28, at 7:30; Saturday, June 29, at 8, Sunday, June 30, at 2; Tuesday, July 2, at 8; and Saturday, July 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Albee's **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Wednesday, July 3, at 7:30, and Thursday, July 4, and Saturday, July 6, at 8. Simultaneous-translation earsets may be rented at each performance. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Closes Sunday, July 14.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles *into misery and venom, about a birthday party* at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

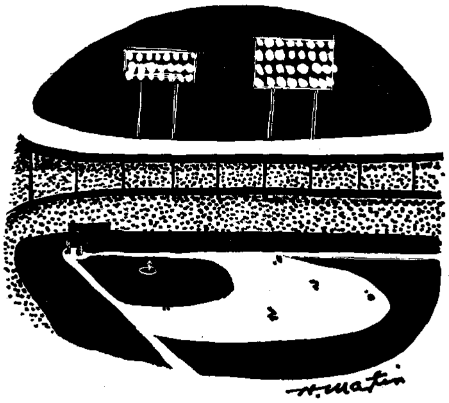
The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy Goodness—This play, by Louis Sapin and the late Richard Wright, deals in rather shallow fashion with the rise of a religious cult, but it has its moments, all the same. The Negro Ensemble Company, it need hardly be said, makes the most of these moments. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matineé Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Page
BOOKS 87
THE CURRENT CINEMA 62
LETTER FROM MEXICO 68
THE RACE TRACK 66

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Théâtre de la Cité—A three-week repertory of three plays, in French, by this company from Lyon. Molière's **GEORGE DANDIN**: Thursday, June 27, at 7:30; Friday, June 28, and Friday, July 5, both at 8; and Saturday, July 6, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Dumas's **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**: Saturday, June 29, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, June 30, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **TARTUFFE**: Tuesday, July 2, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 3, at 8; and Thursday, July 4, at 2. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Closes Sunday, July 14.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Laurence Hugo plays a middle-aged womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER**: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

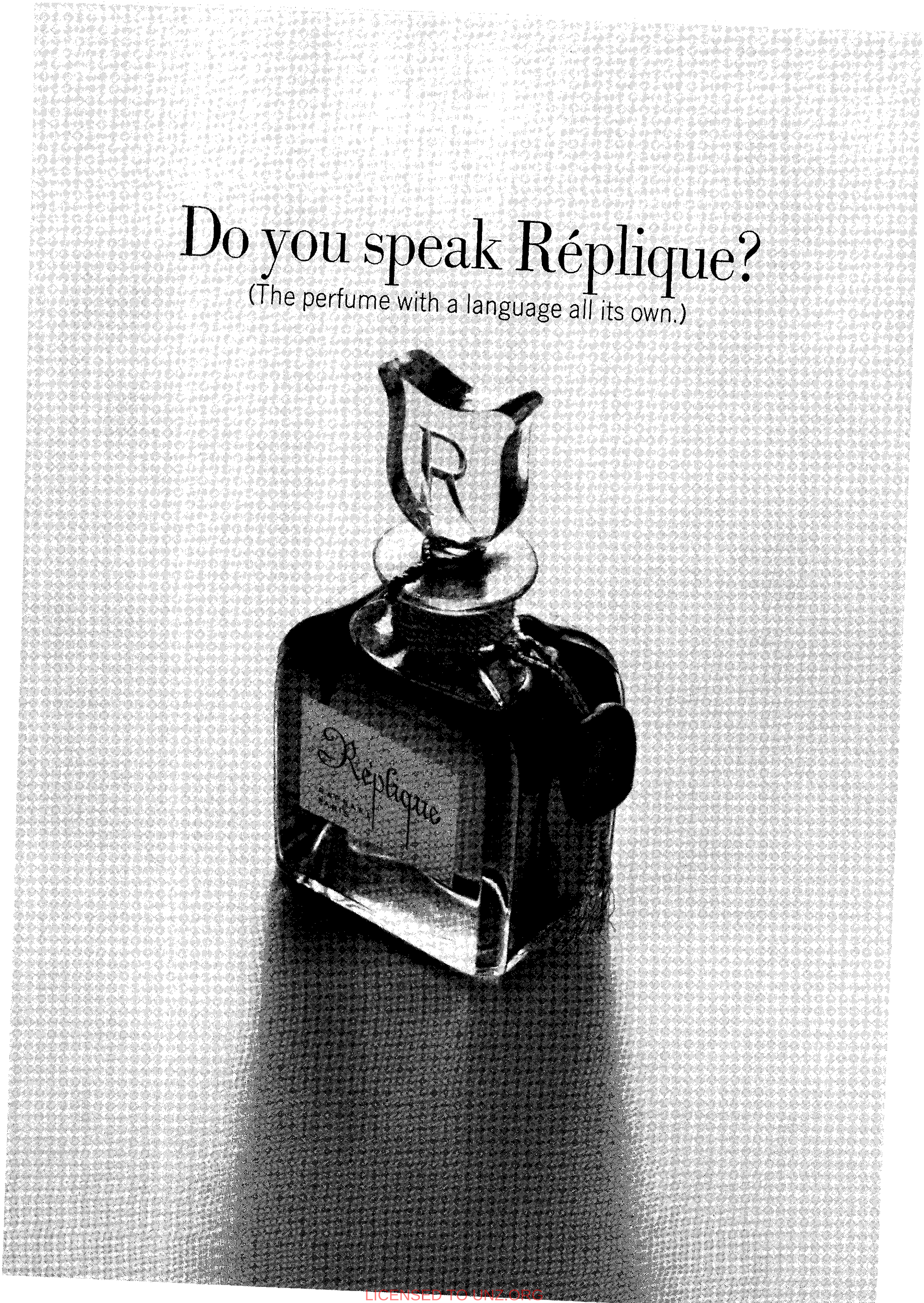
City Center Light Opera Company—Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and George Rose in **MY FAIR LADY**. The second of two musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 19, June 29, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)
R
Réplique

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except June 27, at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays at 8; and Thursday, June 27, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of WEST SIDE STORY, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis, and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—CABARET: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... THE FANTASTICKS: Partly cloudy, chance of showers. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... HELLO, DOLLY!: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... MAME: Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... MAN OF LA MANCHA: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Starting Monday, July 1, Hal Holbrook will take over the title role from David Atkinson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HENRY IV, PART I, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, are being given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. HENRY IV, PART II, with the same cast, is presented on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of SOUTH PACIFIC, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Most nights involve singers, strummers, and wry talkers. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. The James Cotton Blues Band is the main act. Starting Monday, July 1, the main act will be Blood, Sweat & Tears, a powerful rock group that uses horns to good advantage.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about *the only thing* that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and Bob Brookmeyer playing his nimble old valve trombone—assisted by piano, bass, drums, and a singer named Carol Sloane. On Friday, June 28, Brookmeyer, Sloane & Co. will be replaced by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. On Tuesday, July 2, that outfit will give way to the Jake Hanna quartet, which ingratiates more than it excites. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

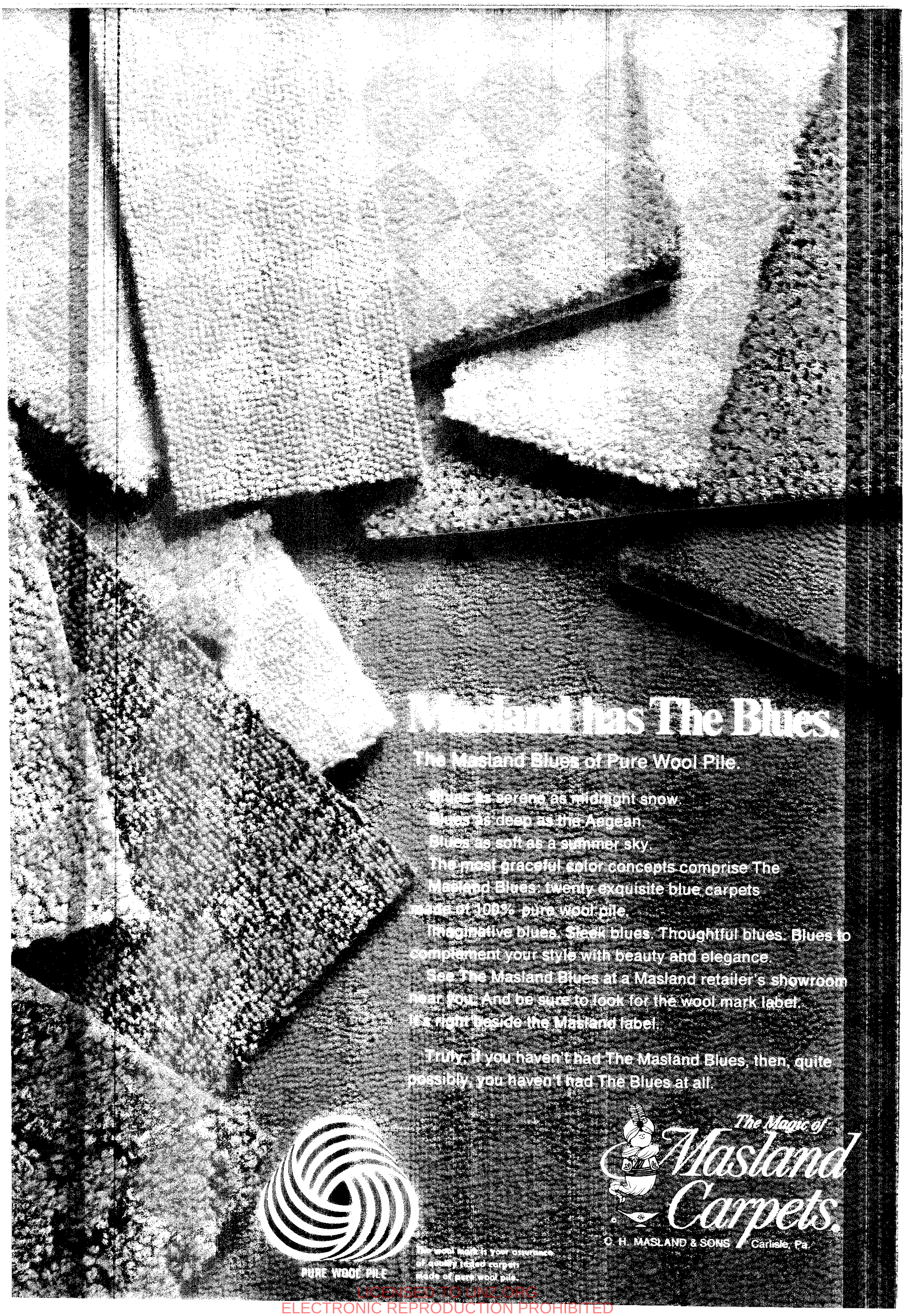
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Elvin Jones trio. Jones plays drums like a hallucinating Thor. On Tuesday, July 2, the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. On Saturday, June 29, from five to nine, the Ron Jefferson Choir will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, June 30, Weldon Irvine's big band will do the same. Monday nights, from nine to three, are devoted to jazz vocalists.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Billy Taylor trio plays with its customary assurance, alternating with Toshiko's solo piano. On Tuesday, July 2, the Taylor trio will be replaced by other musicians. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. The dinners are mostly grilled.... ¶ Downstairs, Mort Sahl, one of the nation's foremost spellbinders, takes turns with the Modern Jazz Quartet, one of the nation's most introspective jazz groups. Starting Tuesday, July 2, two classics: the Oscar Peterson quartet and a quartet fronted by Earl Hines. Mondays are devoted to special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet is playing nightly. On Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, the much bruited Sonny Rollins quartet will come in to trade sets with Hutcherson and Land, so beware of crowds. Monday, July 1, will be reserved for the crystal-cracking sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. On Tuesday, July 2, the Archie Shepp quintet will play, and on Wednesday, July 3, the Rollins quartet will return for four nights.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and wash-



Masland has The Blues.

The Masland Blues of Pure Wool Pile.

Blues as serene as midnight snow.
Blues as deep as the Aegean.
Blues as soft as a summer sky.

The most graceful color concepts comprise The Masland Blues: twenty exquisite blue carpets made of 100% pure wool pile.

Imaginative blues. Sleek blues. Thoughtful blues. Blues to complement your style with beauty and elegance.

See The Masland Blues at a Masland retailer's showroom near you. And be sure to look for the wool mark label. It's right beside the Masland label.

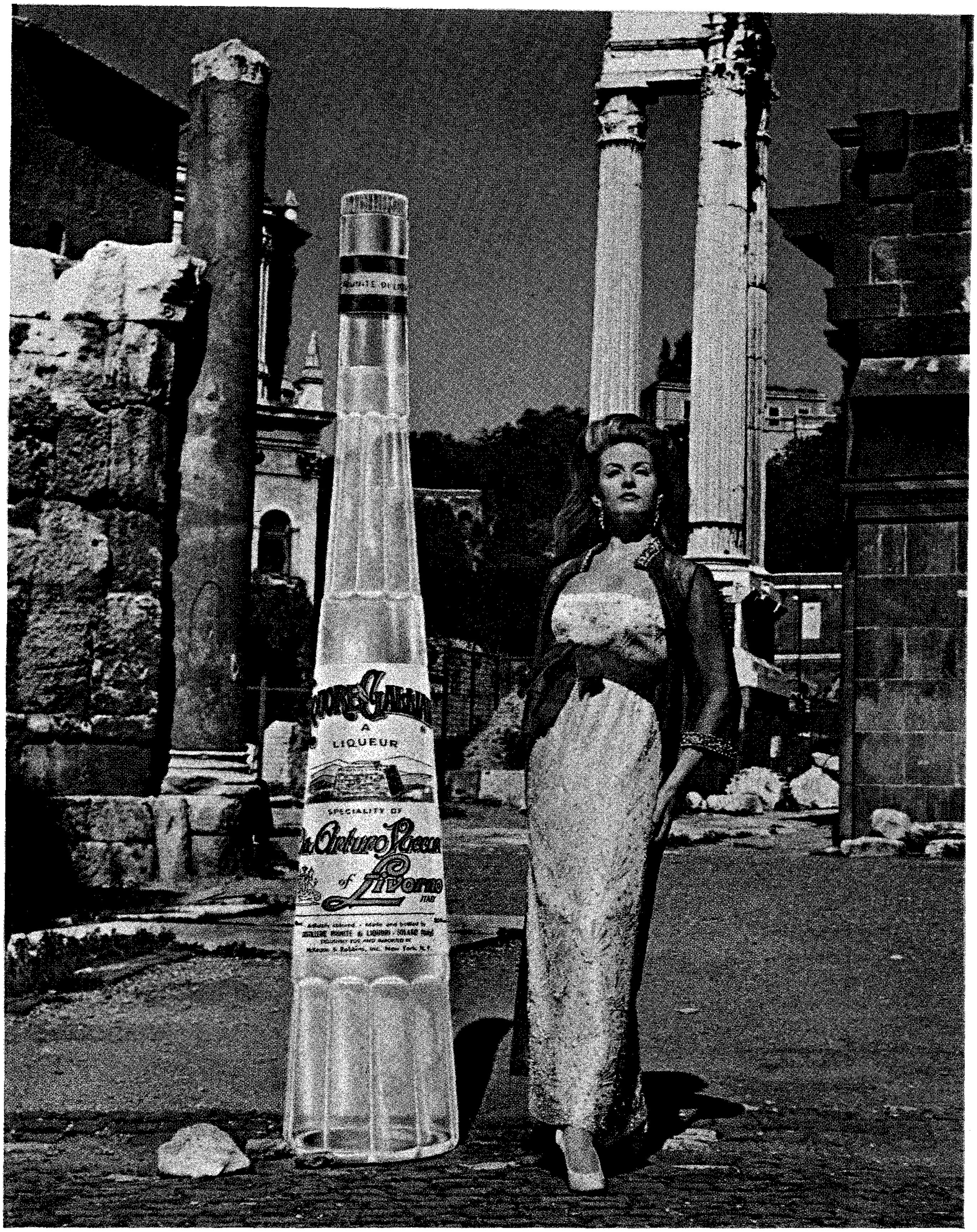
Truly, if you haven't had The Masland Blues, then, quite possibly, you haven't had The Blues at all.

PURE WOOL PILE

The wool mark is your assurance of quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.

The Magic of
Masland Carpets.

C. H. MASLAND & SONS / Carlisle, Pa.



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

The mood is elegance. The place the Temple of Apollo. The manner classic, with Pia Lindstrom modeling a new creation by Fernanda Gattinoni of Rome. The bottle is Galliano. The legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Truly, it has a bright sunny flavor. Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK & R, 1967

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

boards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The Fuzzy Bunnies alternate with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a *tout petit* dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Influence and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. On Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, the Salvation Navy will also be there. On Monday, July 1, Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys will take over, starting at about ten. Earlier that evening—at eight-thirty—the Circus will present the first of ten Monday-evening mixed-media affairs known as the Electric Ear. This one will be directed by the composer Mel Powell and will involve electronic and somewhat more conventional sounds as well as unconventional sights. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are average. Rock records from ten to three or four every night but Sunday, when things swing from seven to midnight.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Every so often, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This spot has been alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through a Water Pik, the waiters look faintly Venusian, and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from ten till closing, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. Light dining. Some chuckles.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the Bobby Hackett quartet lets its considerable skills drift in the direction of satiny dance music. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. After Saturday, June 29, the club will close for a week.

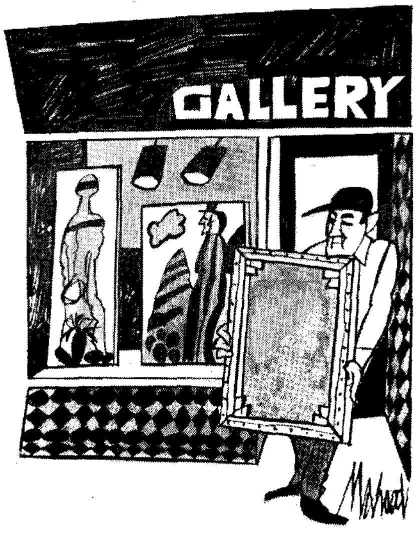
Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Summertime Blues," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Great day in the morning, at least until two o'clock, which is when Duke Ellington's retinue, richly resonant, halts a session that begins at nine. Phil Wayne's crew starts the music off at seven. The Ducal visit ends on Saturday, June 29, and on Monday, July 1, Jonah Jones brings his foursome into action. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—Johnny Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Archeological surveys lead to the surmise that this was the site of Sybaris; in fact, zebra-striped walls, known to be a fetish of its inhabitants, are still visible. Between eight and three-thirty, collations for the curiosity-seekers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band. Shuts down Saturday, June 29, for a fortnight. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): Diners and dancers are piped on board as early as six, by Eddy McGinnis's orchestra (the band led by Billy Maxted, the old Red Nichols pianist, is added at seven-thirty), and curfew does not arrive until two; no music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): People may walk on the grass as much as they like, and cut capers, too, as long as they break into nothing more violent than a dog trot, or—of course—a fox trot. The setting is plain but painstaking, the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Arguesso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week (Fourth of July, though, at two-thirty) and stay put until around twelve; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): The unroofed terrace affords communion with the phenomenon known as Natural Habitat—trees, grass, fireflies, and weather. Nourishment, and dance tunes, too. These last are off-and-on Mondays and Tuesdays, non-stop the other nights, from dinnertime until past midnight.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The triumph of matter over mind is the theme of the seminar conducted by Joan Rivers, who noisily deplores the situation, though rarely before ten in the evening. Her last night is Saturday, June 29. On Monday, July 1, a small revue should be starting practice. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Riparian rites along the Jordan, by a collection of amiable Israeli merrymakers. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, and even a song or two. The dining is native without being naïve. Closed Mondays.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—The end of a perfect day (indeed, era) arrives on Saturday, June 29, when Julius Monk's "Four in Hand," a revue upon which so many other revues modelled themselves, offers up its final brace of showings and this red-and-gold pleasure dome shuts its doors forever.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the name of the portmanteau revue that inhabits this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. It will cease and desist on Saturday, June 29.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Barbara McNair, who cares a great deal about what she sings, and Norm Crosby, who seems not to care what he says, show up in the Royal Box during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is there all the time. Saturday, June 29, is the terminal point for this operation, but activity resumes on Friday, July 5, when Mel Tormé, who can twist any tune to his (and our) advantage, and Jo Anne Worley, an entertaining slip of a girl, check in, along with the Evans band.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—One-big-happy-family is the attitude of the everlasting Chavales de España (all for one, one for all, and free-for-all, too, when it comes to singing and prancing). Three choice ballerinas are now part of their montage, and there is, as well, Yma Sumac, whose ability to mimick the eight-octave range of the Peruvian hoot owl is celebrated. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Esther Tohbi, not so very long out of Israel and (the story goes) the Israeli militia, but already quite bilingual, is plowsharing a crop of songs she has imported and songs she has picked up here. There's plenty more, but Miss T. is the mainspring. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—A draft of dryads, a dazzle of damosels—these are the basic materials of a hubris that runs on for nearly two hours, picking up, in its course, the Everly Brothers (American choral work) and Leny Eversong (Brazilian soprano). Twice a night, for ever and ever.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Where there is smoke there is fire, and where there is both there is Eartha Kitt, thoroughly enjoying herself and her alternate shrilling and cajoling. This undeniable amusement occurs during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The Burt Farber orchestra and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. After Saturday, June 29, complete silence will prevail for a week or so. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which will

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

skip dinner Thursday through Saturday, July 4-6. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends well met, and younger ones, too, in a trophy room that likewise serves as restaurant, bar, and music conservatory. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders walk the keyboards, sometimes as sentimental soloists, sometimes as tandem tempests, from cocktails to cockcrow. Closes Thursday, June 27, to reopen soon after the Fourth. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Our Thing for any number of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts, who communicate here, too, in their evening spare time. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. This season's run ends on Saturday, June 29. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): Queen Victoria *would* be amused by the décor, the staff, and the menu, about all of which there is a certain British rectitude; the jolly piano and lyrics of Lynn Richards, a girl who's been around, and *is* around here (Tuesday through Saturday every week, from about nine until about two), are not, though, at all Windsor Castle. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, but not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every manjack of the staff. Closes Sunday, June 30, for the summer. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming there is at least Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano, to ease the pain, and—as a bonus—there is Thelma Carpenter again, at long last, full of carol and charisma. They are both absent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night, nearly always by Kurt Maier, who has been around just as long as Vienna. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Grand Prix, *dernier cri*. George Feyer's parlor piano, which runs from eight-thirty until two, underlines the conversation. *Closes Saturday, June 29, for a brief holiday.* . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano (Bob Kail's) in the Casino-on-the-Park, that well-kept indoor plaisance, will end its evening chores (six-thirty until one) on Friday, June 28. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the manifold Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper, there is piano by Muriel Roberts, one of the few girls who apply drive instead of drivel to the instrument. She is in service Mondays through Fridays, from four-thirty to eight.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through Friday, June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through July 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.)

SAM GILLIAM—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through Friday, June 28. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KOKOSCHKA, PASCIN, AND TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Prints; through Saturday, June 29. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ERNEST LAWSON (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through Friday, June 28. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by Hans Hofmann, Morris Louis, Al Held, John Graham, and other gallery artists; through Friday, June 28. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through July 31. (Open Saturdays; closed Thursday, July 4.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by David Budd and Dan Christensen and sculptures by Neil Jenny and Keith Sonnier; through Friday, June 28. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Fritz Glarner, Edwin Dickinson, and Frank Gallo; through July 26. (Closed Mondays and Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of American *folk art, mainly of the early nineteenth century* and comprising a sampler, paintings on velvet, Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur paintings, and portraits; through July 12. (Open Saturday, June 29; closed Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the West and paintings of sports; through Wednesday, July 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, Leon Goldin, Robert Laurent, John Koch, and others; also drawings by artists of the early twentieth century, including Sloan, Myers, Hart, and Glackens. Through Friday, June 28. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings chiefly, by (for instance) Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Friday, June 28. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alice Baber, Warren Brandt, Nora Jaffe, Ludwig Sander, and Ursula Meyer (to mention several); through Friday, June 28. . . . **STABLE**, 33 E. 74th St.: Costumes designed for the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture by such artists as Robert Indiana, Alex Katz, William King, Alfred Leslie, Ben Shahn, Marisol, and Richard Lindner; through Friday, June 28.

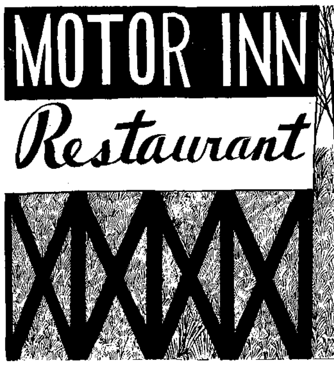
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.)

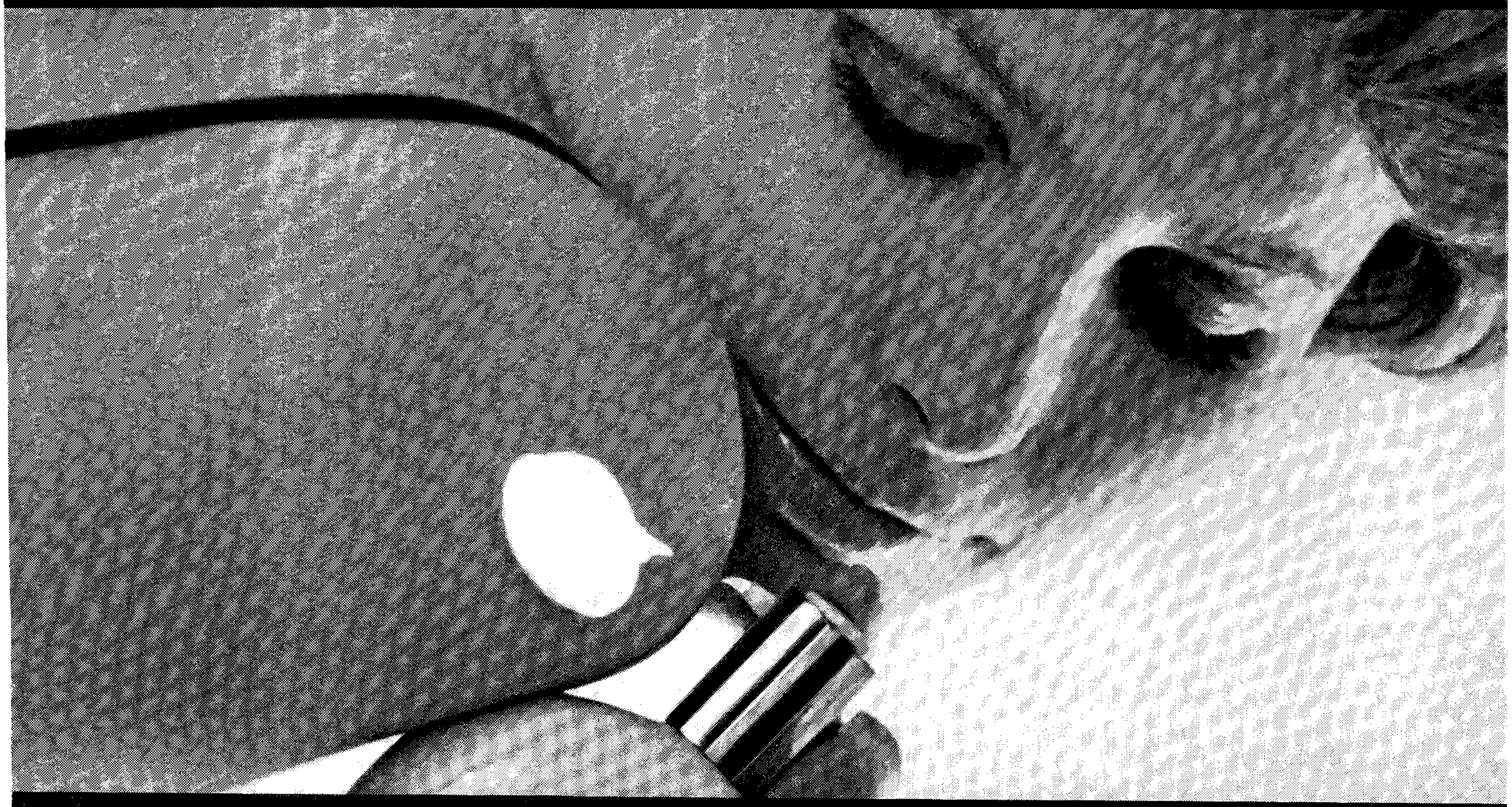
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: Forty drawings of figures and faces by leading draftsmen from Delacroix and Daumier to Giacometti and Balthus; through Friday, June 28. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Closed Mondays and Thursday, July 4.) . . . **SLATKIN** 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through Friday, June 28.

FROM THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE: ART AND ARTIFACTS—An exhibition of nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through July 31. (America-Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St. Open Sundays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, June 27, until 8; closed Thursday, July 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800,"

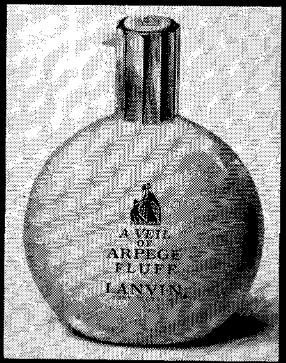




Yesterday you couldn't buy it.
Tomorrow you won't be able to live without it.

New invention. ®A Veil of Arpege Fluff.
The first soft body fragrance that foams on. You fluff it on, smooth it in. Now you're softly Arpege all over.
For hours. 5.00

Promise her anything
but give her Arpege



Arpege Fluff
LANVIN

© LANVIN PARFUMS 1968

a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and many others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty portrait and landscape photographs done during the past decade by Cartier-Bresson; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Sculptures (some of them expressing conceptions of the condition of modern man) and related and portrait drawings by Harold Tovish; through Sunday, June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Recent acquisitions of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints covering prominent American artists of the early part of the century (Demuth, Hartley, Archipenko, and others) and extending into the most recent reputations (Judd, Snelson, Merkin, Grosvenor, and others); through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small group of pastels, etchings, and paintings by Whistler; through Sunday, June 30. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, except July 4, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through Saturday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The galleries occupying the fourth floor have recently been reopened and offer a polished exhibit of nineteenth-century landscapes and an abundance of American portraits from the Colonial period to mid-nineteenth century. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Thursday, July 4.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

Rome Opera—Final performances—Rossini's "Otello," with Virginia Zeani and Aldo Bottion: Friday, June 28, and Tuesday, July 2. . . . ¶ Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ilva Ligabue and Tito Gobbi: Saturday, June 29. . . . ¶ Verdi's "I Due Foscari," with Renato Cioni and Mario Zanasi: Monday, July 1; Wednesday, July 3; and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6. (Metropolitan Opera House. Evenings at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Two special concerts, with Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, and Gunther Schuller each conducting one of his own works, and with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Gary Karr, double bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday and Friday, June 27-28, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, June 30, at 8:30: André Previn conducting. . . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 8:30: André Previn conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 8:30: Jorge Mester conducting.

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program, the first in a series of four different programs by this orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, July 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Festival '68 Chamber Ensemble—Richard Dufallo conducting the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Carol Bogard and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos, and the Lenox Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, July 6, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

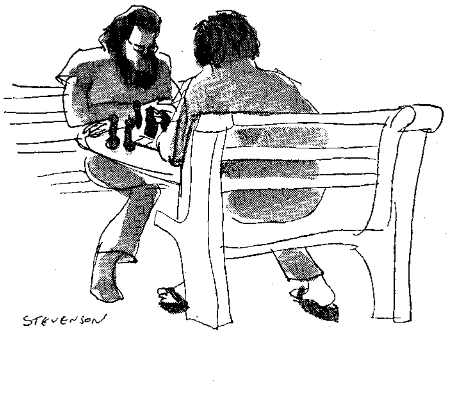
Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, June 27, at 8:30: CLARK TERRY QUINTET. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 4, at 8:30: MAX KAMINSKY DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Tim Hardin—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, June 29, at 8:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 30), "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, William Olvis, and Frank Guarrera. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Saturday, June 29, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "Samson et Dalila," with Sandra Warfield, James McCracken, and William Walker.



Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Sundays, and Thursday, June 27, at 8:30, and Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11.) . . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Thursday, July 4, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Thursday, June 27, at 8: Count Basie and his orchestra and Joe Williams. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8 and 10:30: Moby Grape and Muddy Waters. . . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 8 and 10:30: Mongo Santamaria and Hugh Masekela. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 3, at 8 and 10:30: Mitch Ryder show. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8 and 10:30: Sarah Vaughan and Herbie Mann. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8 and 10:30: Nina Simone and the People's Choice. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Riverside Park—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second in a series of five concerts, this one with Harold Kohon, violin, and Eugenie Dengel, viola. (Friday, June 28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Friday, July 5, at 7: A recital by James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 5, at 9: With Mr. Buswell. . . . Saturday, July 6, at 8: With Beverly Sills, soprano. . . . Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: With Claude Frank, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Thursday, June 27, at 8:30: Dinah Shore. . . . ¶ Friday, June 28, at 8:30: Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 30, at 3:30: Victor Borge, with Leonid Hambro, plus the New York City Ballet Orchestra conducted by Robert Irving. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season with performances of "The Nutcracker" on Thursday, July 4, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, July 7, at 3:30. Through Sunday, July 28. (Saratoga Springs.)

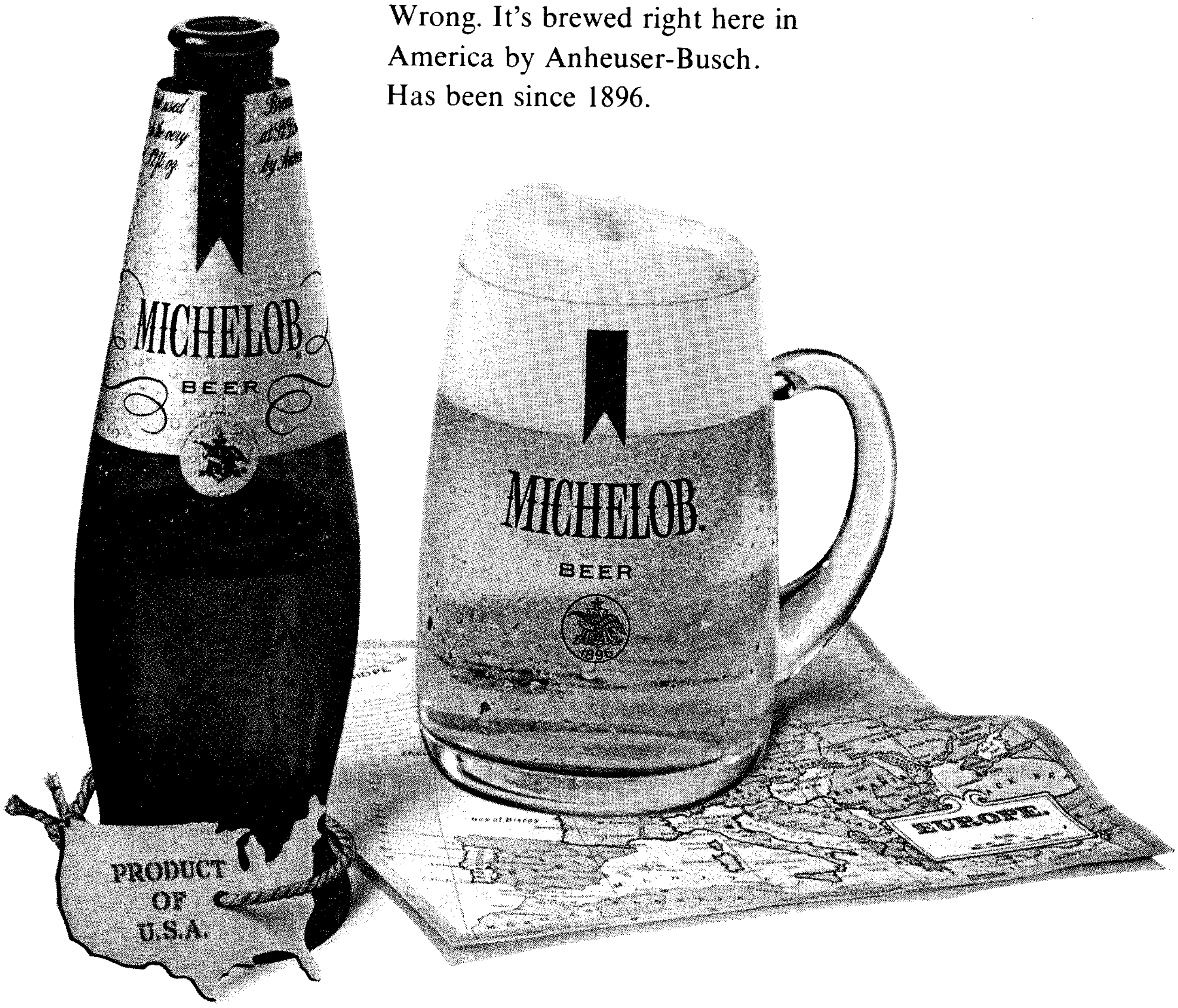
Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of a new festival of weekly concerts that will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. Saturday, June 29, at 8: With Marian Anderson, narrator, and Gold and Fizdale, duo piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: With Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 4, at 8: Nina Simone's trio, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Count Basie's orchestra, Gary Burton's quartet, Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, Mongo Santamaria's septet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 2: Clark Terry's band, Rufus Harley, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Elvin Jones' trio, Archie Shepp's quintet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to Big Bands," with Count Basie's orchestra, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's band, Woody Herman's orchestra, Charlie Barnet, Tex Beneke, Benny Carter, Erskine Hawkins, and Jack Leonard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2: Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Montego Joe's sextet, Tal Farlow's quartet, Sonny Criss, Vi Redd, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: Dionne Warwick, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Hugh Masekela's quintet, the Alex Welsh band, Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Venuti, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2: Ray Charles and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 8: Ramsey

If you want the world's best imported beer:

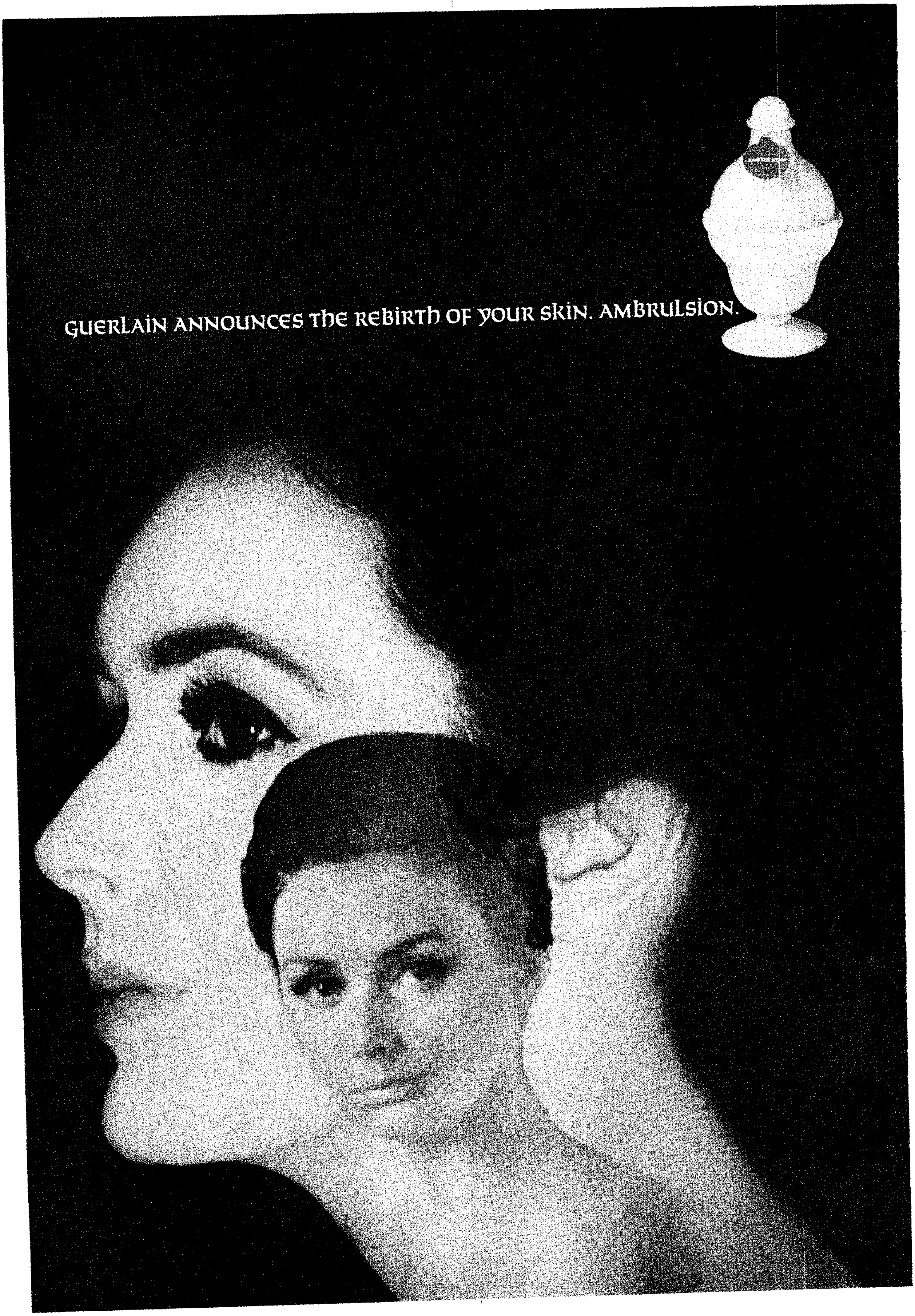
Go to Europe...and have a MICHELOB®

A lot of people think Michelob is one of those foreign beers. Wrong. It's brewed right here in America by Anheuser-Busch. Has been since 1896.


MICHELOB
BEER
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
MICHELOB
BEER
1896
EUROPE

In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS


GUERLAIN ANNOUNCES THE REBIRTH OF YOUR SKIN. AMBRULSION.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lewis, Horace Silver's quintet, the Don Ellis orchestra, Roland Kirk, Sound of Feeling, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29: Grace Doty and Ramon Segarra, and Louis Falco and his company of dancers. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, July 4-6: Carol Sumner and Frank Ohman, Norman Walker (with Cora Cahan), and Teodoro Morca and La Conté. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 5, at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, June 28, at 8; Saturday, June 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Sunday, June 30, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 5, at 8, and Saturday, July 6, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, July 2, at 8:05; Wednesday, July 3, at 2:05; and Thursday, July 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, Saturday, June 29.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 1, through Saturday, July 27. The Tremont, Monday, July 1, and the Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 29, and the Monmouth Oaks, Thursday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, June 30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **historic track**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 1-5, at 1:30. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thursday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—June 27 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and June 28 at 2 and 5:30: Films by recipients of the American Film Institute's First Independent Film Grants. . . . ¶ June 29 at 11:30: "Robin Hood" (1922), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 29 at 3 and 5:30: "The Blue Angel" (1929), a German film with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 30 at 2 and 5:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Quiet One" (1948), a documentary film. . . . ¶ July 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Gaslight" (1940), with Diana Wynyard. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

Starting Tuesday, Xerox presents the black side of American history.

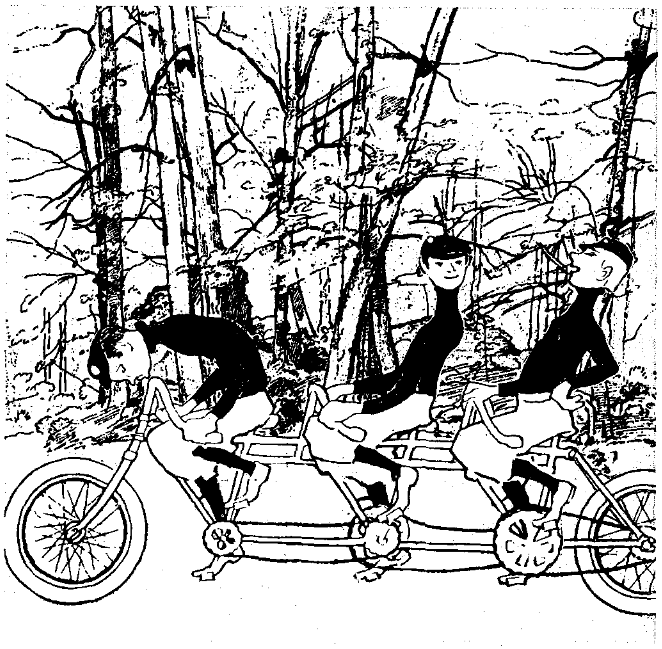
After 300 years, black America tells it like it really was: How black soldiers fought in a dozen wars for white America. Their African heritage. Their role in American life and politics, in caricature and in fact. Each Tuesday, in a series of Xerox Special Events, Negroes will tell it in their own words. We believe you and your children will find these programs rewarding and memorable. Starting Tuesday 20,000,000 Americans get equal time in our history.

"Of Black America" Tuesday nights on CBS-TV

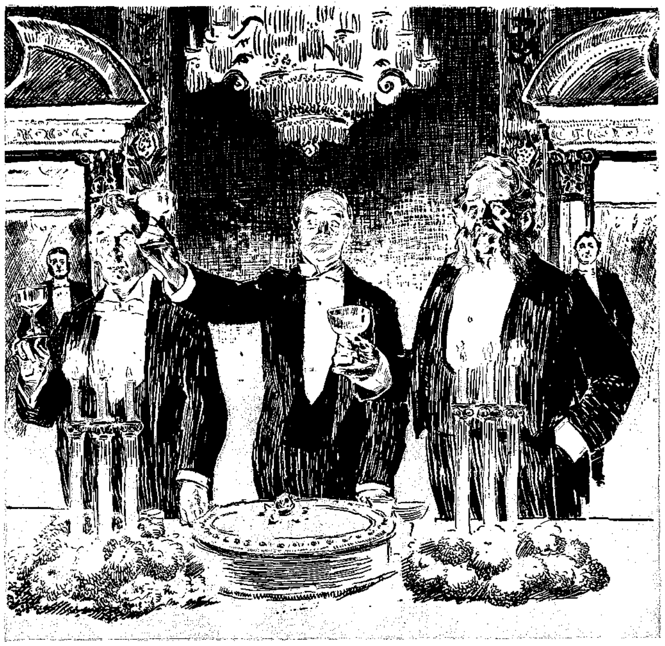
A series of seven Xerox Special Events

Xerox is a registered trademark of Xerox Corporation

"If you ask me, Isaac, I'd say GENESCO.
Their products are sold in 24,000 stores."



"If you ask me, Augie, I'd say GENESCO.
Their annual sales are $950,000,000."



"If you ask me, Gentlemen, I'd say GENESCO.
They make half a million wearables every day."

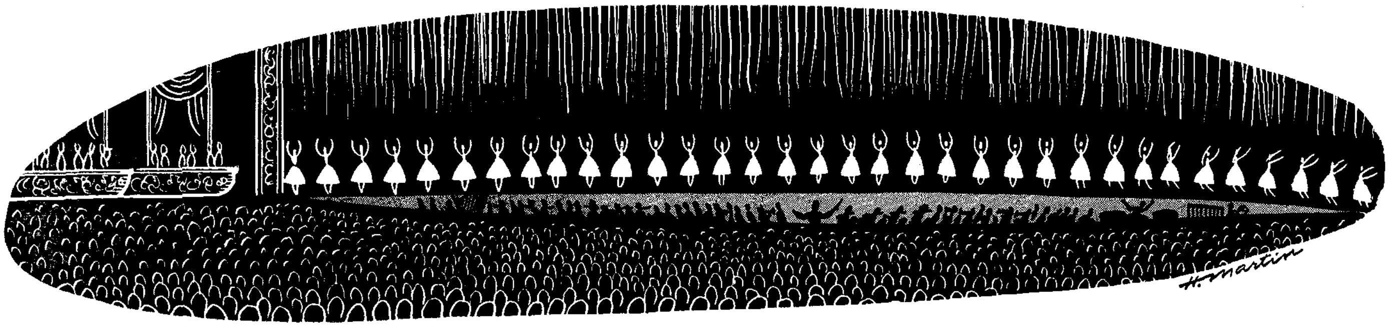
"If you ask me, Wilburton, I'd say GENESCO.
Write for their Annual Report and you'll agree."

When you're asking for the world leader in apparel manufacture

there's only one answer GENESCO

GENESCO INC 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3			

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbynek Brynych. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through July 2. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 3. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 3, tentative.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Nazarin—Buñuel's major ten-year-old film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. No artist uses heresy and anticlerical humor with more angry regret. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Richard Lester at his best, directing Julie Christie and George C. Scott. We knew his technical brilliance, but not his charity and eye for modern distress—nor his skill with actors. The story is set in San Francisco. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 2.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks gives them. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love for making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by Satan. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 27.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 27.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 2.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A story of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 29-July 1. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 1-2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 3.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French, as you might have expected. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 2.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

Potemkin (1925)—The celebrated Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

The Quiet One (1948)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 1-2.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 2-3.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 2.)

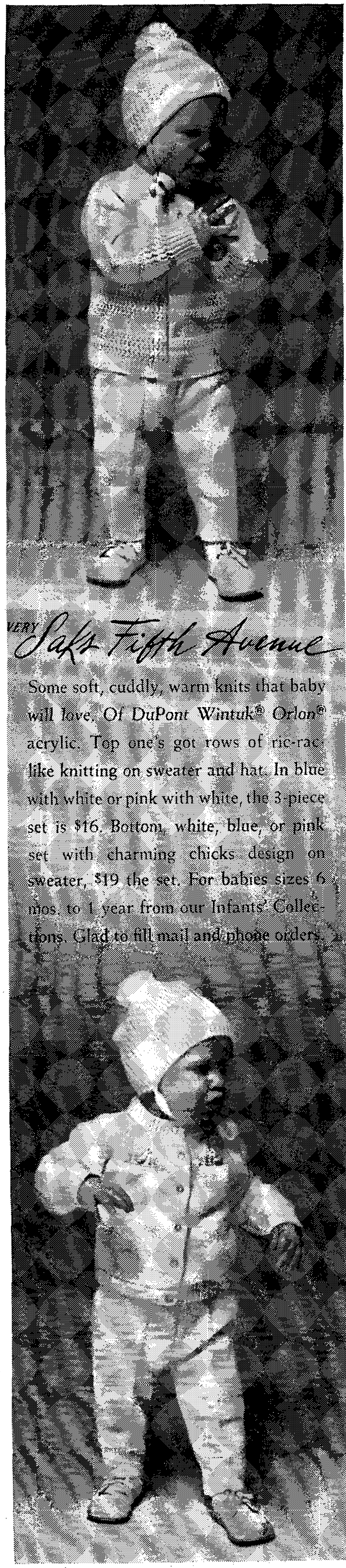
The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 3.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1957)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 2.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 28-30.)


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Some soft, cuddly, warm knits that baby will love. Of DuPont Wintuk® Orlon® acrylic. Top one's got rows of ric-rac-like knitting on sweater and hat. In blue with white or pink with white, the 3-piece set is $16. Bottom, white, blue, or pink set with charming chicks design on sweater, $19 the set. For babies sizes 6 mos. to 1 year from our Infants' Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 2: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Chafed Elbows," revival, a Robert Downey film.
From July 3: **THE FOX**; and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 2: **THE FOX.**
From July 3: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 1: "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.
From July 2: "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
June 27: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
June 28-30: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 1-2: **RED DESERT** and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From July 3: "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Man with the Balloons" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 2: **THE FOX.**
From July 3: "Custer of the West," Robert Shaw, Mary Ure.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 2: **PLANET OF THE APES**; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.
From July 3 (tentative): **THE FOX**; and "Africa Addio," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 2: "The Party," Peter Sellers.
From July 3: "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 2: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French), revival.
From July 3: "The Death of Tarzan," a Czechoslovakian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 2: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.
From July 3: "Dark of the Sun," Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 2: **THE FOX.**
From July 3: "Custer of the West," Robert Shaw, Mary Ure.

Lyceum, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
July 1: "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.
July 2: **SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
July 3: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Bride Wore Black" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
NAZARIN (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Inadmissible Evidence," Nicol Williamson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 28: "Meet John Doe," revival, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
June 29-July 1: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "Jezebel," revival, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
July 2-3: **REPULSION**, revival; and "These Are the Damned," revival, Macdonald Carey.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 2: "The Party," Peter Sellers.
From July 3: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 27: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
June 28: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French), revival; and **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian), revival.
June 29: "The Game Is Over," revival, Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
June 30: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
July 1: **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (both in French and both revivals).
July 2: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **MAYERLING** (both in French and both revivals).
July 3: **THE QUIET ONE**, revival; and "Martin Luther," revival, Niall Mac Ginnis.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

THE PROTECTORS.
IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THEY'RE IN TOWN.

From Main Street to metropolis -- and practically everywhere in between -- The Protectors are there when you need them.

Their assignment: to guard you and your family against some of life's major money worries.

They have what it takes: Living Insurance from Equitable. "Living Insurance" is the name, because it's all about your life -- your needs, your finances, your future.

The Protectors have the know-how to make Living Insurance work hard for you -- to make sure your family is always provided for.

No matter where you are, The Protectors are never far. Equitable agents are in all 50 states. All set to serve you. With Living Insurance from Equitable.

© THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK, N.Y. 1968

THE EQUITABLE

FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED
GIN

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

The dry martini wasn't always dry.

In fact, the earliest martinis were a concoction of many and diverse ingredients besides gin and vermouth.

But no matter how you made them, there was a very special reason why they couldn't be dry.

No such thing as a dry gin existed.

So when Fleischmann created America's first dry gin, it proved a highly significant development.

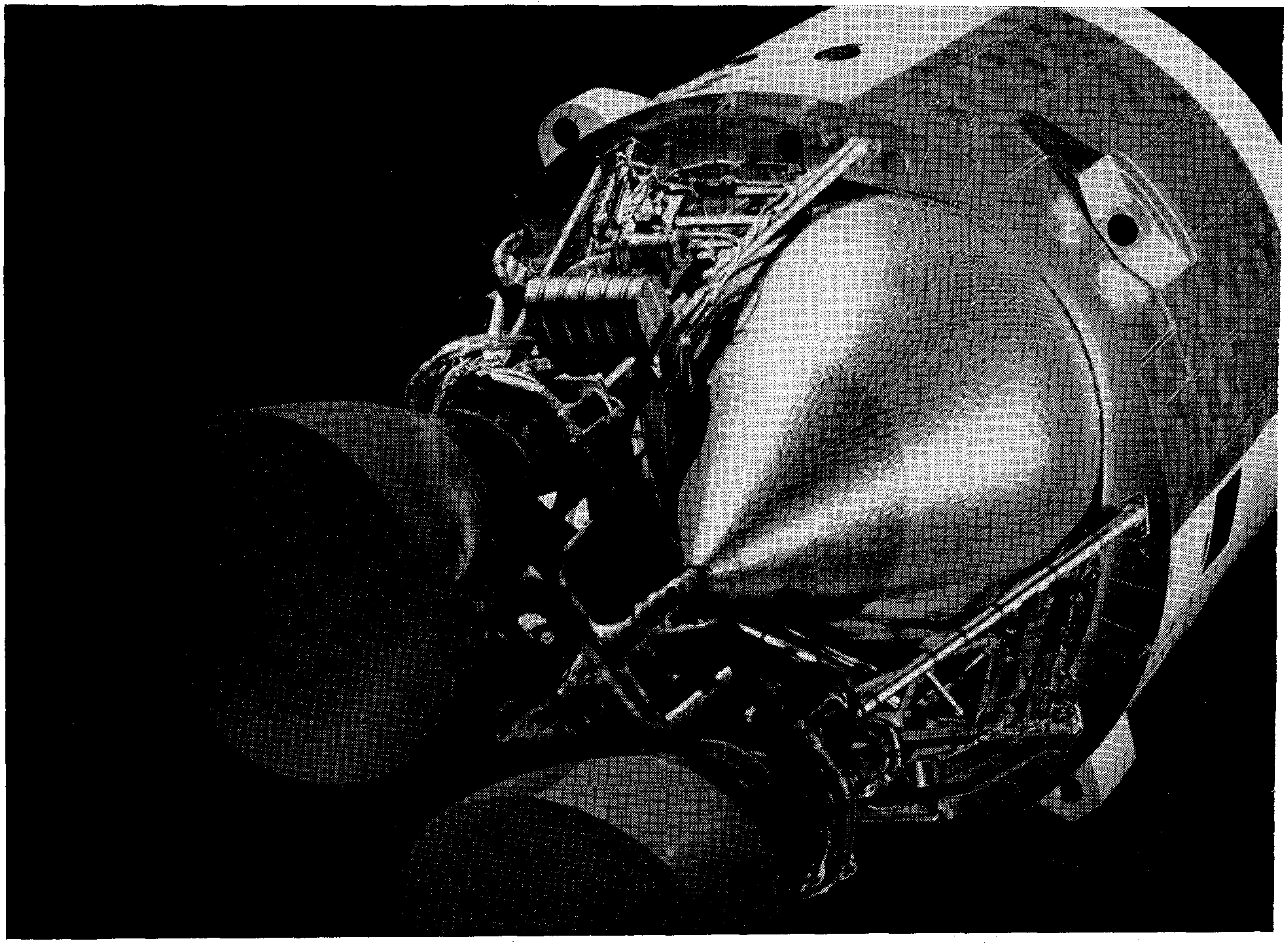
This was the gin that changed the course of the martini. That led to its becoming the king of cocktails today.

Next time you mix one or order one, remember this:

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

We deliver.



[redacted]

You don't have to go to science fiction movies to see far-out space vehicles. We've had one called Transtage flying since 1964. It's a robot spacecraft, piloted by computers, and it can do a variety of jobs. It has been taking on delivery routes in space, for example, carrying up to eight satellites on a single mission and placing them precisely in positions within desired orbits.

Transtage is a pretty sophisticated piece of machinery. After separating from the lower stages of the Titan III launch system, it's completely on its own.

It stops and starts its own engines, maneuvers precisely, and ejects satellites at predetermined points, all under the direction of its computer pilot. In most cases it eliminates the need for major propulsion systems on the satellites themselves.

Transtage has played a starring role in putting communication satellites into orbit, so far placing 18 of them in the "synchronous corridor" some 20,000 miles above the equator. These make up the Initial Defense Communication Satellite system—providing the first military global communications network in space.

Transtage pampers its payloads. For those requiring thermal balance, the spacecraft rotates, allowing direct solar heat to reach satellites that need warming, and placing in the shade those that need cooling. This is called "toasting."

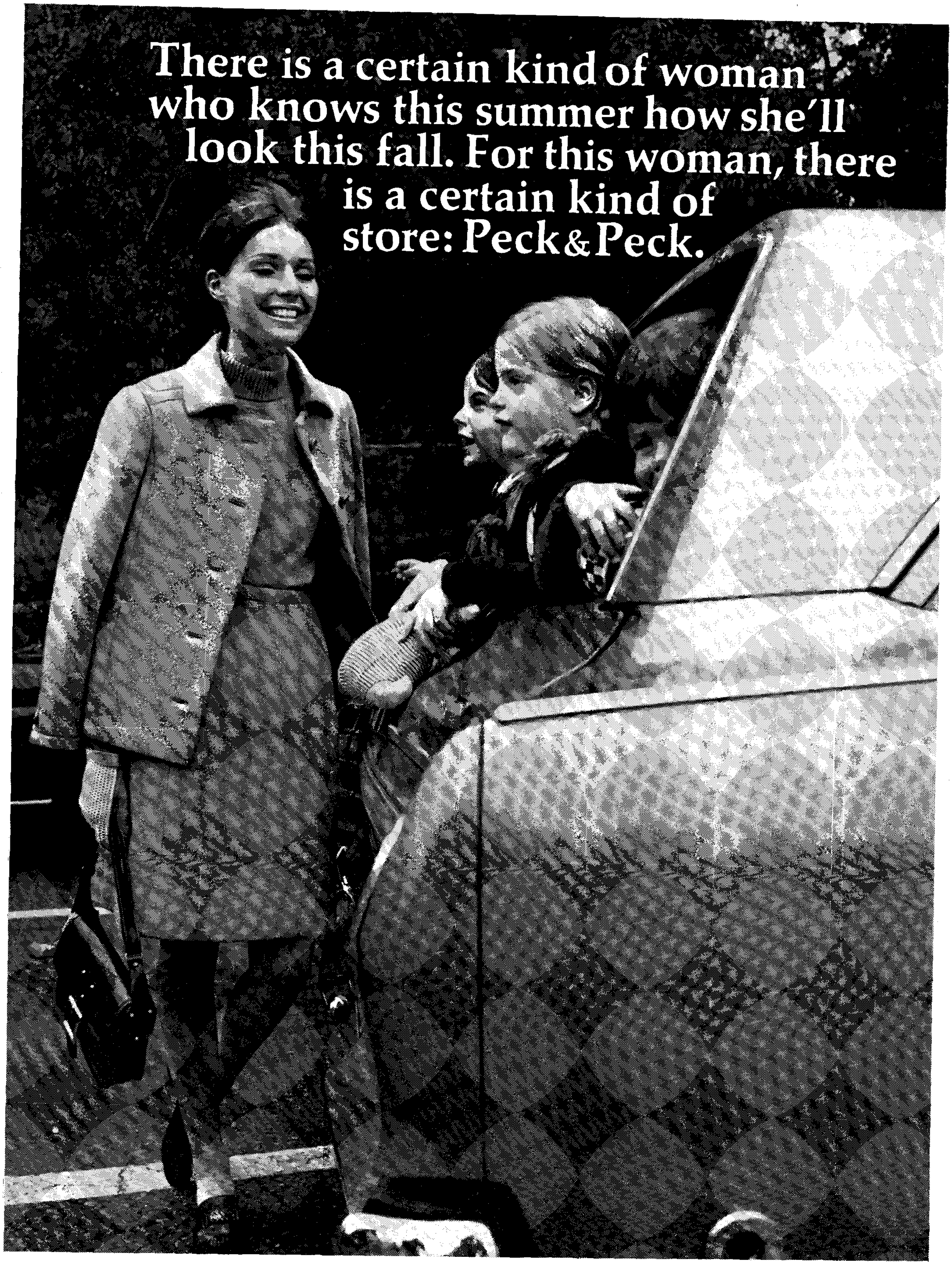
Some vital statistics: The craft is 15 feet long and ten feet in diameter without its payload. It has an engine with twin thrust chambers powered by almost 23,000 pounds of propellant, and 12 attitude-control engines which put out 50,000 pound-seconds of power. It has an inertial guidance system, flight and thermal controls, an electrical power system, range safety receivers, and tracking and telemetry systems.

Transtage and the Titan III launch system have put more payloads into the important "synchronous corridor" than any other vehicle. Plans call for continued missions into the 1970s.

Transtage is delivering today with much of tomorrow's technology.

The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials. Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

MARTIN MARIETTA


There is a certain kind of woman who knows this summer how she'll look this fall. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Our own camel two-piece suit is really three pieces. The third, a matching wool turtleneck sweater. Exquisite seaming gives the jacket its fine fitted shape and the skirt its smooth A shape. Camel-colored wool fleece. 8 to 16, 110.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/SOUTHAMPTON

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE publication last week of the plans for a new fifty-five-story, nine-hundred-and-fifty-foot-high building, to be balanced directly above Grand Central Terminal, just south of the Pan Am Building, and containing about two million square feet of office space and perhaps twelve thousand office workers, occasioned in us only a barely audible groan of unsurprise. This new impossibility has been designed by the distinguished Marcel Breuer, who understands the principle of the cantilever and the abhorrence of real-estate men for any midtown vacuum; he was portrayed on the front page of the *Times* pointing contentedly toward a drawing of his immense slab, which looks like an elongated meat cleaver descending on a prune soufflé. The accompanying story seemed to make it clear that neither zoning regulations nor the City Planning Commission nor the Landmarks Preservation Commission nor any uprising of maddened standees on the 5:07 to Larchmont had the power or energy to put a stop to the project. The thing is to be done, and the only wonder is our own lack of wonderment, our acceptance of the fact that any well-financed irrationality, any guarantee of total urban inconvenience, is almost surely irreversible. What is at work now, we begin to perceive, might be called the Law of High Nonsense—an immutable *propositio* as useful to the city builder as the concept of the curtain wall or the ninety-year mortgage. Its central axiom appears to be "Public looniness ascends in inverse proportion to the possibility of stopping it in its tracks," or, more simply, "The bigger the mess, the less the redress." A few theorems will confirm the workings of this principle. If, for example, three fifteen-year-old radio hams were to devise a means of jamming all telephone calls within a five-block radius of their high-school basement with an electronic device that prevented their neighbors from hearing anything over their phones but a high-decibel recording of Tiny Tim singing "On the Old Front Porch," the young scientists would very shortly find themselves studying woodcraft at the Wiltwyck School. But when the Port of New York Authority proceeds with its plans to throw up two hundred-and-ten-story towers in lower Manhattan that will probably garble television reception for a half million citizens to the north, no means of estoppage seems possible. If seven long-distance truck drivers were to conduct an impromptu gymkhana with their rigs at 9 A.M. in the environs of Vanderbilt Avenue, or if a bathing-suit manufacturer were to stage a late-afternoon showing of his winter-resort line on the uptown platform of the Lexington Avenue express at Grand Central, they would instantly find themselves in converse with the precinct desk sergeant or a Bellevue receptionist. Yet the Grand Central building, which will cause infinitely more traffic problems and subway crowding every morning and every evening, will now be built and will stay there, more or less forever. We have small hope that there will be any immediate reversal of the attitude, now prevalent among urban officials, that the right of real-estate owners to make money, when coupled with architectural and engineering genius, outweighs the right of city residents and workers not to be driven batty. Dimly but obdurately, though, we dream of the day when the Law of High Nonsense is better understood and every City Hall contains an office occupied by the Ombudsman of Horse Sense. We see him emerging from that office after holding hearings on the latest plan for the latest Grand Central building. Newspaper and television reporters surround him, asking, "What happened in there? What's the ruling, Mr. Ombudsman?" The marvellous official smiles briefly, shakes his head, and then sadly rotates his right forefinger in the vicinity of his temple.

Electronics Festival

LAST week was National Electronics Week at the New York Hilton. It was, apparently, National Electronics Week in other places as well, but the only proper celebration we could find was at the Hilton, where, dropping in on a pleasant afternoon, we did see several thousand members of the electronics community, dressed in their distinctive costumes and badges, gathered to look at each other's electronic products. The entire second floor of the hotel (admirably designed for just this sort of thing) was, we discovered, given over to National Electronics Week. There were registration booths and all of *that*, but, more important, there was an electronics midway, to which one was admitted By Badge Only (we had a green badge, which got us past the guard, who, we fancied, gave us a small salute as we went by) and which looked very exciting indeed. The midway (modestly called the Exhibit Area) was jammed with gaily decorated little booths belonging to organizations like the Burgess Battery Division of the Clevite Corporation (Freeport, Illinois) and staffed by vivacious men and women who constituted, according to our program, "the top management of the most important manufacturers serving the Electronics Parts Distributor."

We had no trouble deciding where to begin, as we were immediately drawn to the booth belonging to the Alliance Manufacturing Company (Alliance, Ohio), where two young girls in very short dresses (clearly Alliance's top-management team) were running the show. These two girls—one a blonde, the other a brunette—took turns on a tiny go-go platform. By standing on the platform, the girls enabled the electronics public to read more clearly the various phrases that were stencilled on their very short dresses. Some of these phrases had obvious meaning ("Alliance Is Where the Action Is"), others were terse and slightly enigmatic ("Magnetic Brake"), but all were of compelling interest. A record ("The Girl Can't Help It," one of our favorite Little Richard songs of the nineteen-fifties) played in the background. While the brunette was on the platform, we asked the blonde, who said that her name was Kerry and that she came from California, what, exactly, it is that Alliance manufactures, and she said that Alliance is very well known for its Genie Automatic Garage Door Opener Systems but that this year the company is pushing something new, the Tenna-Rotor. We asked her what a Tenna-Rotor is, and she said that it is an antenna rotator for television sets, and that you can adjust it with a dial. This young lady was holding a chromium object, some three feet long, that seemed to be decorated with rhinestones, and we asked if it was a Tenna-Rotor. She said no, it was her cigarette holder.

We then wandered off to the headquarters of the International Rectifier Corporation (El Segundo, California), which is not, as one might suppose, a group devoted to diplomatic troubleshooting, and watched another young lady, dressed in a leotard and with a ludicrously small bit of fur draped about her shoulders, distribute booklets that said we could "Hit the Top with International Rectifier." We asked her what she was doing in a leotard and a bit of fur, and she said that the leotard was her working costume but the bit of fur was a genuine Norwegian blue-fox shrug, which we would receive as a bonus if we ordered eleven hundred dollars' worth of rectifiers. She said that if we didn't want to order eleven hundred dollars' worth of rectifiers—and we didn't—we could order two hundred dollars' worth of rectifiers and receive a thermos outing kit with a handy carrying case and a roomy sandwich box. Since we weren't sure what we could do with either of these items, we took our "Hit the Top" booklet and departed.

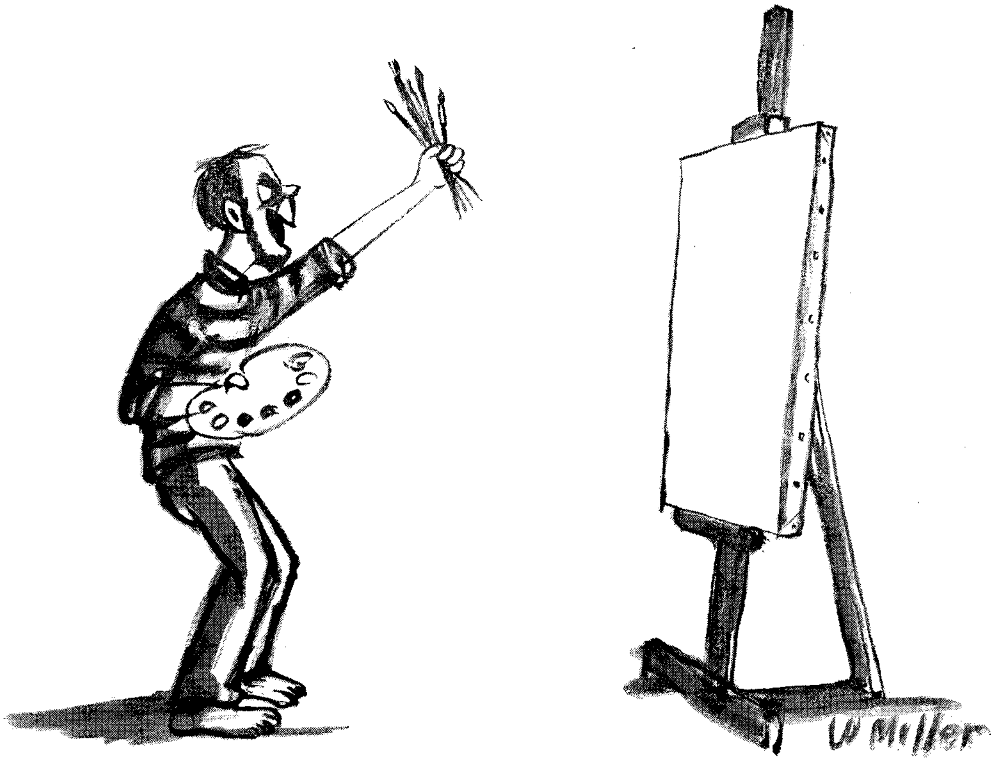
We paid a number of quick visits—to Cornell Dubilier Electronics, where top management had devised a game in which passersby were given a "pie" (consisting of a paper plate loaded with foaming soap) to throw at a hapless adolescent boy; to the Chicago Miniature Lamp Works, where top management was conducting a contest (the prize was a Volkswagen) in which one was meant to guess how many miniature lamps were in a glass jar; and finally to the booth of the Hallicrafters Company (Rolling Meadows, Illinois), where a girl was handing out buttons that said "I'm a Sugar Daddy" and "H.S.I.I." The girl, who was named Margo, and who told us she came from Scotland, said that "H.S.I.I." stood for "How Sweet It Is." "That is our theme this year," she said. The nicest booth, we thought, belonged to the Hi-Tron Semiconductor Corporation (Hempstead, New York), which makes blister-packaged semiconductors. There was an almost austere simplicity about the Hi-Tron display—just a wall full of blister-packaged semiconductors, out there for all the world to see. Blister-packaged semiconductors, it turns out, haven't yet caught the popular imagination, and are objects of some indifference even to members of the electronics community. When we passed, there was no one, not even a middle-management team, in the booth.

Glory

"THE GREEN BERETS," which is based on a novel of the same title by Robin Moore, and is the first major non-documentary film to be made about the Vietnam war, opened last Wednesday at the Warner Theatre, at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway, and the Warner Brothers-Seven Arts public-relations people, fearing a hostile reaction to the film, decided to forgo the kind of elaborate première that usually accompanies the openings of spectaculars and instead simply started continuous showings at noon, without any special fanfare. The advertising campaign for the film had been lavish, but the tone of the ad copy had been restrained—even defensive. One full-page ad seemed to be addressed to reluctant, dovish moviegoers. It read, "So you don't believe in glory. And heroes are out of style. And they don't blow bugles anymore. So take another look—at the Special Forces in a special kind of hell." Generally, the advertisements depicted the film as just another war movie with no particular political viewpoint. A Warner press release described it as an "epic-scaled drama of exploding actions and emotions," and even John Wayne, who is the star and co-director, and who has said on other occasions that his movie was intended to show audiences why we are in Vietnam, was restricted in the press releases to remarking that he based his film on "The Green Berets" "because it is filled with the type of action and adventure that audiences like." (The film itself turns out to be extremely political. Several of the characters deliver long speeches justifying our involvement in Vietnam when they are questioned by antagonistic reporters at a news conference. At one point, Aldo Ray, who plays the part of a Green Beret sergeant, throws a pile of Chinese and Russian weapons on a desk in front of a newsman and shouts in his face, "What's involved here is Communist domination of the world!") In the days before the opening, Warner Brothers received a number of bomb threats, and they also heard rumors that there was to be a demonstration outside the theatre and perhaps heckling inside, so they decided to hire the Veteran Detective Bureau, a private-detective agency, to provide security at the theatre on opening day.

THRIFT SHOPPE
ANTIQUES

Wednesday, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we went over to the Warner Theatre to see how the opening day of the film was coming along. Across the street from the theatre, some of the opposition that Warner Brothers had anticipated had materialized in the form of a demonstration of about two hundred or so people, some of them belonging to an organization called Veterans and Reservists to End the War in Vietnam. Several were in military uniform; some carried Vietcong flags and others carried American flags, but most were carrying placards, which said, among other things, "John Wayne profits off G.I.s' blood." We spoke to a demonstrator who was wearing an



"Prepare thyself, World! Here comes Picasso Number Two!"

Army uniform and a button in his lapel that showed the head of Mao Tse-tung, and he told us he had spent a year as a soldier in Vietnam. "I didn't have many political beliefs before I was there," he said, "but what I saw there made me feel that all men were discredited by what was going on." The demonstration had been cordoned off by a police barrier, and on the fringes some of the unoccupied population that is usually drifting through Times Square began to gather and started several excited arguments. One elderly man, apparently of a dovish persuasion, finished a long harangue that he had been delivering to another elderly man by shouting, "Have you ever *seen* a Vietnamese? Have you ever *talked* to one?" The audience for this speech, a fat man who had his arms folded across his chest, replied simply, "America fights Communism." Then, with an expression of considerable scorn and self-satisfaction, he turned his back and walked away. Policemen moved through the crowd saying, "Move along. Move along."

On the theatre side of the street, a line of people that bent around the corner onto the sidewalk of Forty-eighth Street waited with tickets for the eight-thirty showing of the film. We spoke to several of them, and a quick sampling seemed to indicate that the crowd ran to hawks. We asked a thin-faced teen-ager who was standing with his father and said he was from Louisiana what he thought of the demonstrators, and he answered, "They ought to be shot." A man in a T-shirt told us that the demonstrators should be locked up in an insane asylum. The crowd began to move into the theatre, but very slowly, because men of the Veteran Detective Bureau were checking every package and valise as the people went in, and were barring entrance to people they judged suspicious-looking. Some minutes before the film began, about a dozen real Green Berets whom the producers had invited to attend were ushered quickly and quietly through a back door into the theatre.

The audience gave the film a warm reception—laughing often, sometimes applauding, and even cheering a little. The applause and cheering were particularly strong at three points in the film: first, when Aldo Ray tells a newsman that you could "fill volumes with what they don't say in the newspapers;" second, when Vietcong soldiers who are attacking a Special Forces camp are caught on the barbed wire of the camp and then set on fire by explosives; and, third, when a machine gun in a plane, in a few seconds of fire, slaughters hundreds of Vietcong in a Special Forces camp they have just overrun.

After the film, the Warner Brothers public-relations people held a party for the press that was to be attended by Robin Moore, by some of the actor Green Berets from the film, and by the real Green Berets who had been in the audience that night and who had in some cases been the models for the characters in the book and the film. At eleven o'clock that evening, we went over to the Jamaica Arms, a small, fashionable restaurant and bar on the East Side, where the party was being given, to talk to the real Green Berets, and to ask them what they thought of the movie version of their deeds, which were by this time twice-removed from reality—first through the book, and then through the film. The book, we recalled, had been advertised as a "fictional account—solidly based in fact," but the movie had followed the book quite loosely. When we arrived, several of the Green Berets were already standing with drinks in their hands, talking to the other guests. They were dressed in immaculate, stiff dress uniform and were bedecked with medals. At this early stage in the party, most of them stood with perfect military posture, as though they were on parade, and, on the whole, they appeared to be feeling a bit uneasy and out of place in the opulent, sophisticated atmosphere of the Warner Brothers party. A half dozen attractive, slender girls were talking with the soldiers and with the public-relations people. Waiters wearing red vests circulated among the guests, taking orders for drinks, and some rather loud Latin-American music was being played over hidden speakers, as though people were perhaps expected to dance. A table at one side of the restaurant was laden with a roast suckling pig covered with orange slices, a large platter of roast beef, a platter of ham, and dishes of sauces and fresh fruit. The men of the Special Forces seemed to seek out each other's company, and soon five of them were sitting at one table.

We broached the subject of the film to Lieutenant Colonel Verne Gillespie, a tall, powerful-looking young man with wide, open features, and a crew-cut so short that at first glance he seemed bald. "Well, when Hollywood's doing it, you have to expect some dramatization—some exaggeration," he told us. "But I thought it was a real fine film."

Next, we spoke to Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Brooks, a short, wiry, slight man with a round head and sharp features. When we asked him how accurate he thought the film was, he answered enthusiastically, "I think it was accurate. I think it caught the essence. Particularly the character played by St. Jacques. He shows the humanity, the will to serve humanity, that is the real thing. [Raymond St. Jacques plays the part of a Negro Green Beret doctor, and he is shown healing the diseases of small Vietnamese children in one sequence of the film.] You know, when the book came out, there was an outpouring of nationalism among our people. We got cookies and stuff sent to us in Vietnam. But the government damped it down. Now, if there's another outpouring of nationalism when this film is shown around, I think the government better make use of it. They ought to take advantage of it and go all out in this war, or otherwise they're going to get caught in a trap. This situation with the Green Berets is really something new—it's kind of like the Flying Tigers of World War II, but better. They became public heroes, but it never got as good as this. I was on the cover of *National Geographic* magazine. I mean, look around. Here's the guy who wrote the book, and here are the stars, and here are the guys that actually did it. Here we are! Right in this room! You can hardly believe all this is happening."

We asked Colonel Brooks what he thought of a newspaper reporter, played by David Janssen, who is at first skeptical about the American involvement in Vietnam but later is converted to support it when he sees the exploits of the Green Berets.

"Well, some reporters are O.K.," Colonel Brooks told us. "You tell them something, and zap, zap, zap, they've got it down. No questions. No opinions. But some of these other reporters, they get a kind of mental block. They go on an emotional binge, and you can't talk to them at all. You tell them something and they start arguing with you. They're not supposed to have their own opinion. That's for us—the military. We're doing the fighting and the dying. We're doing it, not them. I've fought in two wars. I've seen death, and I'm not afraid of it. I've risked my life and I'll risk it again."

We remarked that a number of journalists had also become casualties in the war.

"Not enough!" he said. "I mean, *some* reporters are good. You know, war used to be for men, not for sissies. The Second World War and the Korean war were for men! Now I look at television, and all I see is women and children getting hurt. You can't tell what's really coming off."

We mentioned a scene in the movie that we thought might seem controversial to the actual Green Berets watching it in the theatre. In this scene, a Vietcong who has infiltrated the Special Forces camp is discovered in possession of a cigarette lighter that belonged to a Green Beret who was killed earlier. The Vietnamese officer in command of the camp begins to beat him, and the camera leaves the scene as the prisoner is thrown to the floor. A moment later, the skeptical journalist walks angrily out of the room and demands of John Wayne, who plays the role of a Special Forces colonel, whether what he had just seen might not properly be called brutality. John Wayne answers, "What you saw in there is nothing!," and proceeds to deliver a justification for the torture of the prisoner in which he explains that the prisoner was suspected of having killed a Green Beret. We asked Colonel Brooks what he thought of this treatment of the prisoner, and whether it was an accurate scene.

"Prisoner?" he said. "What prisoner? I didn't see any prisoner. I only saw a traitor. Now, you tell me what the traditional penalty all throughout civilization for a traitor and spy is. What is it?"

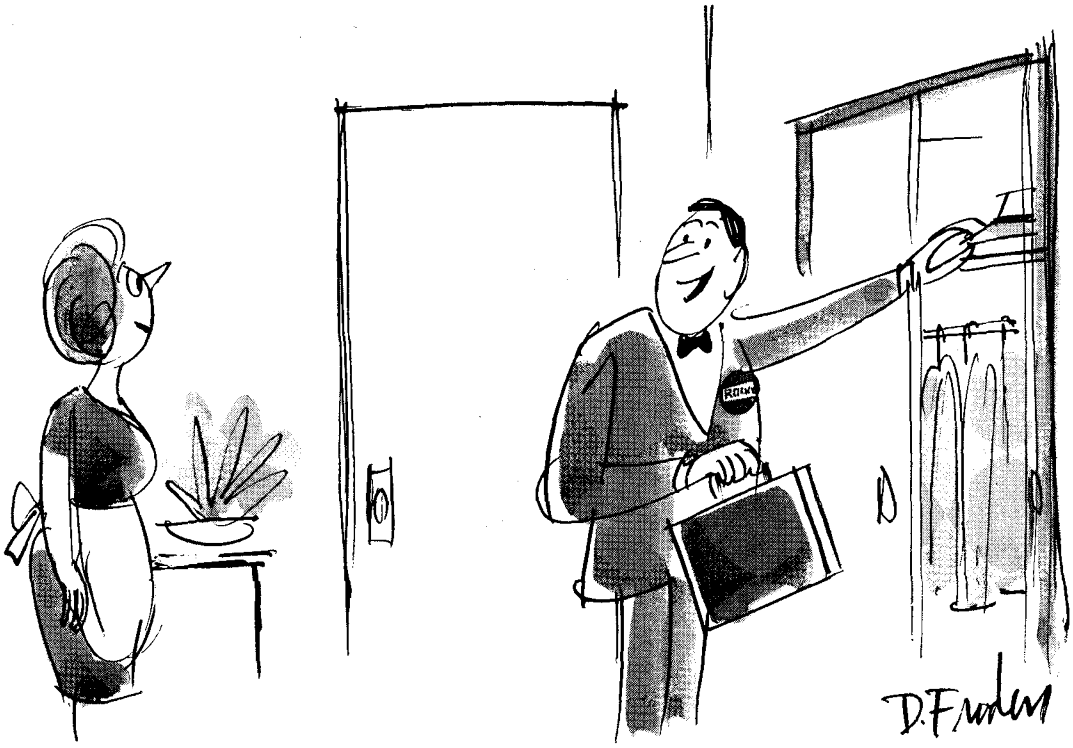
"Death?" we asked.

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "It's justified by the Geneva Convention. If they don't have a uniform and identification, then they're not protected by the Convention. The trouble with newsmen is that they don't know international law. Sometimes it's so simple."

We left Colonel Brooks and sat down with Sergeant Major Francis Ruddy, the Green Beret who placed his beret on the grave of President Kennedy at the President's funeral. We asked him how he liked the film.

"The way I saw it," he said, "it was just God, Mother, and the Flag. Now, who the hell could have any opposition to that? It was a good, low-key, accurate picture—maybe thirty minutes too long. The accuracy was there, and the photography was real great."

Like most of the Green Berets we talked to, Sergeant Major Ruddy was upset at having been hustled in the back door of the theatre because of the demonstrators in front. "I hate to go in the



"Guess who just gave ten bucks to a Rockefeller!"

back door because there are thirty finks in front," he said.

At this point, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Brucker, retired, of the Green Berets, joined in the conversation. "What I say about the movie is—win, lose, or draw—the war's a messy business," he said. "Maybe some people will think the movie is a little gory. When you watch TV, the press removes certain gory parts. So the people don't know how rough it is. But all wars are rough. And I want to tell you something. Do you know that every year there are more people killed on the highways in car accidents than in Vietnam? So who's the bigger butcher? It's not us, in Vietnam!"

Sergeant Major Ruddy added, "I heard that seventy-five per cent of the people voted against the war the other day. But people here don't know what's going on over there. You don't know unless you've been there. The people don't care. They don't have an opinion. The thing about the military is that it has a *commitment*."

We took our leave of Sergeant Major Ruddy and Colonel Brucker and went over to the bar, where a collection of Green Berets, miniskirted girls, and public-relations people had gathered in twos and threes, to talk with Stuart Roeder, a tall, soft-spoken man who had worked on promotion for the film. He greeted us with a smile, and said, "I've been doing some fancy footwork in some conversations that have been getting a little hot—to cool them off. Some of the civilian types we invited have gotten into some arguments. And both sides are completely convinced they are right. But so far we haven't had any real problems." Mr. Roeder said he was relieved that the evening at the theatre had gone off without incident—apparently vindicating the advertising policy of deëmphasizing politics. "It's just another adventure film," he told us. "Why should anyone want to disrupt it? They don't have to go if they don't like it."

Just then, Mr. Moore, the author of the book, was seeing his wife and his teen-age daughter to the door. When they had left, we joined Mr. Moore, who had accompanied the Green Berets on several missions in Vietnam, to ask whether he thought the film was an accurate rendering of the book and an accurate rendering of reality.

"I think that the movie caught the spirit of the book, but it doesn't follow the book," Mr. Moore said. "I mean, in the book we showed some bad Vietnamese allies. But the movie showed only good ones. The movie should have shown the frustration with the bad Vietnamese. But that was a concession we had to make to the Defense Department. We couldn't have made the film without their approval. [The film was shot mostly in parts of Fort Benning, in Georgia, and large amounts of Army equipment were made available by the government for the film.] Defense gave us good help, though."

We asked Mr. Moore what he thought of the scene in which the prisoner was beaten, and whether it was true to reality.

"Well, certain things have to be done if they have to be done," he said. "As a matter of *course*, we don't torture. My own feeling is that maybe we are *too* humane. Our Vietnamese allies certainly don't understand why we're so soft. You know, the counterpart [the South Vietnamese Army] wants some information, so these things happen." At this point, he called out to Colonel Gillespie, who was at the other end of the bar, and asked him what *he* thought of the scene.

Colonel Gillespie came over, and said, "O.K., they kill them. Sure. A few. On patrols."

"But what gets me," said Mr. Moore, "is that *no* writer tells what happens to the Americans as a matter of written order from Hanoi, whereas we court-martial a guy if he kills some V.C. trying to surrender or some civilian or something."

Colonel Gillespie said, "And a lot of the time—I mean, are we really torturing? What's your definition of torture? There is putting them under duress—a little electric-shock treatment. But I mean there's often no bodily harm. And remember, you're dealing with terrorists. Lives are involved. When you've lost someone, it becomes pretty near and dear. And when he's got information you want— You know what I'm talking about."

Mr. Moore added, "And with the V.C., they don't even have to use their imagination. It's just orders from Hanoi. The easiest way for them is to cut off hands and let the soldier bleed to death."

"We're much nicer to prisoners than the Vietnamese," Colonel Gillespie said. "The Asian is very cruel. The American at his worst is benevolent and compassionate compared to the Asian at his best."

Like many of the Green Berets we spoke with, Colonel Gillespie was unhappy about the American people's understanding of the war. "The average American wants nothing to do with this," he told us. "It's alien. It turns his stomach."

THE LAST MERGER

(EXCERPTS FROM NEXT MONDAY'S CITY EDITION OF THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS-TIMES & POST)

BUTTS: *An Inside Report on Cigarette Smoking at Yeshiva University*—New Series by Howard A. Rusk, M.D., Starts Today in the Centerfold.

LINDY NIXES GOP VEEP BID

by Gene Spagnoli and Sydney H. Schanberg

SAN JUAN, June 30—Mayor Lindsay, ending a four-day vacation here, today told a seaside press conference that he would not be a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination at this summer's Republican National Convention. The attractive, scantily-clad blond, nude except for a pair of flimsy madras swimming trunks, said that he has no political ambitions at the moment other than to complete his current term as Mayor of New York, the large Northeastern U.S. coastal city.

In New York, Sen. Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) said last night, "Despite Mayor Lindsay's statement in Puerto Rico this afternoon, I feel certain that hewill etaoinshrdluetaoinshrdlu certain that he willsurelyshrdlushrdlushrdlueta oin and, furthermoreeeeeeetao by mid-July, at the latest."

The blue-eyed Mayor (42-32-34) added that . . .

NEEDIEST CASE BRONX MOM $PLITS 100G LOTTERY WIN WITH WEEHAWKEN RABBI

by James A. Wechsler

BIG CHARLIE DE OK'S PAREE FOR COLUMBIA TALKS

by Reynolds Packard and Henry Tanner

PARIS, June 30—President de Gaulle agreed to permit Columbia University was privately reported today to have trustees and the French capital for pre-representatives of SDS-led student liminary talks aimed at settling their strikers to meet here in crippling dispute.

The tall, well-dressed Frenchman is said to have proposed a houseboat on the Seine as a possible site for the . . .

EDITORIAL

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER?

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May," observed William Shakespeare, the late British playwright and poet, but rarely in memory was a May so blustery and unseasonably chill as the month recently past. At times in May, it seemed as though we were closer to frigid winter, with its icy sleets and snows, rather than in vernal spring, when the welcome crocus (*C. sativus*), with its fibrous corm, gives way so modestly to the upstart *Narcissus jonquilla* or to the spiky blazonings of another friend, also of classical nomenclature, the hyacinth. Indeed, spring nowadays seems to bear but scant resemblance to the daffodil-blown season that Wordsworth and many other, lesser outdoorsmen have treasured and, each in his own way, immortalized, and this unhappy change, say the meteorologists, can unquestionably be traced to the effect on the atmosphere of secret Commie A-bomb tests. And isn't it about time that Washington put a stop to these Red outrages? The Kremlin rats and their Peking henchmen are out to destroy the American way of life by fouling up our time-honored U.S. weather patterns. But what are the pinko fellow-travellers in the Pentagon and the State Department doing about it? Nothing! Wake up, Mr. President! God bless America!

$5 for EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

by Charlotte Curtis

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

TO THE EDITOR:

I would respectfully like to point out that in your article [June 23] on recent attempts to synthesize double-helical DNA molecules, your reporter, perhaps inadvertently, referred to the four basic units of DNA (sugar and phosphate components with nitrogenous bases) as "nucleot*a*des." They should properly be termed "nucleot*i*des."

DR. CARLETON L. WASHBROOK, JR.
Director, The Bayonne Institute for Biochemical Research

P.S. I dare you to print this letter in your lousy Fascist rag!

TO THE EDITOR:

As a tribute to the gallant Israelis who repulsed Nasser's Egyptian aggressors in the Six-Day War, I feel that it would be appropriate at this time for Mayor Lindsay to change the name of Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park to Yaël Dayan's Needle. What do you think of this idea?

MAX GUBLEMANN
Jackson Heights,
Queens

Ed's Note: We're all for it, Max.

TO THE EDITOR:

All Bronx men are a bunch of lying, no-good finks!

MISS MABEL R. SKOOG
Flatbush,
Brooklyn

(*Professor Skoog is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Prospect Park College for Women, Brooklyn, and the author of "Premarital Sexual Taboos Among Contemporary Detribalized Megalopolitan Males."*)

DISADVANTAGED REDHEAD FOUND SLAIN IN EAST SIDE LOVE NEST

POLICE QUIZ PSYCHOLOGICALLY DISTURBED B'KLYN SOCIOLOGIST

by Joseph Modzelewski and Dr. Rose N. Franzblau

TODAY'S BEST LAFF

by Earl Wilson

Hanson W. Baldwin, the military expert, midnight supping the other a.m. at Danny's Hide-A-Way with yours truly and the B.W., told late-niters that the Red Chinese will soon have three different types of ICBMs capable of wiping out the entire U.S. in twelve seconds. "And no one at the Pentagon can tell the three different types apart," quipped Baldwin. "You know those Chinese missiles—they all look alike."

RESTON . . . ON HIS LAURELS

by Jimmy Reston

NEW YORK, June 30—You're Rocky Rockefeller and you don't know whether you're going to be able to take all the marbles from Tricky Dick. Sure, you got the New York delegation in your back pocket, but what about Ohio and Michigan and Illinois? Maybe Big Pennsy goes for you, maybe it doesn't. You sit around counting up delegates, but every time you add up the figures the cash register rings up "No Sale." Maybe Tricky Dick's already emptied the cash drawer, maybe not. Like, you could be down for the count or it could still be any-body's ball game. You figure that Ronnie Reagan could be the answer to your problem—he hands you California like a heap of lox on a platter and maybe you're home free. But what kind of a deal can you make with Ronnie—the Veep slot? And maybe you don't need California anyhow. You're torn by indecision, like Hamlet in the well-known play. So, what are you going to do? You're Rocky Rockefeller and you don't know whether you're going to be able to take all of the marbles from Tricky Dick.

THE WICKER BASKET

by Tom Wicker

WASHINGTON, June 30—Ev Dirksen to cut LP of Book of Deuteronomy . . . Don't Invite to the Same Party: Sen. Tom Dodd and Chou En-lai . . . D.C. transit cops cracking down on dogs on buses. Remind me to take my dates home by cab . . . Sen. Russell Long gifted by admirers with a thirteen-foot-long bullwhip. Majority whip. Get it? . . . No trooth to Capital rumors that TV's Howie K. Smith and Sen. Maggie Chase Smith are second cousins . . . Mayflower bar has new John Kenneth Galbraith cocktail. Served in a long-stem glass, of course . . . Sen. Mike Mansfield dining the other p.m. at a Georgetown eatery with the lovely Mrs. M. . . . Wire birthday congrats to Mendy Rivers, Bill Fulbright and Chuck Percy . . . Mrs. Walt Lippmann and hubby leading Copa laugh-storm for Jack E. Leonard

.

.

.

. . . that's all, until TOMorrow.

$5 for BRIGHT SAYINGS

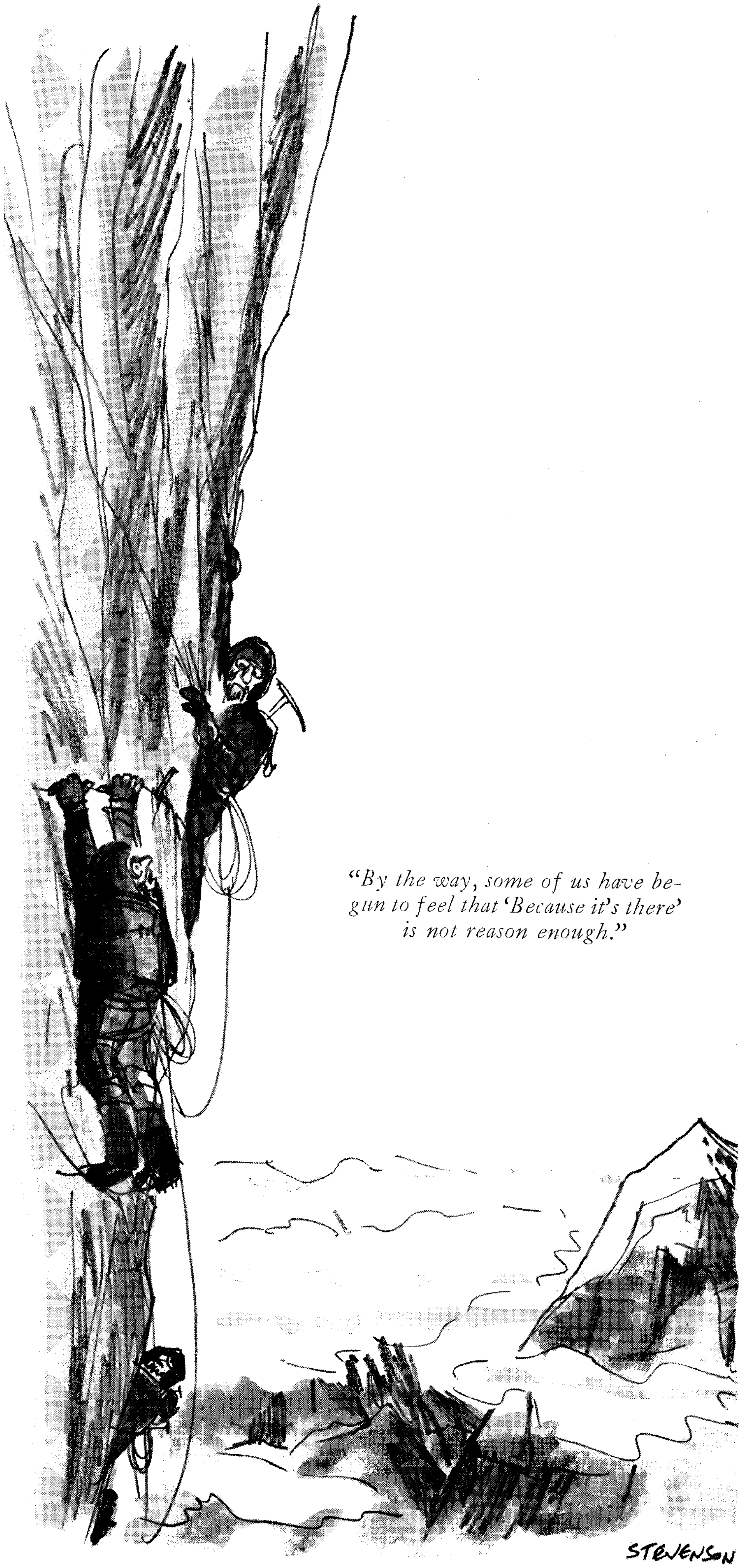
by Leonard Lyons

METS 1, FORDHAM JV 0 IN 38 INNINGS

by Leonard Koppett, Leonard Lewin, Leonard Cohen, and Enid Nemy

Also, Sunday and daily, don't miss: Moon Mullins, Doris Lilly, C. L. Sulzberger, Jules Feiffer's Winnie Winkle, Murray Kempton, "A Friend in Need," by Sally Joy Brown and Eliot Fremont-Smith, Dondi, Inviting the Undertaker, Dick Tracy (as explained by Hilton Kramer), Sylvia Porter, and "The Correct Thing," by Max Lerner.

—THOMAS MEEHAN



"By the way, some of us have begun to feel that 'Because it's there' is not reason enough."

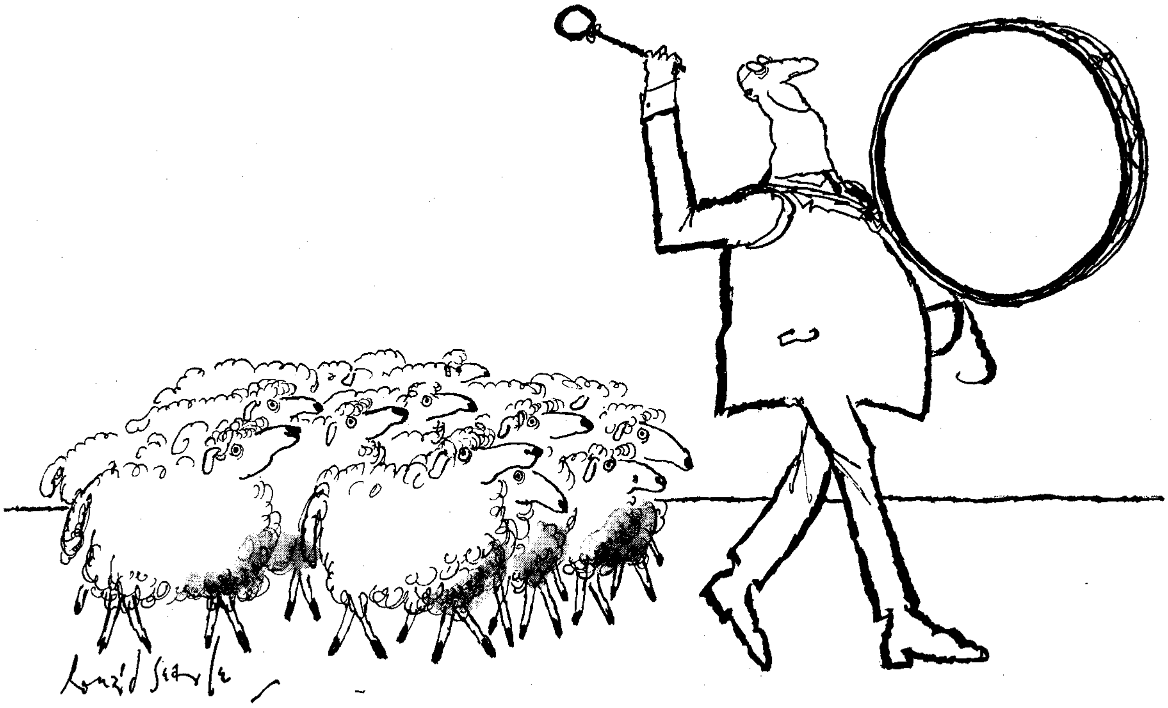
THE ELDEST CHILD

Mrs. Bagot had lived in the house for fifteen years, ever since her marriage. It was on a narrow street, a dead end, in the suburbs of Dublin. Her three children had been born there, in the upstairs front bedroom, and she was glad of that, because her first child, her son, was dead, and it comforted her to think that she was still familiar with what had been his one glimpse of earth—he had died at three days. At the time he died she said to herself that she would never get used to it, and what she meant by that was that as long as she lived she would never accept what had happened in the mechanical subdued way that the rest of them accepted it. They carried on, they talked and moved about her room as though when they tidied the baby away they had really tidied him away, and it seemed to her that more than anything else they expressed the hope that nothing more would be said about him. They behaved as though what had happened was finished, as though some ordinary event had taken place and come to an end in a natural way. There had not been an ordinary event, and it had not come to an end.

Lying in her bed, Mrs. Bagot thought her husband and the rest of them seemed very strange, or else, she thought fearfully, perhaps it was she herself who was strange, delirious, or even a bit unbalanced. If she was unbalanced she wasn't going to let them know about it—not even Martin, who kept looking at her with frightened eyes and telling her she must try to rest. It might be better not to talk, yet she was very anxious to explain how she felt. Words did no good. Either they did not want to hear her, or they were not able to hear her. What she was trying to tell them seemed very simple to her. What had happened could not come to an end, that was all. It could not come to an end. Without a memory, how was the baby going to find his way? Mrs. Bagot would have liked to ask that question, but she wanted to express it properly, and she thought if she could just be left alone for a while she would be able to find the right words, so that she could make herself clearly understood—but they wouldn't leave her alone. They kept trying to rouse her, and yet when she spoke for any length of time they always silenced her by telling her it was God's will. She had accepted God's will all her life without argument, and she was not arguing now, but she knew that what had happened was not finished, and she was sure it was not God's will that she be left in this bewilderment. All she wanted was to say how she felt, but they mentioned God's will as though they were slamming a door between her and some territory that was forbidden to her. But only to her; everybody else knew all about it. She alone must lie quiet and silent under this semblance of ignorance that they wrapped about her like a shroud. They wanted her to be silent and not speak of this knowledge she had now, the knowledge that made her afraid. It was the same knowledge they all had, of course, but they did not want it spoken of. Everything about her seemed false, and Mrs. Bagot was tired of everything. She was tired of being told that she must do this for her own good and that she must do that for her own good, and it annoyed her when they said she was being brave—she was being what she had to be, she had no alternative. She felt very uncomfortable and out of place, and as though she had failed, but she did not know whether to push her failure away or comfort it, and in any case it seemed to have drifted out of reach.

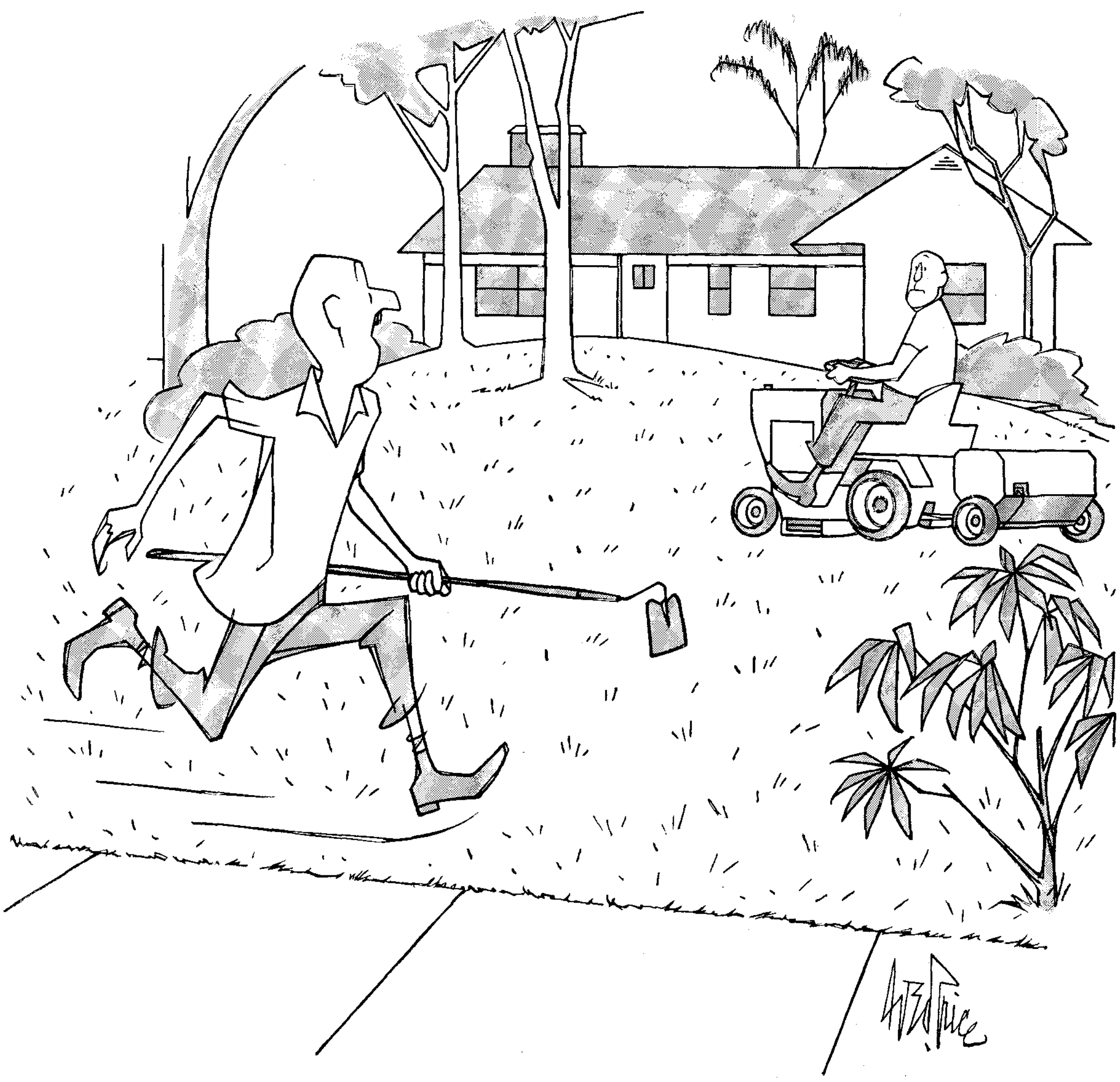
She was not making sense. She could not get her thoughts sorted out. Something was drifting away—that was as far as she could go in her mind. No wonder she couldn't talk properly. What she wanted to say was really quite simple. Two things. First, there was the failure that had emptied and darkened her mind until nothing remained now but a black wash. Second, there was something that drifted and dwindled, always dwindling, until it was now no more than a small shape, very small, not to be identified except as something lost. Mrs. Bagot thought she was the only one who could still identify that shape, and she was afraid to take her eyes off it, because it became constantly smaller, showing as it diminished the new horizons it was reaching, although it drifted so gently it seemed not to move at all. Mrs. Bagot would never have dreamed her mind could stretch so far, or that her thoughts could follow so faithfully, or that she could watch so steadily, without tears or sleep.

The fierce demands that had been made on her body and on her attention were finished. She could have met all those demands, and more. She could have moved mountains. She had found that the more the child demanded of her, the more she had to give. Her strength came up in waves that had their source in a sea of calm and unconquerable devotion. The child's holy trust made her open her eyes, and she took



stock of herself and found that everything was all right, and that she could meet what challenges arose and meet them well, and that she had nothing to apologize for—on the contrary, she had every reason to rejoice. Her days took on an orderliness that introduced her to a sense of ease and confidence she had never been told about. The house became a kingdom, significant, private, and safe. She smiled often, a smile of innocent importance.

Perhaps she had let herself get too proud. She had seen at once that the child was unique. She had been thankful, but perhaps not thankful enough. The first minute she had held him in her arms, immediately after he was born, she had seen his friendliness. He was fine. There was nothing in the world the matter with him. She had remarked to herself that his tiny face had a very humorous expression, as though he already knew exactly what was going on. And he was determined to live. He was full of fight. She had felt him fight toward life with all her strength, and then again, with all her strength. In a little while, he would have recognized her.



"Did you see a walking sprinkler go by here?"

• •

What she watched now made no demands on anyone. There was no impatience there, and no impatience in her, either. She lay on her side, and her hand beat gently on the pillow in obedience to words, an old tune, that had been sounding in her head for some time, and that she now began to listen to. It was an old song, very slow, a tenor voice from long ago and far away. She listened idly.

"Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
  Of other days around me . . ."

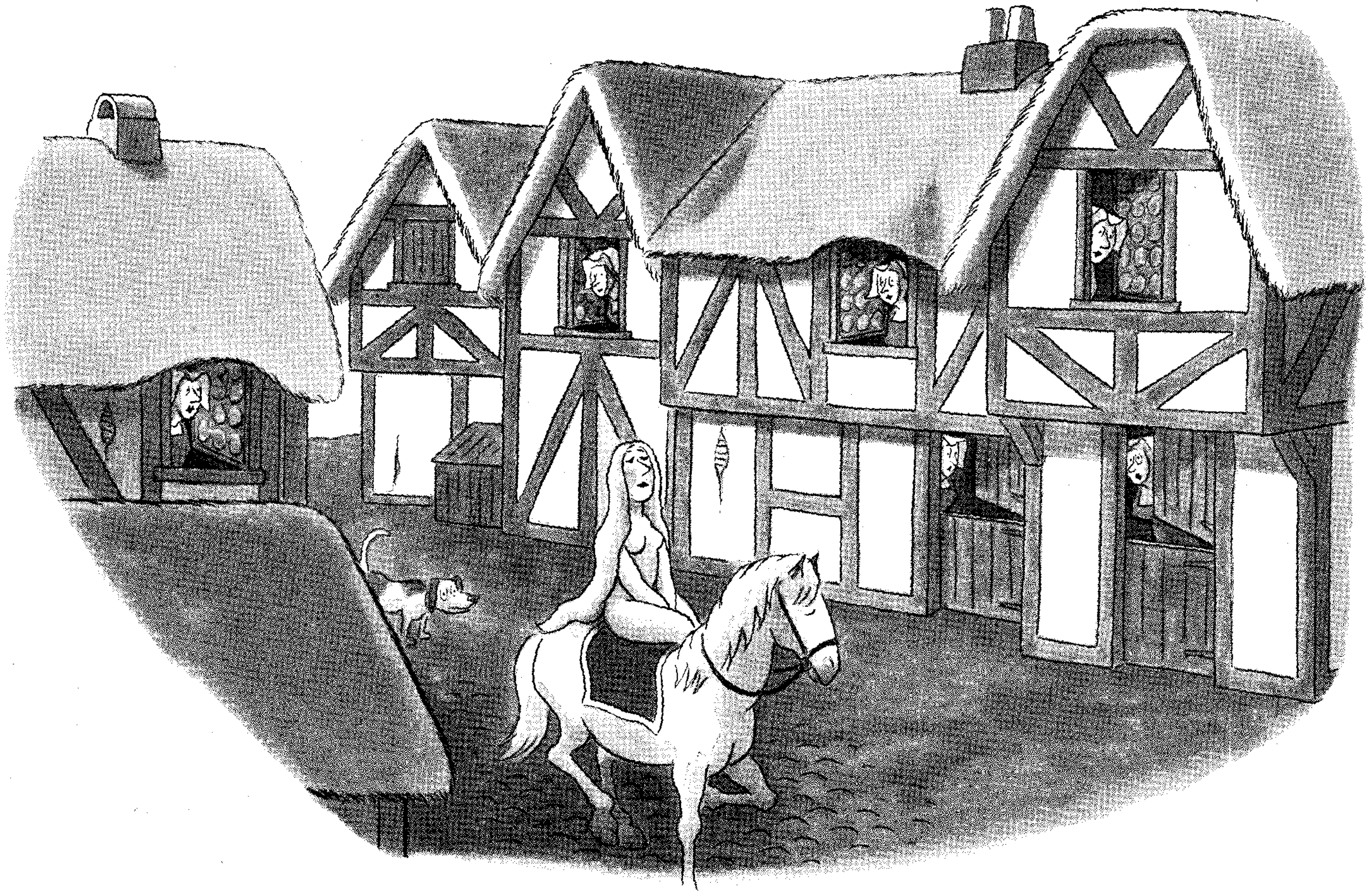
Over and over and over again, the same words, the same kind, simple words. Mrs. Bagot thought she must have heard that song a hundred times or more.

"Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
  Of other days around me;
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone
    Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken."

It was a very kind song. She had never noticed the words before, even though she knew them well. Loving words, loving eyes, loving hearts. The faraway voice she listened to was joined by others, as the first bird of dawn is joined by other birds, all telling the same story, telling it over and over again, because it is the only story they know.

There was the song, and then, there was the small shape that drifted uncomplainingly from distant horizon to still more distant horizon. Mrs. Bagot closed her eyes. She felt herself being beckoned to a place where she could hide, for the time being.

For the past day or so, she had turned from everyone, even from Martin. He no longer attempted to touch her. He had not even touched her hand since the evening he knelt down beside the bed and tried to put his arms around her. She struggled so fiercely against him that he had to let her go, and he stood up and stepped away from her. It really seemed she might injure herself, fighting against him, and that she would rather injure herself than lie quietly against him, even for a minute. He could not understand her. It was his loss as much as hers, but she behaved as though it had to do only with her. She pushed him away, and then when she was free of him she turned her face away from him and began crying in a way that pleaded for attention and consolation from



• •

someone, but not from him—that was plain. But before that, when she was pushing him away, he had seen her face, and the expression on it was of hatred. She might have been a wild animal, for all the control he had over her then, but if so she was a wild animal in a trap, because she was too weak to go very far. He pitied her, and the thought sped through his mind that if she could get up and run, or fly, he would let her go as far as she wished, and hope she would come back to him in her own time, when her anger and grief were spent. But he forgot that thought immediately in his panic at her distress, and he called down to the woman who had come in to help around the house, and asked her to come up at once. She had heard the noise and was on her way up anyway, and she was in the room almost as soon as he called—Mrs. Knox, a small, red-faced, gray-haired woman who enjoyed the illusion that life had nothing to teach her.

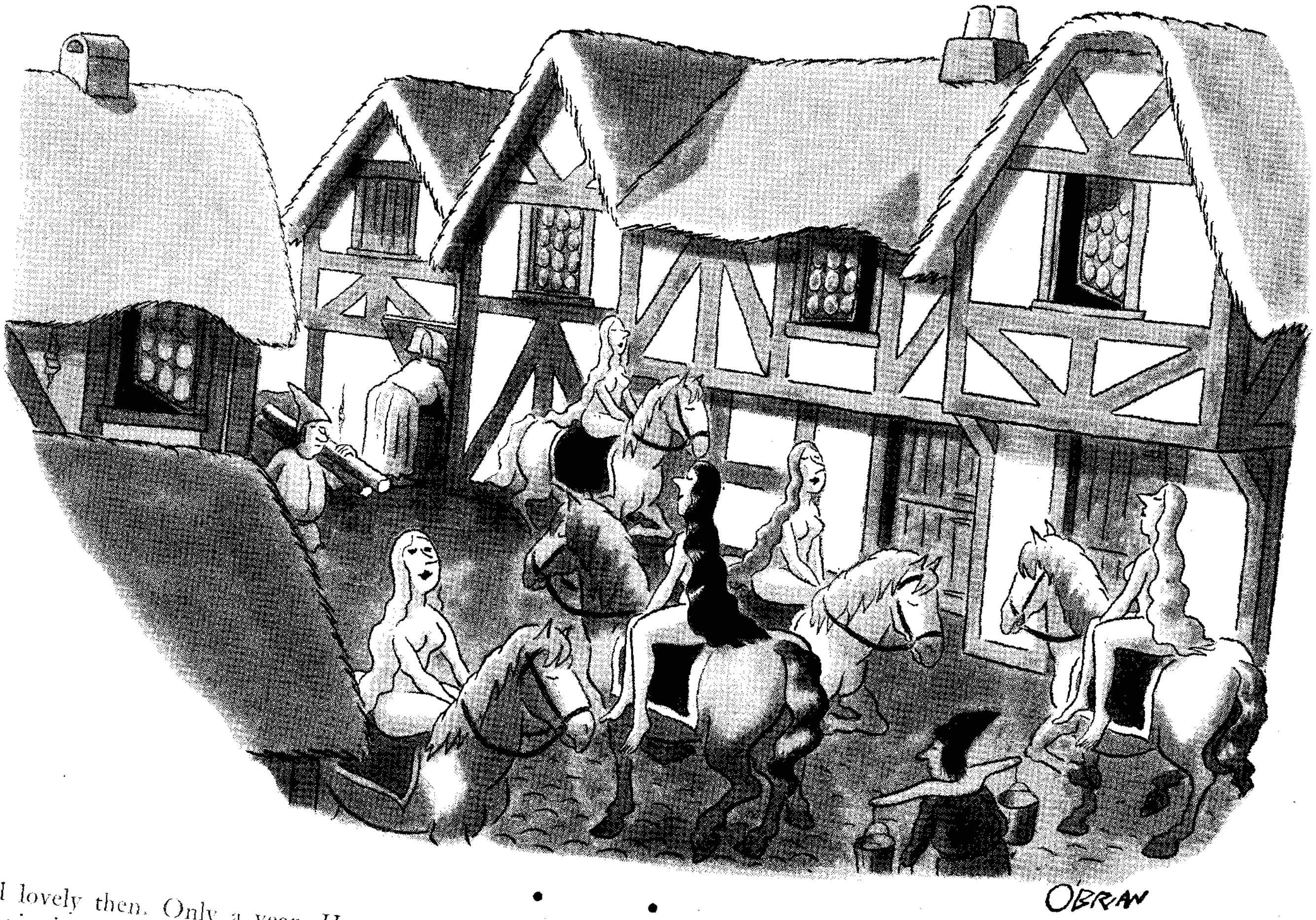
"Oh, I've been afraid of this all day," she said confidently, and she began to lift Mrs. Bagot up so that she could straighten the pillows and prop her up for her tea. But Mrs. Bagot struck out at the woman and began crying, "Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone. Why can't the two of you leave me alone." Then she wailed, "Oh, leave me alone," in a high strange voice, an artificial voice, and at that moment Mr. Bagot became convinced that she was acting, and that the best thing to do was walk off and leave her there, whether that was what she really wanted or not. Oh, but he loved her. He stared at her, and said to himself that it would have given him the greatest joy to see her lying there with the baby in her arms, but although that was true, the reverse was not true—to see her lying there as she was did not cause him terrible grief or anything like it. He felt ashamed and lonely and impatient, and he longed to say to her, "Delia, stop all this nonsense and let me talk to you." He wanted to appear masterful and kind and understanding, but she drowned him out with her wails, and he made up his mind she was acting, because if she was not acting, and if the grief she felt was real, then it was excessive grief, and perhaps incurable. She was getting stronger every day, the doctor had said so, and she had better learn to control herself or she would be a nervous wreck. And it wasn't a bit like her, to have no thought for him, or for what he might be suffering. It wasn't like her at all. She was always kind. He began to fear she would never be the same. He would have liked to kneel down beside the bed and talk to her in a very quiet voice, and make her understand that he knew what she was going through, and that he was going through much the same thing himself, and to ask her not to shut him away from her. But he felt afraid of her, and in any case Mrs. Knox was in the room. He was helpless. He was trying to think of something to say, not to walk out in silence, when Mrs. Knox came around the end of the bed and touched his arm familiarly, as though they were conspirators.

"The poor child is upset," she said. "We'll leave her by herself awhile, and then I'll bring her up something to eat. Now, you go along down. I have your own tea all ready."

Delia turned her head on the pillow and looked at him. "Martin," she said, "I am not angry with you."

He would have gone to her then, but Mrs. Knox spoke at once. "We know you're not angry, Mrs. Bagot," she said. "Now, you rest yourself, and I'll be back in a minute with your tray." She gave Martin a little push to start him out of the room, and since Delia was already turning her face away, he walked out and down the stairs.

There seemed to be no end to the damage—even the house looked bleak and the furniture looked poor and cheap. It was only a year since they moved into the house, and it had all



seemed lovely then. Only a year. He was beginning to fear that Delia had turned against him. He had visions of awful scenes and strains in the future, a miserable life. He wished they could go back to the beginning and start all over again, but the place where they had stood together, where they had been happy, was all trampled over and so spoiled that it seemed impossible ever to make it smooth again. And how could they even begin to make it smooth with this one memory, which they should have shared, standing like an enemy between them and making enemies out of them. He would not let himself think of the baby. He might never be able to forget the shape of the poor little defeated bundle he had carried out of the bedroom in his arms, and that he had cried over down here in the hall, but he was not going to let his mind dwell on it, not for one minute. He wanted Delia as she used to be. He wanted the girl who would never have struck out at him, or spoken roughly to him. He was beginning to see there were things about her that he had never guessed at and that he did not want to know about. He thought, Better let her rest, and let this fit work itself out. Maybe tomorrow she'll be herself again. He had a fancy that when he next approached Delia it would be on tiptoe, going very quietly, hardly breathing, moving into her presence without a sound that might startle her, or surprise her, or even wake her up, so that he might find her again as she had been the first time he saw her, quiet, untroubled, hardly speaking, alone, altogether alone and all his.

Mrs. Bagot was telling the truth when she told Martin she was not angry with him. It irritated her that he thought all he had to do was put his arms around her and all her sorrow would go away, but she wasn't really angry with him. What it was—he held her so tightly that she was afraid she might lose sight of the baby, and the fear made her frantic. The baby must not drift out of sight, that was her only thought, and that is why she struck out at Martin and begged to be left alone. As he walked out of the room, she turned her face away so that he would not see the tears beginning to pour down her face again. Then she slept. When Martin came up to the room next time, she was asleep, and not, as he suspected, pretending to be asleep, but he was grateful for the pretense, if that is what it was, and he crept away, back downstairs to his book.

MRS. BAGOT slept for a long time. When she woke up, the room was dark and the house was silent. Outside was silent too; she could hear nothing. This was the front bedroom, where she and Martin slept together, and she lay in their big bed. The room was made irregular by its windows—a bow window, and then, in the flat section of wall that faced the door, French windows. The French windows were partly open, and the long white net curtains that covered them moved gently in a breeze Mrs. Bagot could not feel. She had washed all the curtains last week, and starched them, getting the room ready for the baby. In the dim light of the street lamp, she could see the dark roof line of the row of houses across the street, and beyond the houses a very soft blackness, the sky. She was much calmer than she had been, and she no longer feared that she would lose sight of the small shape that had drifted, she noticed, much farther away while she slept. He was travelling a long way, but she would watch him. She was his mother, and it was all she could do for him now. She could do it. She was weak, and the world was very shaky, but the light of other days shone steadily and showed the truth. She was no longer bewildered, only dull, and the next time Martin came to stand hopefully beside her bed she smiled at him and spoke to him in her ordinary voice.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

DAYS WITHOUT YOU

DECEMBER 1ST

As we kissed goodbye
you made a little frown.
Now Christ's lights are
twinkling all over town.
The cornstalks are broken
in the field, broken and brown.
The pond at the year's end
turns her gray eyelid down.
Christ's lights are
twinkling all over town.

A cat-green ice spreads
out over the front lawn.
The hemlocks are the only
young thing left. You are gone.
I hibernated under the covers
last night, not sleeping until dawn
came up light twilight and the oak leaves
whispered like money—those hangers-on.
The hemlocks are the only
young thing left. You are gone.

DECEMBER 3RD

This is the mole-
gray mouth of the year.
Yesterday I stole
out to your hunter's-cabin-studio,
surprising two woodchucks and a deer
outside our makeshift bungalow.

On the way to Groton
I saw a dead rabbit
in the road, rotten
with crows pecking at his green entrails.
"It's nature," you would have said from habit,
and continued on to cocktails.

The sun dogs were
in the sky overhead.
You, my voyager,
were dogging up the old globe going west
and I was at the feeder where junco's fed.
Alone in our place I was a guest.

DECEMBER 5TH

We met in Oswald's November
five long years ago.
I remember
meeting secretly once a week or oftener,
knowing it wrong, but having those reasons.
So I commute to your studio,
my smoothsmith, my softener,
We take love in all its seasons.

This is the last picture page
of the calendar.
Now I feel my age,
watching the feverish birds outside
pocketing grain in their beaks.
The wind is bizarre.
The wind goes *boo, boo, boo* at my side
and the kitchen faucet leaks.

This is the last leaf
in the year's book.
Now I come to grief
as the earth's breast goes hard and mean
and hay is packed for the manger.
Down by the brook
frogs freeze like chessmen and can't be seen,
and you are gone, my stranger.

DECEMBER 6TH

A light rain, as tranquil as an apple, today . . .
mild and supple and fat and full-blown-sweet,
like the last February 2nd—Groundhog Day.
He wouldn't come out but we laid odds
that his Mickey Mouse nose would greet
us, that his coma wasn't part of the gods'.

We thought he'd show at the Candlemas,
show his Chippewa shadow at 11 A.M.
We thought that cold-blooded thing would pass
like a priest with his mouthful of beets
for the emerging mystic and the stratagem
that his wide-awake shadow meets.

DECEMBER 11TH

I think of you in bed,
your tongue half chocolate, half ocean,
of the houses that you swing into,
of the steel-wool hair on your head,
of your persistent hands, and then
how we gnaw at the barrier because we are two.

How you come and take my blood cup
and link me together and take my brine.
We are bare. We are stripped to the bone
and we swim in tandem and go up and up
the river, the identical river called Mine,
and we enter together. No one's alone.

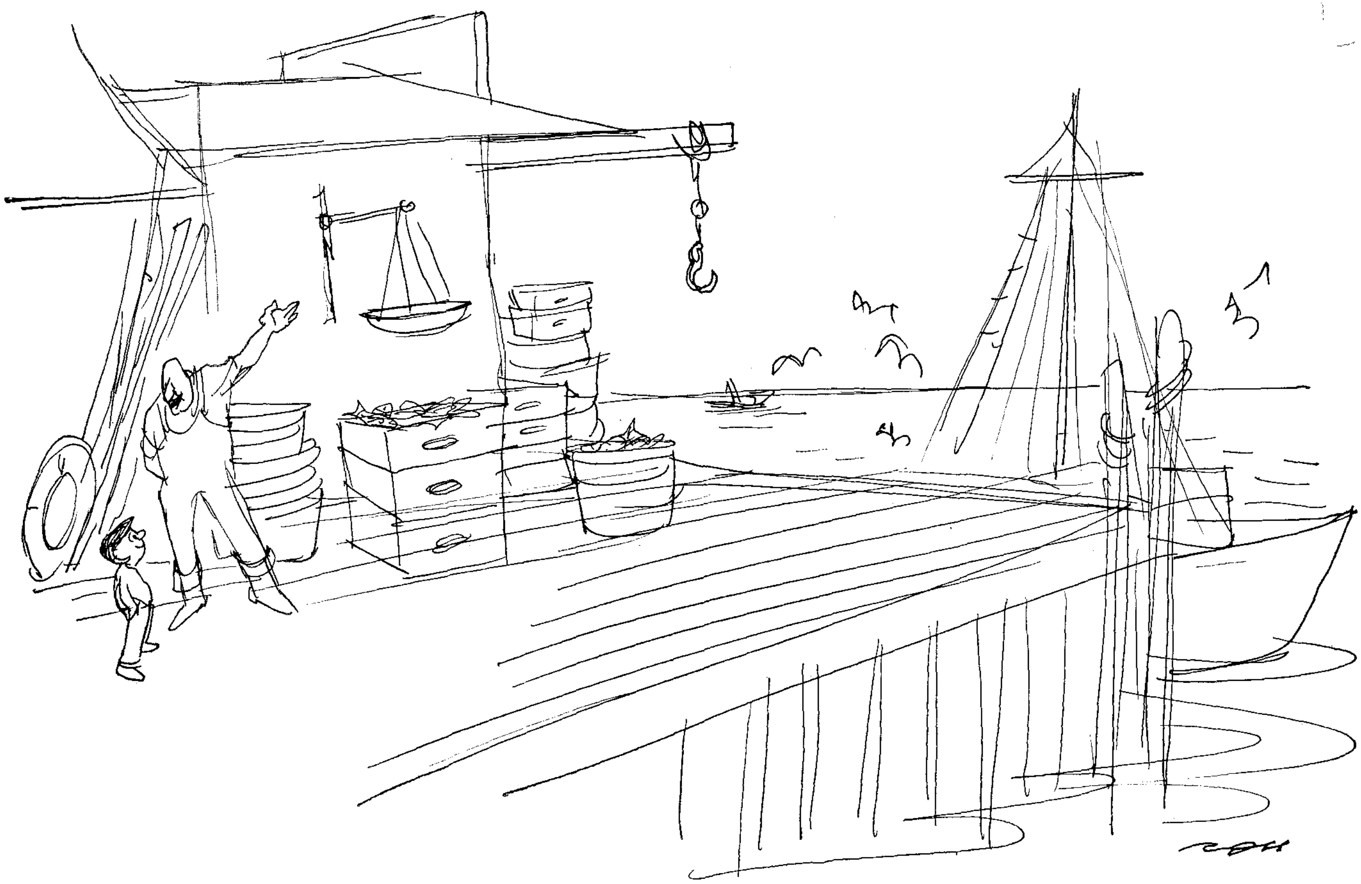
DECEMBER 15TH

The day of the lonely drunk
is here. No weather reports,
no fox, no birds, no sweet chipmunks,
no sofa games, no summer resorts.

No whatever it was we had,
no sky, no month—just booze.
The half moon is acid, bitter, sad,
as I sing the Blended Whiskey Blues.

DECEMBER 17TH

Today I bought a Scotch pine—
Oh, Tannenbaum—a Christmas tree,
as green as a turtle, a forest
of gum and resin and turpentine.
My love, my louse, my absentee,
alone in our place I was not a guest.



"Someday all this will be yours—except the ocean, of course."

• •

With my box from the Five-and-Dime
I hung bells and balls and silver floss
and one intense strand of reds and greens.
At the end I topped off the ragged pine
with a flashy star, the five-point cross
that twinkles for the Nazarene.

Doing this reminded me of the fall awards
we gave to different trees: *First Prize*
was tacked upon the swamp maple
in Lincoln Center, then out toward
Weston we pinned *Best Birch at Sunrise*.
We took our census of colors, not people.

The purple oaks, the quivering aspens,
those heavy popples the color of old coins,
the woodbine—each with an award on its trunk,
pinned by us with homemade ribbons
on Columbus Day. Prizes when acid joins
the pigment and the sap has been drunk.

Today I bought a sprig of mistletoe,
all warts and leaves and fruit
and stem—the angel of the kiss—
and hung it in our bungalow.
My love, we will take root
during the Christmas Armistice.

DECEMBER 18TH

Swift boomerang, come get!
I am delicate. You've been gone.
The losing has hurt me some and yet
I must bend for you. See me arch. I'm turned on.
My eyes are lawn-colored, my hair brunette.

Kiss the package, Mr. Bind!
Yes? Would you consider hurling yourself
upon me, rigorous but somehow kind?
I am laid out like paper on your cabin kitchen shelf.
So draw me a breast. I like to be underlined.

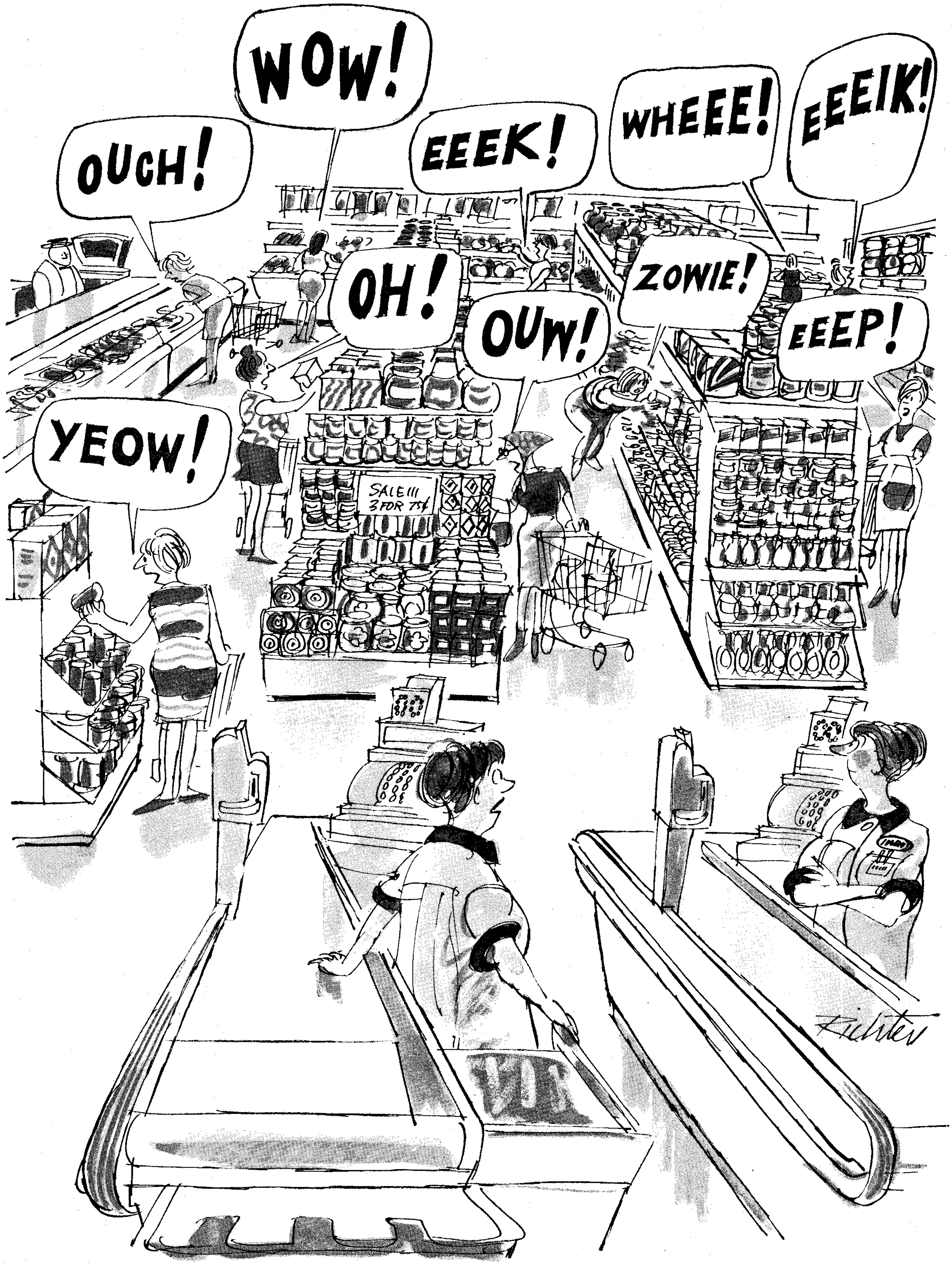
Look, lout! Say yes!
Draw me like a child. I shall need
merely two round eyes and a small kiss.
A small o. Two earrings would be nice. Then proceed
to the shoulder. You may pause at this.

Catch me. I'm your disease.
Please go slow all along the torso,
drawing beads and mouths and trees
and o's, a little *graffiti* and a small *hello*,
for I grab, I nibble, I lift, I please.

Draw me good. Draw me warm.
Bring me your rawboned wrist and your
strange, Mr. Bind, strange stubborn horn.
Darling, bring with this an hour of undulations, for
this is the music for which I was born.

Lock in! Be alert, my acrobat,
and I will be soft wood and you the nail
and we will make fiery ovens for Jack Sprat
and you will hurl yourself into my tiny jail
and we will take a supper together and that
will be that.

—ANNE SEXTON


OUCH!
WOW!
EEEK!
WHEEE!
EEEIK!
OH!
ZOWIE!
OUW!
EEEP!
YEOW!
SALE!!!! 3 FOR 75¢
Richter

"The cost of living sure keeps going up and up and up!"

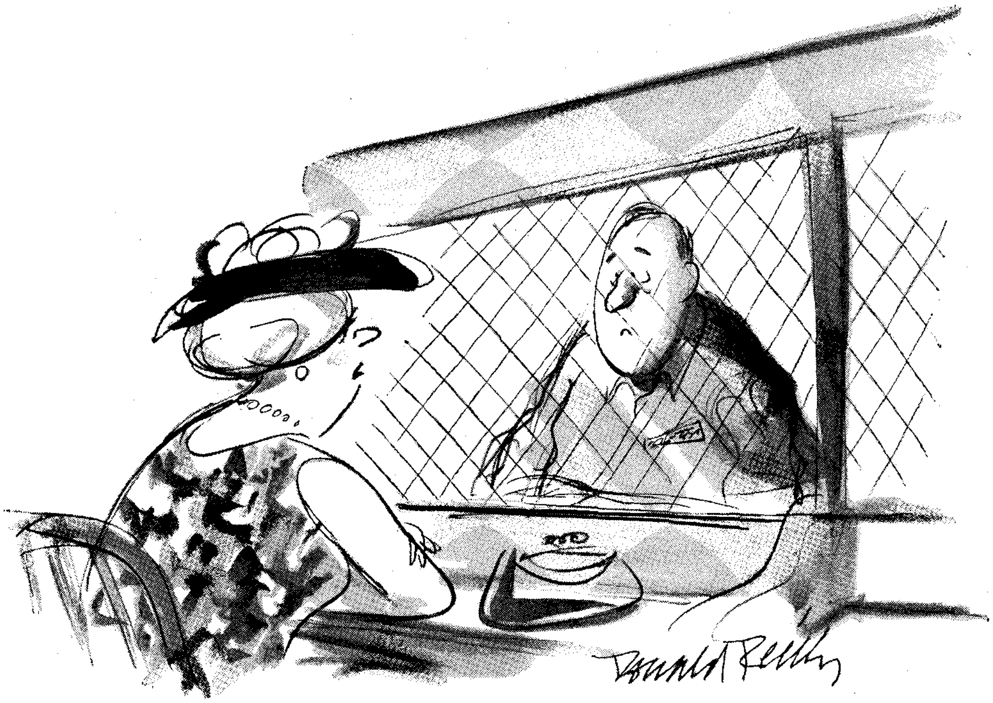
LETTER FROM SAIGON

JUNE 20

ALTHOUGH the pattern of the negotiations in Paris is not yet clear, events in Vietnam in recent weeks offer some idea of what form the peace talks may eventually take. The consensus here is that there will be no final settlement for years but that in Vietnam we are getting a significant preview of the slow-moving drama for which the conclaves in Paris have so far provided only a tiresome prologue. While considerable fighting has been going on since the beginning of May, and it is likely to spread during the coming months, the essential struggle remains political. Even though the Communists retain the military initiative in many places, and in some cases can count on the element of surprise (as they did with such success during the Tet offensive, in late January and early February, and again, with less success, during offensives in May and early June), they have basically been denied one of their most important assets—the opportunity for careful preparation of the battlefield. In the past, their detailed planning of every aspect of impending battles has involved steps ranging from the caching of food and weapons and the building of emergency underground hospitals to the preparation of models of the terrain (and, in the case of the Tet attack on Saigon, models of specific objectives, such as the American Embassy and Independence Palace). Mobile American and South Vietnamese spoiling operations, conducted with the aid of troop-carrying helicopters and supported by heavy air and artillery assaults, have now effectively deprived the Communists of this advantage. Their ability to carry out harassing actions, as they have against Saigon for the past several weeks, is certainly undiminished, and as rockets and mortar shells have continued to drop into the capital the population's nerves have begun to wear thin. But nowhere, with the possible exception of the Central Highlands—where there are estimated to be elements of two North Vietnamese divisions secreted in jungle bases near the Cambodian border—are the Communists being given a chance to mount and sustain a new major assault. Thus, militarily, they may again be faced with the need to develop a new strategy, and it is quite possible that in due time they will be forced to switch from overt military action back to their own highly developed forms of guerrilla warfare—a process of reconversion that, according to most military experts, would take them at least a year under present conditions.

This, of course, is only the military part of the picture. The other, more important part, the political one, has already undergone a significant change. Since Tet, new political tactics have been designed to meet the strategic requirements of what Hanoi calls "fighting and negotiating at the same time." These may be described as the careful preparation of the political battlefield to deal with various contingencies that may result from the Paris talks, and in this realm, where the Americans can offer the South Vietnamese only advice and some assistance, the Communists must still be granted a considerable edge. This does not mean that Hanoi and its Southern representatives are not having trouble politically as well as militarily. Perhaps most important are their problems in that area where these two principal prongs of insurrectionary warfare come together, at the critical village and hamlet level. The evidence gleaned recently both from presumably well-informed prisoners and from captured documents is that the Communists are finding it harder to recruit new guerrillas, to fight either in local areas or in the regional and main forces, and this is the chief reason the main-force military units, totalling about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, are now dominated by some eighty-five thousand North Vietnamese troops—who are currently being infiltrated at a higher monthly rate than ever. The problem of recruitment has been exacerbated by a change in the attitude among many villagers in Communist-held and contested areas, as well as by friction between the North Vietnamese and their Southern allies. There has been increasing resentment over harsher methods adopted by the Communists, who, since Tet, have been prompted more and more to substitute terror for quiet indoctrination and persuasion. The causes of the villagers' resentment include the kidnapping of boys and men from fourteen to forty-five to serve as soldiers or laborers, the increased forcible recruitment of women, and the shooting of those suspected of being government spies. During the attacks on Saigon and other cities in the last few months, the open resort to terror has represented a calculated risk on the part of the Communists; they have gambled, not without justification, on the assumption that the popular resentment against their rocket and mortar attacks on civilian areas and their infiltration of bands of troops will be less than that aroused by the destruction of homes by retaliating American gun ships and by the often indiscriminate and wanton counterattacks of government forces. In the countryside, the villagers' response to the increase of terror and the continued intrusion of the war on their lives has been new resignation and despair. As they flee toward the still relatively safer urban areas, they may not love the government more but they seem to be loving the Communists less, and though the government has never created strong rapport between itself and the people, the rapport the Vietcong have enjoyed for so many years is in many places diminishing.

Despite all this, it must be said that the Communists have been able to prepare the political battlefield for the events of the forthcoming months much better than the Saigon government could do. Primarily, this is because they know what they want and they know how to use their still intact rural and urban apparatus to go about getting it. Furthermore, their appeals, in patriotic as well as in revolutionary terms, still carry considerable weight, particularly when they are directed against the "white American invader" whose "lackey" is "the corrupt Thieu-Ky clique." Whatever degree of distortion and untruth there may be in the Communists' appeals, the historic struggle for the independence of Vietnam, which they have long dominated (and which to a large extent they have subverted), remains a real one, and the govern-



"And more bad news. We've been dropped by the 'Saturday Evening Post.'"

• •

ment has still not succeeded in capturing the revolution for itself. Since Tet, as many new social and political problems have emerged, and as the people have become more conscious of the Communist threat and of the extreme means the Communists are now willing to adopt to achieve their ends, neither the Vietnamese government nor the Americans have yet been able to deal with the challenge in a positive and comprehensive manner. As a Vietnamese whom I have known well for a long time put it the other day, "There has been no real effort to study the meaning of the Tet offensive and what has taken place since in the total context of the war. You Americans still don't have a policy—you just have measures. It's the same with us. We improvise, take single steps to improve the situation, and even then—as in the case of our recent new plans for national mobilization—we flounder around for weeks as our President fights with our Senate and House. There is no constitutional machinery for compromise. Nothing is done in political terms to bring together the constructive social forces that still exist in this country. There is fluidity and plenty of rivalry, but no tactical mobility and no attempt at achieving a consensus.

"There is much we must blame ourselves for, but much of what has happened is your fault. At the end of the Second World War, you decided who should go where in Asia and occupy what. The French returned here—and you helped keep them here, with your guns and your money—for nine more long years. It was natural enough that the French should try to manufacture a fake nationalism with mandarin officials, but why did you have to do the same when you moved in, in 1954? You came to Vietnam without any preparation and therefore without understanding, yet you forced us to adjust to your anti-Communist objectives without helping us develop our own democratic ones. You were afraid of Diem [Ngo Dinh Diem, who was overthrown and murdered in 1963], until it was too late to get him to change his ways and to get rid of his brother Nhu. You ended by creating a vacuum the Communists were best prepared to fill. The strongest non-Communist political party in the country became USAID [the American economic-aid program], and now you wonder why so many Vietnamese are corrupt. You brought an American army here, and you made a Western army out of ours, but it has never been a national army and it still doesn't know how to fight a war of insurgency or how to deal with the people. We are no longer the makers of our own destiny. We are the victims of your global policy."

These are very strong words, but after many years of experience in Vietnam I cannot contradict them. My friend said, in conclusion, without any implied cynicism, that, despite all our mistakes of omission and commission, "if the Americans had not come to South Vietnam, we would have gone Communist long ago, so we do not regret your being here—and we will do everything we can to keep you here, because we need you even more, economically, without a war."

It would be nice to be able to say that, given the gambles the Communists have taken and the heavy losses they have suffered—the Allies claim this year to have killed ninety-two thousand of the enemy by mid-May, which equals the total claimed for all of 1967—the government is now in a stronger position to regain some of the political and military ground it has lost and to win over elements of the population that it has previously neglected or antagonized. Unfortunately, I do not think this is the case. There is reason to be pleased, certainly, over the selection as Prime Minister of Tran Van Huong, a respected, independent-minded, and honest nationalist, in place of the colorless Nguyen Van Loc, who was chosen after President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky took office late last year. Almost everyone agrees that it would have been better if Huong had been appointed initially, which might have been possible if the Americans had made absolutely clear their determination to protect him from encroachments by the military. The Americans chose instead to concentrate on building up Thieu at the expense of Ky, their earlier favorite—a process that has now culminated in the almost complete eclipse of Ky and his aides, including the just deposed national police chief, Major General Nguyen Ngoc Loan. This downgrading of Ky has the advantage of establishing a single national chief executive, but it has left Ky bitter, xenophobic, and potentially in a mood of rebellion. Thieu, who plots and moves carefully and cautiously, has played his cards well. First, he mollified Ky by giving him a man of his choice, Loc, as Prime Minister. Then, when he felt himself in a strong enough position, he got rid of Loc and belatedly called on Huong, who agreed to take the job despite the fact that, in addition to being in a weak position constitutionally vis-à-vis the President, he has little political leverage at present against Thieu and his fellow-generals. Even Huong's closest friends and well-wishers don't give him more than a twenty-five-per-cent chance of making something of the job, and they feel that Thieu will simply use him as a convenient instrument to eliminate any remaining opposition from Ky or anyone else. As one of Huong's friends has said, "The P.M. is like a baby born in prison."

Huong, who favors peace but is against any kind of sellout to the Communists, made an excellent initial televised address to the nation, bluntly telling the people, "We are invaded, we are dependent, our ranks are divided." In order to bring the Vietnamese "out of misery, shame, and suffering," he promised to concentrate on restoring state authority, fostering new respect for laws, eradicating corruption and exploitation, stabilizing living conditions, and taking the initiative in the search for a peace with "honor and with real guarantees." He had considerable difficulty in choosing a Cabinet. He wanted a group representing various religious and political elements, but he ran into trouble getting a number of those he approached to agree to work with one another or to take one specific job instead of another. His selection as Foreign Minister of Senator Tran Chanh Thanh, a man with a varied past and cloudy political beliefs, caused particular critical comment, especially since Huong failed to consult either Thanh's fellow-senators or the members of the House of Representatives—although, as Huong himself afterward pointed out, if he *had* consulted the National Assembly about this and other appointments he never could have come up with a final slate. The end result was scarcely a Cabinet calculated to have a strong popular following or a strong civilian image of its own, and it will be up to Huong alone to provide that. Earlier, he referred to himself as being in "a sinking sampan bailing water." It is scarcely likely that when he gets into trouble Thieu will rescue him, and it is equally unlikely that at this juncture the Americans will provide a lifeboat. Huong's modesty has won him new friends—probably more than when he previously held the Prime Ministership for a frantic and futile three months in 1964-65—and so have his wry comments on his problems. About his predicament in forming a government, he said, "I went to the market to buy good fish, good shrimps, and good chickens to cook delicious dishes for my guests. Unfortunately, I did not find what I wanted, so I had to improvise."

The main problem Huong faces, that of rallying the many disparate elements among the South Vietnamese, will not be made easier by the prevailing popular mood, which is perhaps more difficult to define at present than at any time since the "big war" mounted by the Americans began in 1965. It might best be generally described as one of watchful waiting—"*attentisme*" is the French word—but there are various new shadings, ranging from quiet withdrawal to nervous anticipation over the possible departure of the Americans. An effect of the latter is tentative realignment among those who call themselves nationalists but who seem to be slowly veering toward a French-style neutralism. These reactions are most prevalent among urban intellectuals and professional people, whose views scarcely reflect those of the bulk of the population in the countryside but do represent the opinions of some important groups, including religious ones—elements among the Buddhists; the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, for example—which are either willingly or willfully disaffected toward the government and look forward to its disintegration, so that they can pick up the pieces. Such groups talk vaguely of *their* programs, even of *their* revolutions, but their approach is essentially negative or opportunistic. Among their ranks, however, are some genuine nationalists who believe in a real unity of forces but whose efforts have been proscribed or inhibited by their equal contempt both for those they call the "old-guard French-trained leaders" of the country and for the Communists. These people have adopted a waiting policy for the moment, but they form a true

"The food was all right, but the girls certainly were not as advertised."

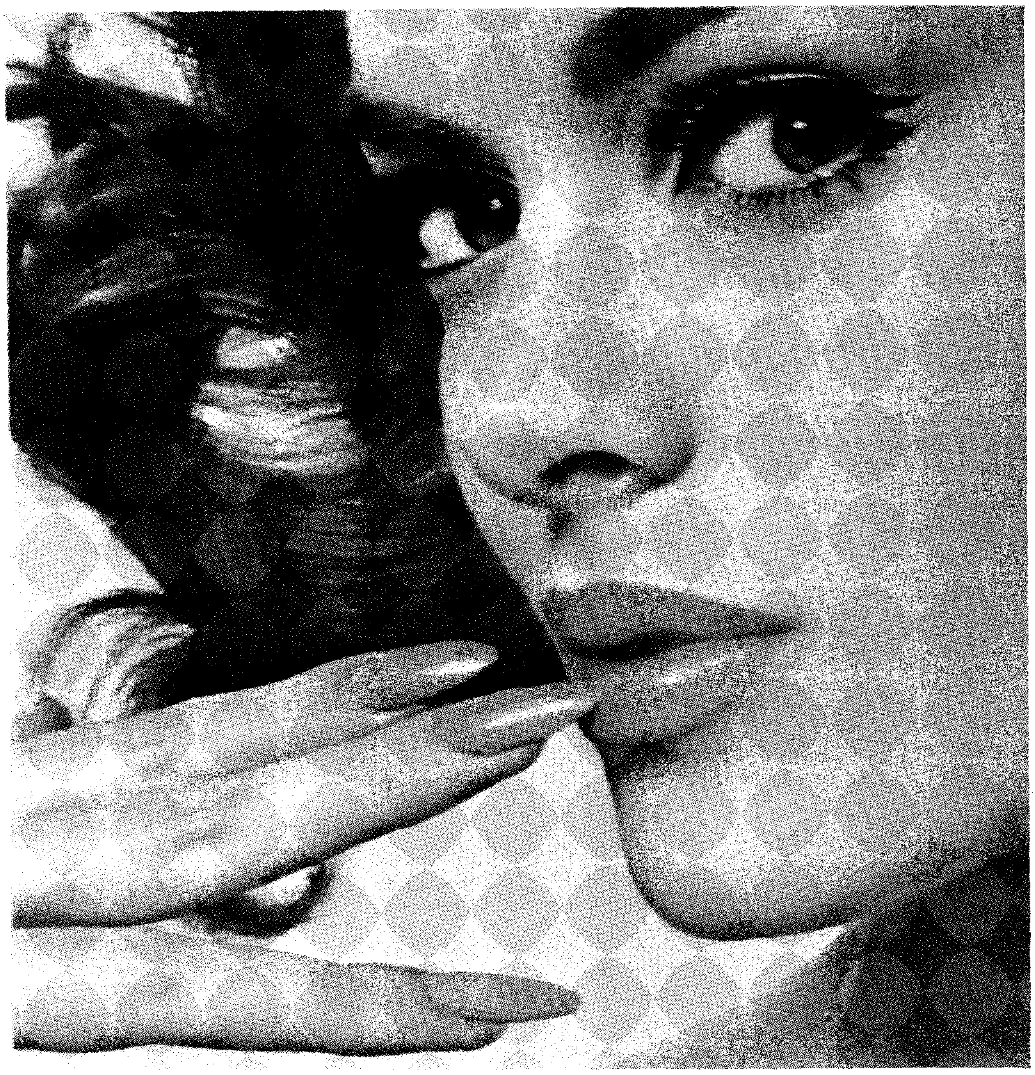
"Who is she to give one of those parties where everybody is somebody?"

• •

nationalist core that may yet create a new resistance in the South in the event of a widely unpopular peace or a permanent stalemate. Other organizations, such as the Confederation of Vietnamese Laborers, which represents the largest group of unions and which is moving for the first time into the political arena, have begun to come forth with specific programs for building meaningful political parties and for creating a "people's army," in the expectation that the war will go on indefinitely. A number of senators are also trying to form a new majority bloc that would serve as a catalyst for political-party development while acting as a cohesive force for reforms, including reorganization of the administrative and military machinery.

Decentralization, including local self-defense in the cities, villages, and hamlets, has become a rallying cry for a variety of groups and individuals, including Vice-President Ky, who, although he has just resigned as the head of civilian defense, remains the guiding spirit behind new student units now guarding the canals along the Saigon River. Ky has mixed his recent xenophobic line with a fresh nationalist fervor; he has spoken out against "colonial slavery," obviously referring to the Americans, and has even had favorable things to say about Ho Chi Minh. In playing his own game at the moment, he has adopted what might be described as a policy of active waiting. Some of his young followers, however, bear an ominous resemblance to their more radical brethren in other countries, and the fact that they are armed with, among other things, excellent captured Communist AK-47 guns makes them potentially as dangerous offensively as they are useful defensively—a capability that is not overlooked by President Thieu.

Both Thieu and Ky, while politely vying for power, have quietly thrown out their own political fishing lines. They have kept in touch, through their separate agents, with neutralist Vietnamese groups in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and in Paris. In Thieu's behalf, according to a reliable source, a member of his private planning staff, named Le Trung Kim, who is an agricultural engineer by profession and who has had close neutralist associations in the past, has been circulating among the Vietnamese expatriates in Paris, most of whom are neutralists, and probably among members of the Hanoi delegation as well. A story that has floated out of Eastern Europe and that is being repeated here has it that Thieu might, under certain circumstances, be acceptable as a neutralist front man in a future government that included the Communists. Thieu himself, while he has given no indication of his willingness to play such a game, has said he will talk about the future with *individual* members of the National Liberation Front, but he has remained adamant about not negotiating with the Front as such. As for Ky, he, too, has his man in Paris, who was sent there by his close friend, the just dismissed police chief, General Loan. This man's name is Le Doan Kim, and though he is no relation to the other Kim, he has also been close to the expatriate neutralists in the past, and for the last two years he has been moving back and forth between Europe and Vietnam via Phnom Penh, apparently more in the role of an *agent provocateur* than anything else. He came to Saigon just be-



"New"—

isn't a strong enough word
for the glamorous Super-Royal gold flaked lipsticks.
A revolutionary new concept of gold laden lipsticks
made without a speck of metal in its formula
—shimmering, exciting, soft, beautiful shades—
to turn your lips into luscious softness.
Sunshine Gold—Star Gold—Moon Gold—Dusk Gold.
Wear them with Pink Lilac or Sunshine Color Blend
in the new, beautiful Color Blend case.

Super-Royal gold flaked lipsticks

Germaine Monteil

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our sporting life. Two parts of wide-wale cotton corduroy, camel colored. Maximum of jacket, back-belted, and a minimum of skirt. Partnering blouse of acetate foulard in pink/beige/camel. Both in sizes 6 to 14. Jacket and skirt for $55, blouse for $19, in our Young Elite® Separates Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

fore Tet, from Paris via Cambodia, and then left again for France a few weeks ago. Interestingly, Hanoi has privately encouraged these neutralist ploys. Jacques Duclos, a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, said, after a visit to Hanoi last March, that Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Laodong (Workers') Party of North Vietnam, told him that the future government of South Vietnam could include both "pro-French and pro-American neutralist elements."

THERE are numerous others involved in this neutralist game, including French businessmen and their Vietnamese partners in several prominent commercial houses in Saigon. Their calculations are based on a belief that sooner or later Vietnam probably will become a neutralist state and that there will have to take place some sort of accommodation with the Communists, or at least with elements among them. On the badly fragmented government side, there is only fuzziness and confusion in approaching the question of South Vietnam's postwar status. Once again there has been no preparation of any political battlefield. This in itself is the Communists' greatest strength in Vietnam today, whatever their own problems and weaknesses. And this is simply a further reflection of the incontrovertible fact that the Communists, under that redoubtable super-organizer Ho Chi Minh, captured the nationalist movement of the country back in 1945, killed or dispersed the anti- or non-Communist leaders and elements that had originally joined them in the broad Vietminh Front, and ever since have determined the course of the Vietnamese revolution. The dozen or so members of the ruling Politburo in Hanoi, whatever their attitudes toward pro-Chinese or pro-Russian factionalism, have held together more tightly than any other Communist ruling body in the world and have been able to shift their military and political strategy as they have seen fit over the years—advancing, retreating, and modifying. Countless successive governments in the South, under the French, under Emperor Bao Dai, under Diem, under the seemingly endless procession of military and shadow civilian bodies and leaders—juntas, councils, troikas, directories, Chiefs of State, Presidents, and Prime Ministers—have unavailingly sought to contend with this precisely steered Communist machine. There have been in the South countless economic, social, and political experiments—from the early French-sponsored *agrovilles* and the Diem-sponsored strategic hamlets to today's Revolutionary Development schemes and "new-life" hamlets, and from hand-picked advisory councils and national assemblies under the French and Diem to today's elected legislature and local village and hamlet councils—yet none of these, including the present "legally elected" government the Americans so avidly sought (prematurely, in the opinion of many observers, including this one), has served to rally or inspire the country or to effectively counter the better-organized, more single-minded Communist apparatus.

As a consequence, whatever the reasons that prompted Hanoi to go to Paris—whether the Communists were "hurting" that badly, as the American military likes to say, or whether they are simply seeking to buy time, not only for themselves but for the whole Communist world—the blueprint that the leaders in Hanoi have for South Vietnam today is unmatched in clarity and incisiveness and political convictions, and perhaps unmatchable by anything the Americans or the South Vietnamese can offer. This blueprint, over the last few months, has become even clearer. In its most fundamental form, it was revealed, in 1965, in "Four Points," published by Hanoi, and "Five Points," published by the National Liberation Front. These two manifestos stipulated as most important the complete withdrawal of the Americans and South Vietnam's ultimate reunification with the North without "foreign interference" and in accordance with the "popular will," as exemplified by the Front.

The accomplishment of these objectives represents the Communists' Program Maximum, and it was their hope that by achieving a knockout victory with the Tet offensive they would be in a position to force the Americans to back down and out. Despite the political and psychological gains they made early this year, they were quick to admit that they had failed in some major objectives. They did succeed, however, in one important respect: the sensational impact the offensive created undoubtedly helped prompt President Johnson's decision to reduce the level of the bombing of North Vietnam and to offer to negotiate. Hanoi's acceptance of the offer to start preliminary talks, on its own terms, prepared the way for the achievement of the Communists' Program Medium or Program Mini-

Seagram's Extra Dry
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin

“My secret?
The tonic. The tonic! It has to be almost frozen!”

Sounds refreshing.
But how do you describe the gin, the gin?
Smooth? Extra dry?
If you agree, then you've agreed to Seagram's.

Seagram's.
The perfect martini gin. Perfect with tonic, too.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

Our foreign policy is reassuringly foreign.

In its overseas operations, Bankers Trust doesn't believe in filling its banks with Americans.

We staff our foreign banks and affiliates mainly with nationals of the countries they're in.

Your international financial problems are supervised by insiders. Men who know their way around these strange marketplaces.

The British bankers in our two London branches, for example, keep a strong grip on the sophisticated in's and out's of investments, trusts, Euro-dollar exchange, and the myriad of details connected with world trade and government financing.

(A good example is Bankers Trust London's recent multimillion Euro-dollar loan to the Republic of Austria for a program of capital works and public improvements.)

You can see why so many American companies seeking new markets in the United Kingdom find that our men can open doors closed to outsiders.

And why many expanding British business firms ask us to help them through our Bankers Trust offices in the States. Insurance companies in particular really lean on us. (Insurance started in London, didn't it?)

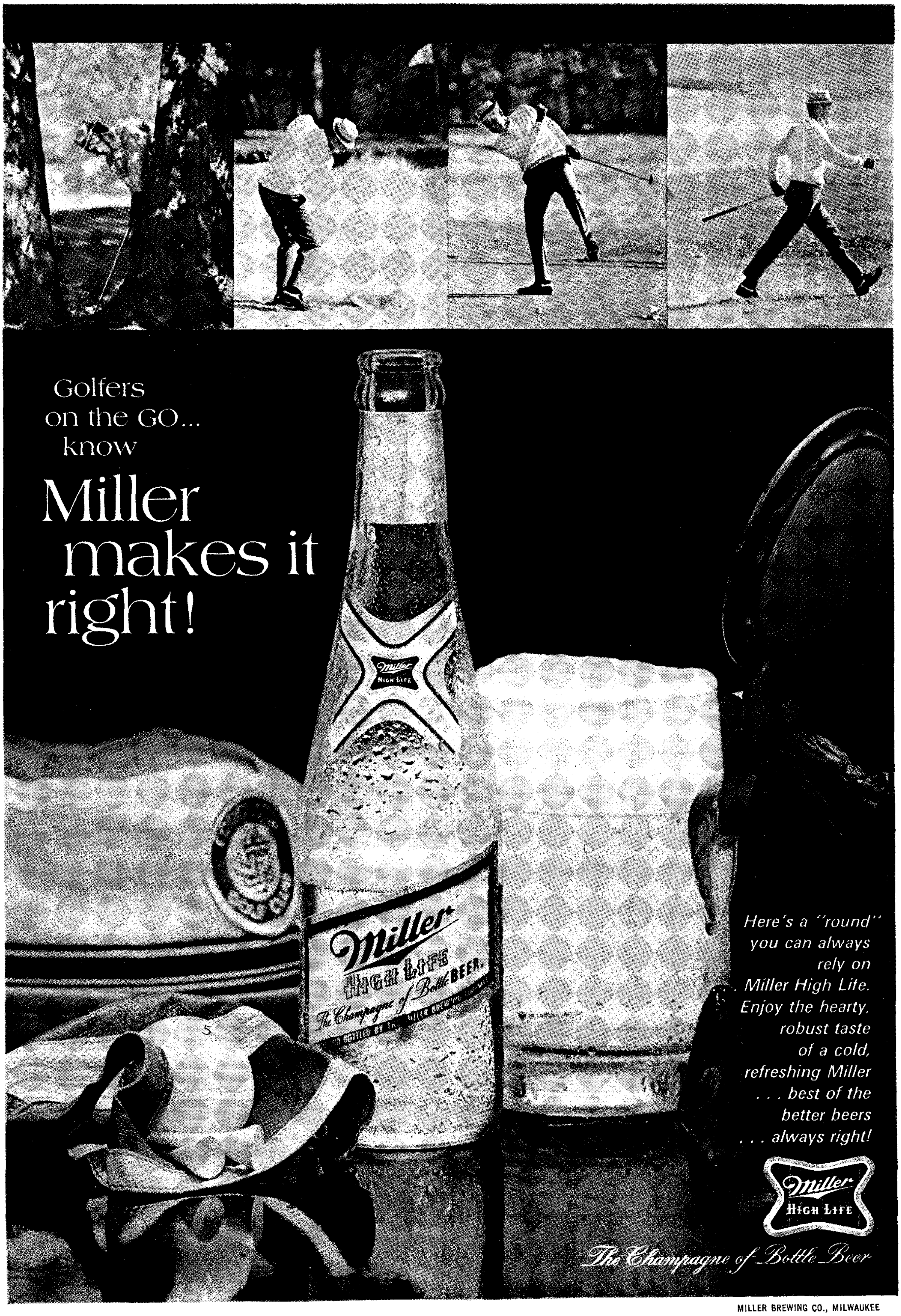
This arrangement obviously also provides both sides with an exchange of British and American know-how. You might be pleased to know that ours was the first London-American bank to be equipped with the famed IBM 360 computer system.

(We installed ours long before our nearest competitor.) When you do business with our people in London, this fact alone means action.

If all this makes us sound terribly foreign, it's because we want Americans doing business overseas to have as much going for them as they can get.

Isn't that reassuring?

You'll find an international banker at Bankers Trust.


Golfers
on the GO...
know
Miller
makes it
right!
Here's a "round"
you can always
rely on
Miller High Life.
Enjoy the hearty,
robust taste
of a cold,
refreshing Miller
. . . best of the
better beers
. . . always right!
Miller
High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
Miller
High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
5

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

mum—which, though Program Maximum has still not been discarded, represent, respectively, a carefully calculated first line of retreat and then, if necessary, a second line of retreat. The medium objective, which could presumably be reached after protracted and probably secret talks in Paris or elsewhere, is a coalition government, which the Communists would hope quickly to control. The minimum objective is a lesser form of accommodation in the South, assuring freedom of activity for all political elements, through which the Communists would seek to gain control through new nationalist political parties.

By continuing and even stepping up the fighting while talks go on, the Communists hope to achieve two things: first, to convince the Americans and South Vietnamese that they are still able to wage a protracted war, and, second, to persuade the South Vietnamese people that they cannot lose. It should already be clear that the area of maneuver for the Communists in Paris is greater than that for the Americans, principally because we expressed only minimum demands at the outset—i.e., we requested some reciprocal action for stopping all the bombing—while, even if the Communists' maximum and minimum demands were not openly stated, the potential range of these demands is apparent. For instance, should there be a discussion about establishing a bigger and better buffer zone between North and South Vietnam, Hanoi would undoubtedly lay claim to Quang Tri and Thua Thien, the two northernmost provinces of South Vietnam; it has all along controlled large parts of both, and administratively and militarily it has for some time considered them to be part of its southernmost military region. In other words, since neither the United States nor South Vietnam has ever claimed any part of North Vietnam, it would be a question of "You donate the land, we'll expand the buffer zone," as far as Hanoi is concerned. (By extension, Hanoi would very likely also claim the two northern Laotian provinces of Phong Saly and Houa Phan.)

If Hanoi is thinking in terms of protracted negotiations, as is likely, the debate over such demands or issues could drag on for months, to be finally compromised or abandoned, all of which would admirably suit its "fight and talk" strategy. The United States would be almost continuously on the defensive, and, in its anxiety to find something substantive to talk about, would repeatedly find itself forced to devote serious consideration to Hanoi's most extreme demands. What worries the South Vietnamese, even those among them who believe in some sort of ultimate accommodation, is that American impatience might lead to a premature settlement, which would, in effect, amount to political surrender. By and large, virtually all South Vietnamese I have spoken with, in and out of the government, pro- or anti-American, feel that we forced negotiations too soon, before the Saigon government and the country at large were militarily and politically ready for them. They are afraid that, as was the case with Premier Mendès France in 1954, President Johnson will be racing against the clock, and that, his insistence upon "peace with honor" notwithstanding, he will try his hardest to reach an agreement of some sort before he leaves the White House. "Will you have the patience and the courage to turn Paris into another Warsaw or Panmunjom?" is the question I have been asked—the allusions being to our refusal to be stampeded into unrealistic concessions during our talks with the Chinese Communists and the North Koreans. As one of my Vietnamese friends said, "If you don't at least give us a chance to find some political purpose and stability, even if you should force an advantage for South Vietnam at Paris, we won't be able to keep it. Everyone wants peace, but if the military regime should start dealing with the National Liberation Front or parts of it by itself, without mass support, the certain outcome will be disaster."

IN contrast to the government's lack of readiness, the Communists' preparation of the present political battlefield dates back at least to 1966. Hanoi's "Four Points" and the Front's "Five Points" had been publicized prior to the major commitment of American troops, when the Communists were riding high militarily and seemed to be heading toward quick victory. While the Communists were opposed to negotiating too early, they hoped, as a result of their 1966-67 military campaign, to turn the tide sufficiently so that they would be in a position to start talking. Despite American escalation, the North Vietnamese tried to keep to their schedule, and late in 1966, according to a captured top-level cadreman named Le Ngoc Lan, alias Ba Tra, with whom I have just had several long conversations, Hanoi so in-

Treat Your Family to a Week of Breezy Summer Sun Days at Dorado Beach

(FAMILY VACATION PLAN FROM $106.75* WEEKLY, INCL. BREAKFAST & DINNER)

Our twin golden crescent beaches have sheltered lagoons for carefree swimming with the youngsters . . . yet there's excitement enough for anyone with water-skiing, snorkeling, and Sunfish sailing, too. Biking and exploring on 1500 lush tropical acres; two salt-water swimming pools; 36 holes of championship seaside golf. Children's day camp with experienced counselors for swimming, snorkeling and nature study. Evenings, you dine with a view of the gleaming surf and dance beneath the stars. Babysitters are available.

**Family Vacation Plan*—8 days, 7 nights, $106.75 per person for parents and two children sharing large air-conditioned room. Includes all breakfasts and dinners, 50% discount on all water-sports equipment, airport transportation on arrival and departure. Effective May 1 to October 20. (Vacation plans for golfers, honeymooners and sightseers also available.)

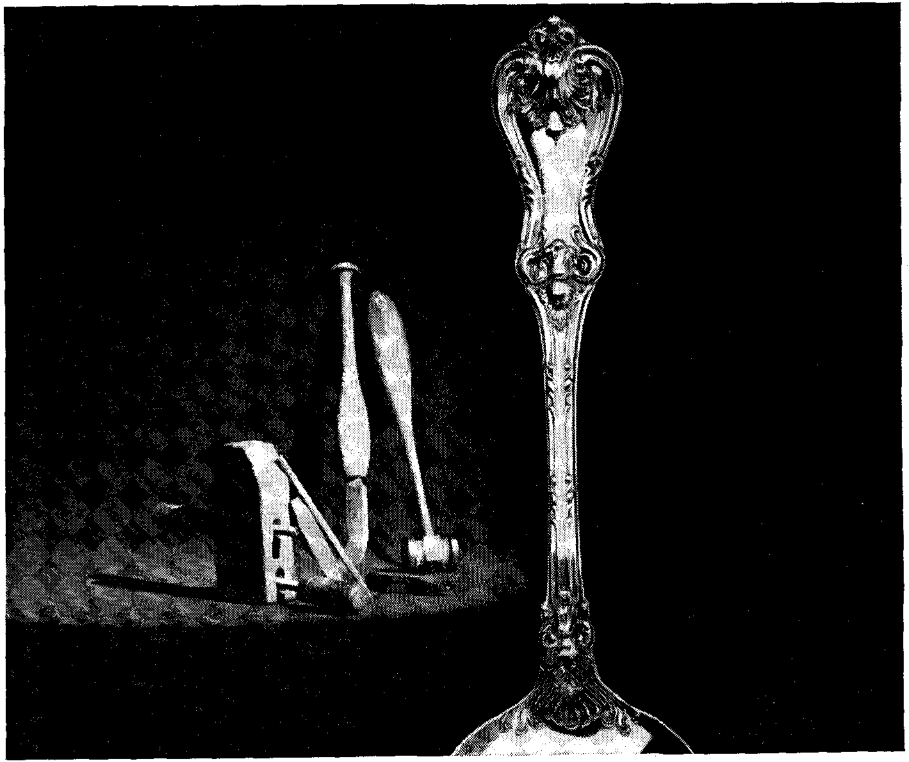
DORADO BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

See your travel agent for color brochure: New York, 586-1141; Chicago, 922-4139; Dallas, 741-6814; Washington, D.C., 347-4951; Los Angeles, 626-7581; San Francisco, 434-0660; Seattle, 682-1981.

The uncrushables
are here, and Miss Bergdorf
picks a mandarin-collared
paisley from a group of
gadabout Bandura® dresses—
all trusty little travellers,
thanks to this new rib-weave
nylon fabric. By Anika,
in sizes 6 to 12, $40.
Sorry, no mail or phone orders . . . .
Miss Bergdorf, Fifth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of
Edward VII in Frank Smith Sterling

C. D. Peacock Inc., Chicago; Mermod Jaccard King, St. Louis; J. B. Hudson, Minneapolis; Linz Bros., Dallas; Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston; J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia; Coleman E. Adler & Sons, New Orleans; Geary's, Beverly Hills.
The Webster Company, Creators of Frank Smith Sterling, North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.

formed both Moscow and Peking. Ba Tra corroborated a report that Prime Minister Pham Van Dong at that time travelled secretly to Moscow and obtained the Russians' pledge of continued military and economic aid, as well as their approval of Hanoi's peace plans. Le Duan simultaneously headed a delegation to Peking; not unexpectedly, he ran into trouble when the Chinese insisted that the North Vietnamese continue fighting indefinitely—or for "seven more years," if necessary, by which time, said Mao's representatives, China would be strong enough to resolve the situation. However, the North Vietnamese in Peking stuck to their proposed timetable. As Ba Tra told me, he and other ranking cadremen were informed of their government's decision, and of consultations with the two Communist powers, at a secret jungle meeting northwest of Saigon in April, 1967.

Ba Tra, who was arrested near Saigon a month after that meeting, was the deputy chief of the Vietcong's apparatus for proselyting among intellectuals in the Saigon area. A thin, soft-spoken man, now fifty years old, he was born in the South and attended school in My Tho, where Prime Minister Huong was one of his teachers. He joined the resistance in 1945 and became a Party member four years later. He never went to North Vietnam but always operated in the South, and after 1955 he worked steadily among the intellectuals and bourgeoisie in Saigon, except for a brief period at the end of 1960, when he went to the jungle to help organize the National Liberation Front. From 1955 until 1958, he had a job as secretary general of Secovina, a Saigon textile firm that has had a long record of harboring Communist agents and neutralists. At that time, he worked more or less in the open, but after 1958 he went underground. Beginning in 1966, Ba Tra told me, he and others of his group convinced the Front that it had to make "a special appeal to people in the urban areas, particularly to bourgeois and intellectual elements who disapproved of the government and who were sympathetic to our cause but believed the Front was 'too Red.' "

With the approval of Hanoi, Ba Tra received permission to establish a number of legal fronts that would come out in favor of national sovereignty, freedom, democracy, and peace; the term "neutrality" was not initially used, because it was felt that this would be too much of a Communist giveaway. The first group he helped promote was the

Committee for the Protection of the National Culture, headed by Le Van Giap, a North Vietnamese who worked for the French diplomatic section in Hanoi until he came South in 1954 and began teaching in Saigon high schools. Over the last several years, Giap has been known for his pro-French and anti-American views, and he has been suspected of being a French intelligence agent. Giap was unaware, Ba Tra said, that the cultural group was Communist-inspired, although two of its original dozen members were "sympathizers" of the National Liberation Front. The group functioned in the open, and in January, 1967, published a magazine called *Voice of the Intellectuals*, which included a score of articles and poems that were xenophobic in tone and decried the destruction of Vietnamese culture as a result of foreign influence—particularly that of American troops. After the first issue, the censors forbade the publication of any others. Additional organizations and fronts that Ba Tra and his associates secretly helped create in 1966 included the Committee for a Self-Sufficient Economy, the Association for the Protection of the Personality of Vietnamese Women, the Association for Improved Relations Between Vietnamese Classes, and the Movement for Student Autonomy. They all functioned nationally, and to some extent internationally. The American Embassy in Saigon donated books to these groups and maintained contact with some members. By mid-1967, these organizations had spread their wings and were gaining increasing support among university professors and other intellectuals, as well as among members of the bourgeoisie, but when Ba Tra and some other top-level Front cadremen were arrested in the summer and fall of last year, the various groups fell apart and most of the unwitting members realized they had been used as Communist dupes.

Although they had suffered a setback, the Communists by no means gave up their tactic of creating new fronts, and in the months before this year's Tet offensive, which they hoped would trigger what they called the General Uprising, they established a whole new series of political "alliances," designed to attract intellectuals and prominent professional people; territorial "administrative organizations" in the provinces and cities; "insurrectionary committees;" and proselyting "armed-forces groups," which, among other things, were supposed to encourage military and civilian defectors from

Taking your broker along on your travels this summer?

Or will you be worrying about your investments when you should be having a good time?

No need to feel out of touch if there's a Francis I. duPont & Co. office anywhere near where you're stopping. And chances are we'll be close at hand, with 110 fully staffed full-service offices in the United States, Canada and abroad.

Whether you're a client or not, we'll be glad to keep you posted on the market, business and the economy. You can count on us for almost-instantaneous opinions on any one of 1400 securities and active commodities that may be bugging you. Plus fresh ideas, painstakingly researched, carefully evaluated.

Wherever there is a Francis I. duPont & Co. office, you will find the benefits of computer-age facilities and a wide range of contemporary services, including: listed stocks and bonds, mutual funds, tax-exempt securities, commodities, unlisted securities and new security issues. Plus, you'll like dealing with a Francis I. duPont & Co. Account Executive. He has been thoroughly trained that *your investment success is our business.*

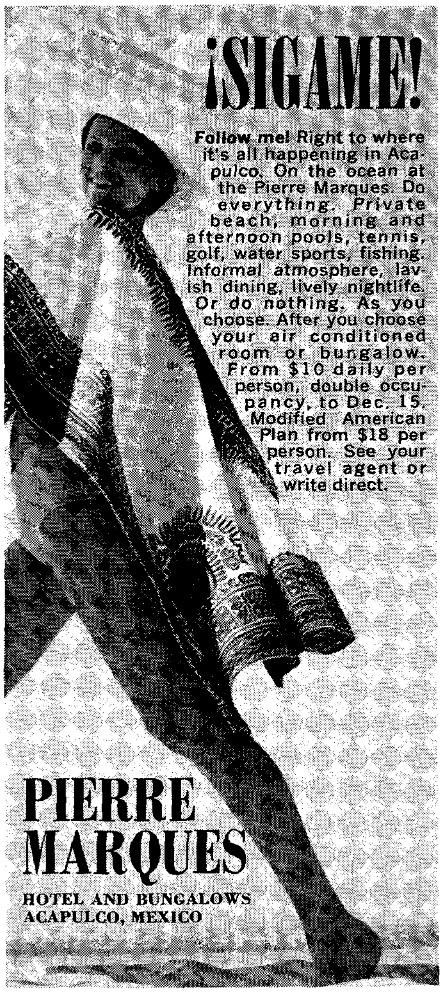
So, before you pack your bags, stop in at any one of our offices and ask for the Manager. He'll be glad to give you a handy directory of all our offices at home and abroad. Take it with you, so you'll be able to follow your investments — and act on them promptly — wherever you are. With peace of mind — just as if you'd taken us along with you.

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

Your investment success is our business

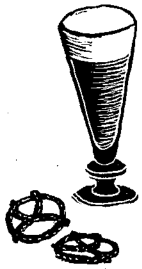
OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ABROAD. MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES: ONE WALL STREET, N.Y. TEL: 212—344-2000

ACCEPTED EVERYWHERE
insist on
COOK'S
WORLD FAMOUS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES
only 75¢ per $100
ON THE ISSUANCE CHARGE
WHY PAY MORE?
THOS. COOK & SON


¡SIGAME!
Follow me! Right to where it's all happening in Acapulco. On the ocean at the Pierre Marques. Do everything. Private beach, morning and afternoon pools, tennis, golf, water sports, fishing. Informal atmosphere, lavish dining, lively nightlife. Or do nothing. As you choose. After you choose your air conditioned room or bungalow. From $10 daily per person, double occupancy, to Dec. 15. Modified American Plan from $18 per person. See your travel agent or write direct.
PIERRE MARQUES
HOTEL AND BUNGALOWS
ACAPULCO, MEXICO

the government side. As the National Liberation Front itself pointed out, there was nothing new about this tactic, which had been applied successfully in North Vietnam in 1945, when the Communists established first the Vietminh Front and later the Lien Viet and Fatherland Fronts. "The more allies we can find, even precarious ones and temporary ones, the better," one document said. "A sound Front policy is one of the decisive factors for a successful revolution. It is only when the Front has real strength that it can secure the participation of in-between forces and recruit in-between classes such as nationalist bourgeoisie who are opposed to imperialism in certain respects but are essentially reformers and compromisers. If more in-between forces participate in the Front, the prestige of the revolution will increase, the revolution will win approval from neutralist countries in the world, and the Americans and their lackeys will be isolated."

According to Ba Tra and others, the long-term strategic goals of Hanoi and the Front were first to create a "socialist" state in South Vietnam and then to tie it to the Communist North, but the tactic governing the various alliances and committees during the Tet offensive was to stress "peace, neutrality, and coalition government." All the bodies and groups established just before and during Tet had different names—at least seventeen were identified, and the Vietcong and Hanoi claimed that "hundreds" of others had been created throughout the country. This was an apparent effort by the Communists to emphasize the spontaneity of the uprising and its mass appeal. The principal urban alliances were not supposed to represent new revolutionary movements in themselves, at least not initially, nor were they to be overt Vietcong organizations. They were to act as independent "united-front" groups, and after demanding the withdrawal of American troops and establishing their *bona fides*, they were to portray themselves as the true representatives of the people in negotiating for a coalition government, *not with Saigon but with the National Liberation Front*. From the outset, both the Front's Liberation Radio and Radio Hanoi acted as channels for disseminating the various communiqués and appeals of the "spontaneous" organizations, all of which—with the exception of two in Hué, the only city held by the Communists until almost the end of February—were short-lived, as the General Uprising failed to materialize and the Vietcong were forced to retreat within hours or days from the urban areas they had attacked. For example, on February 2nd Liberation Radio broadcast an appeal by the Alliance of National and Peace Forces in Saigon, and the next day Radio Hanoi broadcast the communiqué of the Saigon Uprising Committee. No individual members of these two groups—which quickly dropped out of sight—or of the fifteen others around the country, again with the exception of the two in Hué, were identified.



In Hué, the Front of National, Democratic, and Peace Alliance and the Thua Thien Province-Hué People's Revolutionary Committee were both headed by Le Van Hao, a former professor of anthropology at the universities of Saigon and Hué; four other members of the committee, including one woman, were eventually named. The first appeal of this particular Front, read over the captured Hué radio on February 1st and later rebroadcast by Hanoi, declared, "Dear compatriots: We cannot stand with folded arms and see our country fall into the hands of the U.S. aggressors and the Thieu-Ky clique of traitors. We can no longer endure slavery, exploitation, poverty, and misery. We cannot let the U.S. aggressors and their lackeys prolong a war which only serves their selfish interests. We only want independence, sovereignty, freedom, democracy, peace, neutrality, food, clothes, and land." In the weeks that followed, as the Communists clung to Hué and a fierce battle raged in that old city, Le Van Hao issued several more communiqués, as well as open letters to U Thant at the United Nations and to the heads of various nations, denouncing American policy and acclaiming the deeds of the revolutionary forces. The Thua Thien People's Revolutionary Committee finally announced the establishment of a provincial administration and outlined a new revolutionary-government program. When the Americans and the South Vietnamese at last recaptured Hué, the revolutionary groups, led by Le Van Hao, left the city with the Communist troops and set up new headquarters in the nearby jungle.

The post-Tet political activity of the Communists has to be placed in historical context. In 1964, at the hamlet and village level in the Communist areas there theoretically existed a three-level

Avis battles The Bill Blooper.

If there's an error in your rent a car bill, bug us. Especially if it's in our favor.

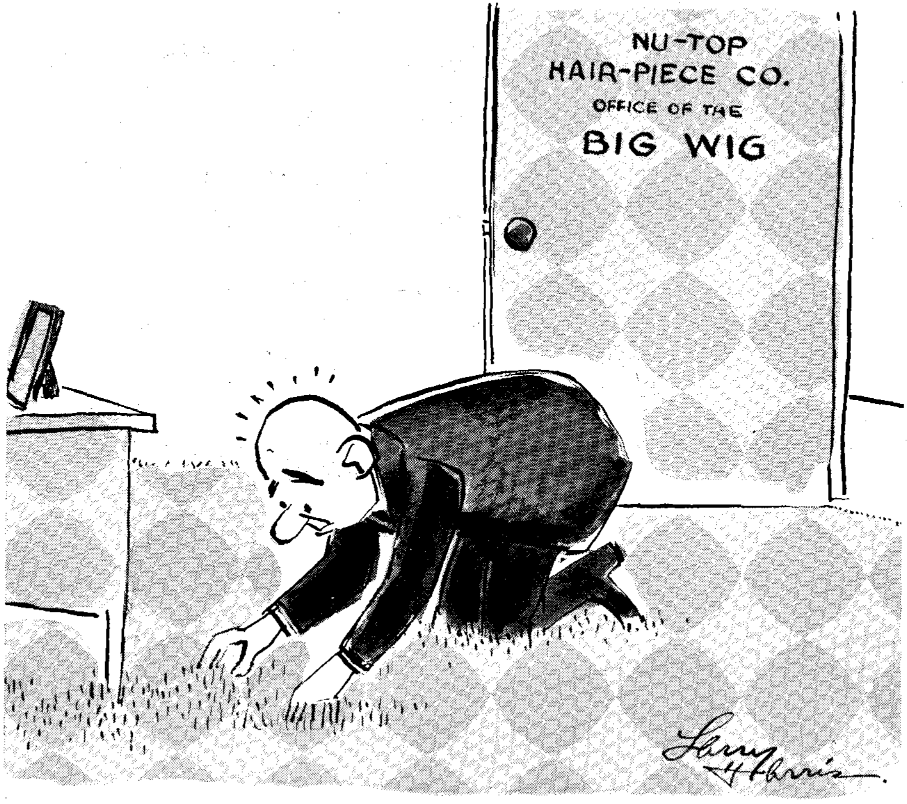
When an Avis girl adds 2+2 and gets 3, we only lose money. If she gets 5, we lose customers.

And we don't want our shiny new Plymouths spoiled by a simple mistake in arithmetic.

We try harder.

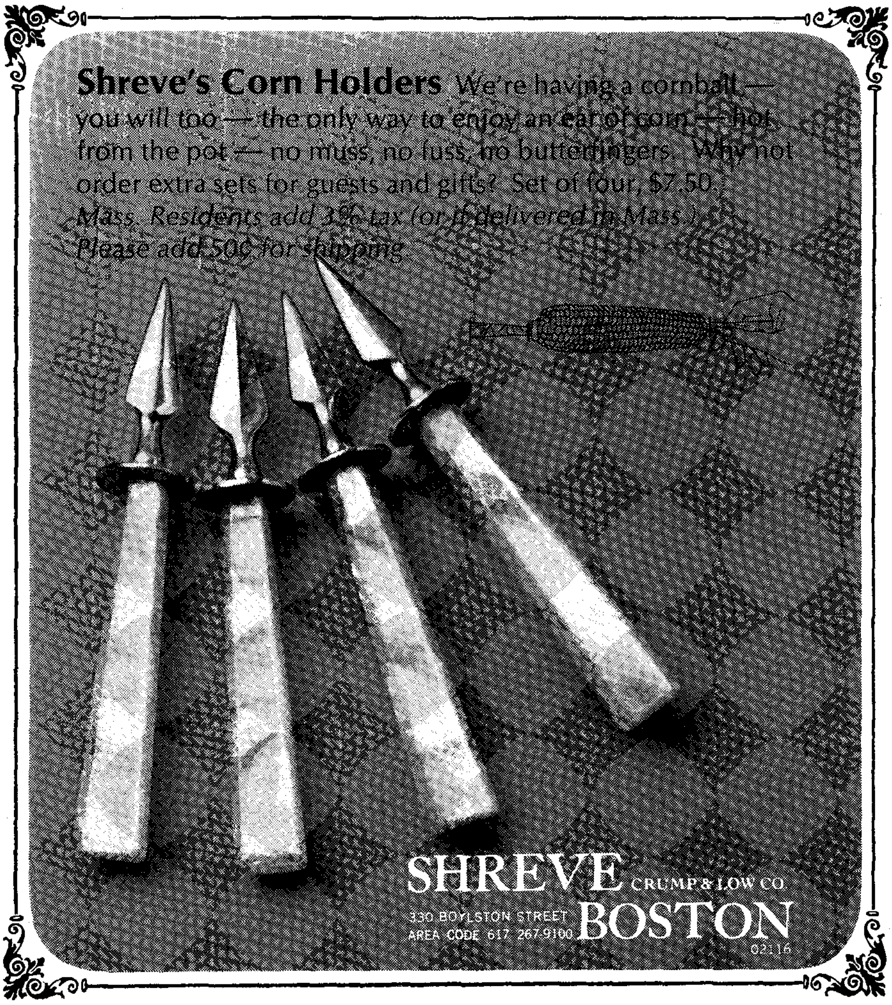
©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT.

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor.

You'll *flip your wig, too,* when you get a plush Bigelow. Bigelow carpet gives your office a fresh, new vitality that will add years to your business image. Available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.



Shreve's Corn Holders We're having a cornball—you will too—the only way to enjoy an ear of corn—hot from the pot—no muss, no fuss, no butterfingers. Why not order extra sets for guests and gifts? Set of four, $7.50.
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)
Please add 50¢ for shipping

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
AREA CODE 617 267-9100
BOSTON 02116

organization: the local chapter of the People's Revolutionary Party, which is the South Vietnamese wing of the Lao-dong Party in the North; the National Liberation Front and its various member groups, for farmers, women, youth, and so on; and the so-called Autonomous Administrative Committees, or Village Liberation Committees, which were supposed to be modelled on the local People's Councils in North Vietnam. These committees were ostensibly chosen by "elections" but in fact were appointed by the local cadres of the P.R.P., who headed the Party's sections on finance and economy, security and propaganda, and so on; the P.R.P. also increasingly tightened its control over all the branches of the N.L.F. Late in 1966, the establishment of the Liberation Committees was postponed, and the broader "peace, neutrality, and coalition government" tactic referred to by Ba Tra was adopted instead. But a year later, when the Tet offensive was being planned, the Communists ordered the establishment of the Liberation Committees resumed and said this job should be completed by the end of January, 1968. Specifically for coalition purposes, they were to form a Vietcong structure parallel to that of the government.

By the time the Tet attacks took place, an unknown number of these committees had been set up. The announcements by the Front and by Hanoi immediately afterward that "hundreds" of new revolutionary committees were springing up around the country were an obvious effort to stimulate this development and to make obscure the lines previously drawn between Vietcong and government authority in the villages. The Alliance and the Thua Thien People's Revolutionary Committee in Hué quickly recognized the new revolutionary committees as "the only legitimate people's representatives." An important directive from the Central Office of South Vietnam—Hanoi's Southern administrative arm—dated March 5th, further made it clear that in the wake of the limited achievements of the Tet offensive the plan was a flexible one, designed to meet the demands of continued fighting while the approach to local accommodation and coalition government continued. The cadres were told that the fight would go on for at least "several more months" but that, it was hoped, victory would be achieved "sometime this year." The emphasis in this important document was on consolidating local strength in order to achieve either of three options: total victory, coalition, or a return, if necessary, to protracted war. There was no longer any specific reference to the General Uprising. The March directive thus spoke of the need to create "fighting machinery" that would be locally elected and based among the people. "We should build up the revolutionary government in order to enlarge the coalition government of higher echelons," it said. Village People's Liberation Councils were now to be set up in the Communist areas; there were to be fifteen members in villages with a population of three thousand or less, from twenty to twenty-five members in villages of from three to five thousand population, and from thirty to thirty-five in those with more than five thousand. Below these Councils, Village Liberation Committees of from five to seven members were to carry out the orders of the Councils and supervise military and security matters, food production, finance, information and cultural affairs, and education and health.

WHAT the Communists called the "second phase" of their "winter-spring offensive" took place on February 17th-18th, when scores of cities and towns throughout South Vietnam were attacked—most of them by rocket and mortar barrages and not by ground forces. The "third phase" involved the more serious attacks that began on May 5th and lasted approximately a week. Unlike the Tet offensive, which was conducted by the Vietcong while North Vietnamese troops were held back, the May drive was mounted almost completely by North Vietnamese forces. This time, although there again was evidence of careful planning, the Communists did not have the advantage of complete surprise. Individual attacking units, many of them under strength, lacked the knowledge of the local terrain and of the cities that the Vietcong troops had had at Tet, and a number of them got lost. The bulk of the forces that attacked Saigon were intercepted to the north and never reached their objectives. Those that did reach the fringes of the city, from the south and west, fought hard but suffered heavy casualties, and were driven from the suburbs by mid-May. Nevertheless, the May offensive did show that the Communists still packed a heavy punch and that they were still able to attack in the cities as well as in the countryside; the harassment and infiltration tactics that they have practiced since show further that they have applied the lessons learned during both

Your laughter will astound you on the Renaissance.

Everybody loves to laugh. The Renaissance just kind of brings out natural talents.

For the I-haven't-done-this-in-ages laugh. From the Breton Taverne Discotheque, about twoish in the morning.

For the peals that come from either poolside. Where you can picnic with your toes in the water.

For the softer laugh that comes from a tableside. Laden with the finest French cuisine in the Caribbean.

If you've got a particularly favorite laugh, one you haven't rolled out in a while, we've got one beautiful ship to practice up on. For 12 to 17 days, from Port Everglades, Fla. (Ft. Lauderdale) to the Caribbean.

There are eight Renaissance cruises, departing December 5 through March 31. Your travel agent can put you aboard.

Enter laughing.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The Renaissance registered in France meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

PAQUET LINES
RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY.

This winter take the uninhibited Caribbean cruise.

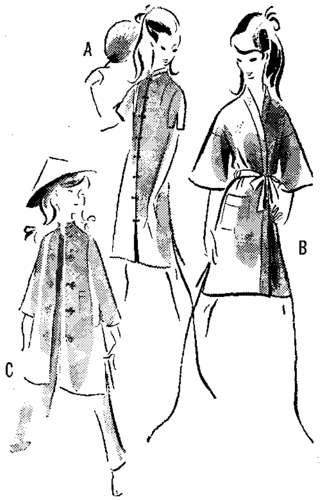
Mediterranean French Companies, Inc. Owners representatives
119 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-0670
French Line, General Agents, United States (except New York), Canada and Mexico.

Tet and early May, and that they are now making the most of small-scale attacks, in up to platoon strength, while capitalizing on their new capability to hurl heavy mortar shells and rockets into Saigon from hidden locations two or three miles away.

Perhaps more important, the Communists, having tested their new political apparatus, have now established a functioning organization to deal with the future problem of coalition. The linchpin of this organization is the Alliance for National, Democratic, and Peace Forces of Vietnam, which was formed at a meeting on April 20th and 21st "at a locality near the Saigon-Cholon area," according to Liberation Radio, and was attended by "many notables, intellectuals, scholars, teachers, students, writers, influential businessmen, civil servants, private-enterprise employees, and officers of all sections representing different political and religious organizations in Southern cities." A few days later, the Communist radio network and press agencies made public a communiqué and a manifesto issued by the new Alliance and named the members of its ten-man central committee, headed by a well-known Saigon lawyer named Trinh Dinh Thao. Thao and his fellow committee members had apparently left Saigon for secret headquarters, believed to be somewhere in the Delta, during the previous month.

The communiqué declared that the opening conference had been "aimed at working out a unified line and unifying the organizations of various alliances which have emerged and are vigorously developing in the towns." It excoriated the United States for having "sabotaged the Geneva agreements on Vietnam" and "rigged up a series of puppet governments . . . launched a war of aggression against the South Vietnamese people, and turned South Vietnam into a new-type colony of the U.S." The Alliance, according to the communiqué, had "gradually emerged" with the aim of "uniting all patriotic forces and individuals determined to resist foreign aggression, overthrowing the Thieu-Ky puppet regime, establishing a national coalition administration, and achieving independence, democracy, and peace" as a preliminary to "the reunification of the country through consultations and negotiations between the South and the North on an equal footing." Significantly, the communiqué made only one mention of the National Liberation Front, to which the Alliance conveyed "sincere greetings of solidarity," and which it described, almost patronizingly, as "a patriotic force that has made worthy contributions to the cause of national liberation." The Alliance did promise to "coördinate actions" with the N.L.F., saying that the latter "cannot be absent in the settlement of any problem in the South," and giving its own summary of a future program for South Vietnam, which amounted to a synopsis of the Front's program of August, 1967. But the Alliance also specifically said, without mentioning the Front, that it was "prepared to enter into discussions with the United States government" to end the war, obtain the withdrawal of American troops and the dismantling of bases, and secure recognition of South Vietnam's "national independence and sovereignty."

The purpose behind the Alliance for National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, which was almost certainly created by Hanoi, was to give the appearance of an independent group that, for coalition purposes, could seem to operate separately from the National Liberation Front. Hanoi no doubt felt that the Front had become compromised by its obvious dependence, despite denials, on North Vietnam. It was not that the N.L.F. had no Southern identity of its own, or that it did not include some non-Communist nationalist elements; it was simply that, for tactical purposes, it was deemed wise to create another organization that could act as a bridge between the urban intellectuals and the Front's rather remote membership. Moreover, by setting up the Alliance, the Communists created a new instrumentality that they could use in various ways; its initial advantage was its ability to bring the other alliances, fronts, and revolutionary committees around the country under one banner, and it was significant that the Hué Alliance and the Thua Thien People's Revolutionary Committee lost no time in joining the new umbrella Alliance and accepting its "leadership." Thich Don Hau, an aged Buddhist monk who had become vice-chairman of the Hué Alliance, also became a vice-chairman of the new Alliance. Similarly, a Saigon-Cholon-Gia Dinh Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, formed early in May and led by none other than Le Van Giap, the head of the cultural association that Ba Tra had helped set up in 1966, expressed its full support for the Alliance and recognized its authority while simultaneously summon-



Travel lovely...travel lightly...

A — In our own classic soft-touch Tiffin Coat with a delicate air, but oh so practical! Hand washable, choose yours in porcelain blue with navy piping, pink with pink piping, red coral with navy piping, or peacock with yellow piping. Sizes S, M, L — $7.95. Air mailing charges $.90 each.

B — Or choose our ladies' wrap-around Fuji cloth, brocade-patterned robe in luscious shades of turquoise, gold or peacock blue. Packs like a handkerchief, is hand washable, looks expensive but costs only $4.95 plus air mailing charges of $.90 each. Sizes S, M, L.

C — Child's Fujiette hand-embroidered Banker's Coat — turquoise or red. Sizes 4, 6 & 8 — $2.95; sizes 10-12 — $3.95; sizes 14-16 — $4.95. Matching pajamas, same colors and prices. Air mailing charges $.60 each.

Cavanagh's INC.

35 Main Street, and Virgin Isle Hilton Hotel
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00801
CAVANAGH'S BUTIK, INC.
Christiansted, St. Croix,
Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00820

Prices Subject to Change without Notice.
No returns without sales slip and no returns after 30 days.

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

SUNSHINE
Lightweight
Spiked Golf Shoe
Cedar baby llama calf
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

ust what is "a new kind of city?"

’s a city full of people who really care bout what’s going on where they live, ho *act* to keep improving their nvironment. Where government and usiness leaders realize they have a ommon goal and work together closely achieve it. This is one reason why tlanta leads all other major metropolitan eas in the nation in the rate of gain new jobs created since 1960. And why 1 of the country’s top 500 industrial firms operate here.

This new kind of city has natural advantages going for it, too. The lack of geographic obstacles to block growth, plus a wooded, rolling terrain permit beautiful residential areas, shopping centers, and industrial parks to be close but compatible neighbors, all separated by greenery. It’s a city with a vibrant and growing downtown only twenty minutes away from the pleasures of country living. And the city’s 1,050 foot altitude gives it a climate that’s pleasant in summer, yet moderate enough to allow outdoor sports in winter.

The remarkable combination of all these factors has created a unique environment—and has made Atlanta truly great instead of just big.

Write Paul Miller, Forward Atlanta Committee, 1325 Commerce Building, Atlanta, Georgia 30303 for all the facts about

A new kind of city: Atlanta

Playground Plaids.
By Merry Mites
and Gay Sprites.
Galey & Lord
Pearlman

Designed by Phyllis R. Berens in polyester/cotton woven by Galey & Lord, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

For an authentic Dry Margarita...

You better use Gavilan—the Dry Tequila
A wet tequila will never make it.
With Gavilan, you can mix the authentic Dry Margarita...the authentic Bloody Maria... the authentic Tequila 'n Bitter Lemon...the authentic Tequila Sour...or Tequila on the Rocks.
Anything else is for authentic Tourists!

GAVILAN TEQUILA

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN

The Mexican Government has awarded the Official Seal of Guaranteed Quality to the Distillers of Gavilan Tequila.
Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 10020—90 Proof

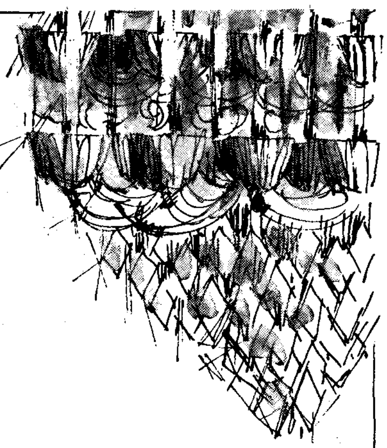
ing the citizens of Saigon "to crush the reactionary administrative machinery and set up a revolutionary administration in the city." Nothing was heard from the various other alliances that had appeared around the country at the time of Tet, most of which had proved stillborn, but their revival was expected at any moment.

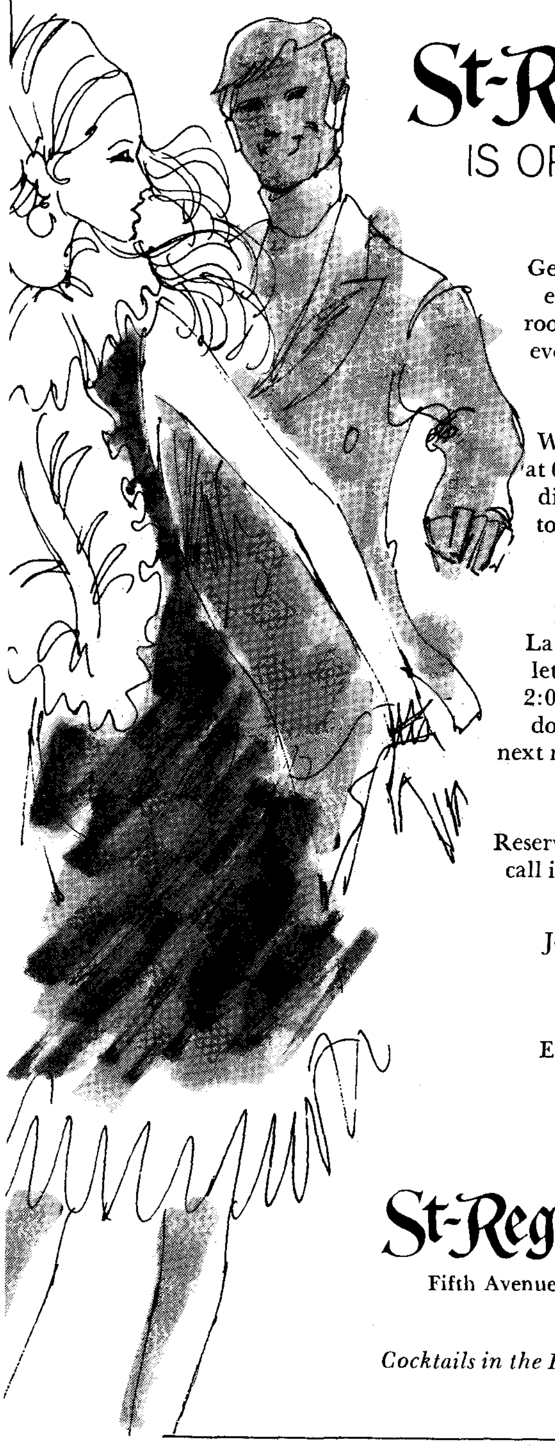
Late in May, it was announced by Radio Hanoi and Liberation Radio that a hundred and seventy new Uprising Committees had been formed in South Vietnam, mostly in the Delta, and it was presumed that they, too, would support the new Alliance. These rural committees, it should be noted, were separate from the Village People's Liberation Councils and Committees set up in March, which, while endorsing coalition, were more tightly tied to the Communist apparatus. Hanoi obviously hoped that the Alliance would in time corral workers and peasants as well as intellectuals, but if it failed, either as an underground organization or as an open one once negotiations were seriously under way, it could be quietly disbanded, in classic Communist fashion, without jeopardizing the vital rural and urban infrastructure.

At this time, Hanoi sent South, to supervise all military and political matters, one of its top Politburo members, Pham Hung, who was also serving as First Deputy Prime Minister. Hung, born in the South, spent fourteen years in prison on the island of Poulo Condore under the French. After his release, in 1945, he became one of the most important Vietminh figures in the South, in charge of political and security operations. He went North in 1955, and there he subsequently held various top jobs supervising financial and economic affairs. His return to the South, after an absence of thirteen years, seemed an obvious indication of the importance with which Hanoi regarded the whole new coalition gambit while negotiations began in Paris. The presence of Hung would enable the Politburo to obtain first-hand reports from a trusted fellow-member, and to transmit orders more effectively to the South. It was no accident, either, that shortly after the Paris negotiations got under way a North Vietnamese spokesman, when asked who should represent South Vietnam at the peace talks, replied, "The authorized representatives of our fellow-elements in South Vietnam, not the stooges in the South. It is the National Liberation Front and the other authorized representatives—that is to say, the Alliance [for National, Democratic, and Peace Forces]." The

Alliance was also welcomed into the international Communist limelight by Moscow, Prague, and other Eastern nations, and by Algeria and Cuba.

So far as is known, none of the ten members of the Alliance's central committee belongs to the Communist Party in Vietnam. One, a well-known woman obstetrician in Saigon, Dr. Duong Quynh Hoa, was, and may still be, a member of the French Communist Party; when arrested by the Saigon police in 1960 she admitted to having joined the Party while studying medicine in France. The other nine on the committee represent a cross-section of leftist intellectuals, all of whom, according to Ba Tra, were carefully selected as a nucleus to carry out specific tasks and assignments. This may be harder to do now that they are in the jungle instead of in Saigon, but, on the other hand, as Ba Tra points out, the fact that they *are* in the jungle "gives them a certain standing, both nationally and internationally—it's a sort of badge of honor." Trinh Dinh Thao, the chairman of the group, is a Northerner who settled in South Vietnam after studying law in France. He led a pro-Vietminh Peace Movement in 1954, and was thereafter deported to the North, but was allowed later to return South. He was arrested twice again in the last three years for being involved in anti-government peace activities, but was let go both times. Some of the other committee members are also worth noting. Ton That Duong Ky belongs to an old mandarin family from central Vietnam; he was a popular professor of history at Saigon University until he, too, was deported to North Vietnam, in 1965, for anti-government peace activities. He slipped back South sometime in the last year or so. Ky and Thich Don Hau, the monk from Hué, both have a strong following in central Vietnam, and the latter's presence in particular points up the Communists' awareness of the importance of obtaining Buddhist support. Don Hau was associated with Thich Tri Quang, the leading militant monk, during the Buddhist Struggle Movement of 1965-66, but he has generally refrained from political advocacy, and there is some debate over whether he fled Hué voluntarily after Tet or was kidnapped by the Communists. (His fellow-monks in Saigon say he was forced to go along, but Ba Tra and others familiar with the Vietcong say this is unlikely.) Lam Van Tet, an elderly Southerner from the Delta, has a long record of joining protest movements, and is regarded as a sort of Vietnam-





BEGINNING JULY 9

EVEN THE CHANDELIERS ARE SWINGING.

The St-Regis Roof IS OPEN AGAIN FOR SUMMER.

Get going and keep going. Up 20 elegant stories to the only hotel rooftop in New York City. Where everything glitters, from the rose and gilt decor to the dazzling view of the city at your feet.

What happens starts happening at 6:30. Come for our pre-theatre dinner. Prix Fixe $7.25. And try to tear yourself away for curtain time. Because once everything starts moving, nothing stops.

Music from high society to hot Latin to very, very now. Without letup. Dance what you will until 2:00 in the morning. (And if you don't get enough, come back the next night and start the chandeliers swinging again.)

Air-conditioned, of course. Reservations advisable. The man to call is Rudy. At PL 3-4500. Nightly except Sunday and Monday.

Joseph Sudy and his Orchestra.
The Singing Strings.
Quintero and his Latin Band.
The lyrical dancing of
Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann.

St-Regis-Sheraton
Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York

Cocktails in the Penthouse from 5 p.m.

Phillips Academy. America the Beautiful. Hawk Missiles. Abbot Academy. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

These are the things Andover, Mass., is all about. And, oh yes, one more thing. Our place. Where you can swim in the 84′ x 42′ Lancers' Pool. Have a cheering cup in the Jousting Room. A fine dinner in the Ivanhoe Room. Enjoy warm hospitality, charming and comfortable accommodations.

When in Andover, come on over. And over. And over.

Sheraton Rolling Green Motor Inn.
Jct. Interstate 93 and Rte. 133
Andover, Mass.
Call 617 475-5400
for reservations.

SHERATON

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

ENTERTAIN
HANDSOMELY
IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE.
AT 76th ST.

ese Bertrand Russell. Nguyen Van Kiet, a former professor at Saigon University, is also a Southerner with some following in the Delta; he, too, was associated with Ba Tra's cultural group. Two students are considered to be important members of the Alliance. They are Tran Trieu Luat, one of the leaders of the Saigon University Autonomy Movement, who is also close to the An Quang Pagoda Buddhists led by Tri Quang, and his assistant, Le Hieu Dang, who was active among high-school as well as university students. The Alliance is known to be proselyting among both college and high-school students, and is said to be making considerable headway. On the other hand, a half dozen students who left Saigon to join the Vietcong in the jungle before and during Tet have returned to the city since Prime Minister Huong took office, partly out of disillusionment with the Communists and partly because they have faith in Huong's ability to accomplish something.

ONE can only hope that the students' faith in Prime Minister Huong is vindicated. Whether Huong, starting from scratch, can create any kind of consensus for negotiations in the diffuse and embittered political climate of South Vietnam today remains highly problematical, and there seems very little the Americans can do to help him, other than to lend him their moral support, which no longer means as much as it once might have. The challenge he faces is essentially one of organization, and it is here that the Communists are way ahead. While the government preaches "national reconciliation" and proudly points to the fact that a handful of high-level Vietcong and North Vietnamese officers has come over in the last two or three months—although the over-all count of returnees under the Chieu Hoi, or Open Arms program, is actually a quarter of what it was last year at this time—the Communists, armed with increasingly clever political weapons, have maintained an imaginative approach to their problems. The fact remains that while the Communists have consistently taken steps to modify and improve their position, and above all their apparatus, through constant reëvaluation, the South Vietnamese government continues to teeter between exhortation, experimentation, and procrastination. The result is more often skepticism and mistrust than belief and dedication.

It remains all too apparent that what is required in South Vietnam today is a complete overhaul of institutions. (One Vietnamese I know, commenting the other day on the relation between this and our own urgent needs for domestic reforms, said, "We are like two lame men, leaning on each other as we stumble along.") It may be too late to achieve such an overhaul now. But, in the light of the imperatives created by negotiations, it is not too late to hope for certain reforms and improvements, especially in the areas that seem likely to become the decisive ones in the months ahead. These include the gathering and use of intelligence and the creation of an apparatus that can make the South Vietnamese, particularly those in the hamlets and villages, less vulnerable to Communist penetration. An optimistic American general, harking back to Mao Tse-tung's famous image of the Communist leaders as fish and the people as the sea in which they swam, said recently, "The sea is getting somewhat less compatible." This may be so, but if ideology rather than organization was at one time more important to the Communists it surely no longer is; their success in creating and sustaining their so-called infrastructure, which amounts to a subterranean government and depends on a whole network of couriers, tax collectors, agitprop workers, spies, and directing cadres, is an organizational accomplishment that dates back over a period of thirty years in South Vietnam. This infrastructure is the rock of the Communists' strength, and such quasi-overt superstructures as the new Alliance are little more than tactical devices—or, in the words of Ba Tra, "a cosmetic cover."

Little or nothing has been done by the government to weaken the infrastructure. Much of this failure is conceptual: there is an unwillingness or inability "to play the black-pajama game"—to create a covert system of cadres in the hamlets among the people themselves, instead of either "inserting" occasional agents or depending on the whole elaborate skein of government officials descending from the top down, many of whom are corrupt and most of whom are lazy or inefficient. The least corrupt and the most effective government representatives have been the forty thousand members of the Revolutionary Development Teams working in the countryside. They have been often misused and mistreated, but they, better than any other government agents, are in

Do you hate to sell your stocks?

Most investors *buy* stocks with ease and confidence. But when the time comes to *sell*, they resist the idea. If the stock is up, they hope it will go still higher. If it's down, they want to recoup.

One of the greatest services we render investors is to help them make unemotional decisions to sell, and to select well-managed, attractively priced replacements. Perhaps you need us? Our booklet on Investment Management may help you to decide.

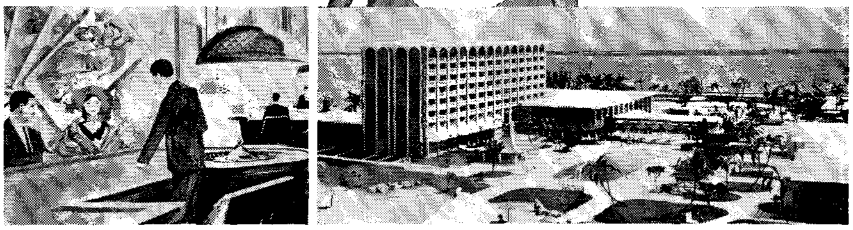
UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
45 Wall Street • Telephone 212-425-4500

NOW OPEN: THE ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO

FLY TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS. YOUR "FLYING ISLAND" TO ARUBA.

ARUBA

The new Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino is the resort hotel with everything — from a soft, white, private beach, water sports, huge swimming pool, deep-sea fishing and freeport shopping — to the exciting Casino, hotel nightlife, magnificent meals.
Isn't this the kind of resort you've been looking for?
Internationally famous stars will be performing nightly in the Rembrandt Room and Club Diablo.
For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your favorite Travel Agent. Or in New York call 244-0700.



ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO
165 Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.

Only Wallace does it this way.

The elegant tradition of the old world brought to light by Wallace in these silverplate Baroque shells. A 15" Centerpiece/Salad Bowl, $41.50. A 10" Canape and Relish Tray, $26.50. A 7" Candy Dish, $14.50. And a 5" Bonbon Dish, $7.95. At fine stores.
Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492

a position to win the confidence of the people *if* they have proper protection by government troops, which they are not getting, and *if* their operations, which include a wide range of activities, from census taking to the inspiration of self-help projects, are more closely related to the intelligence-gathering process.

Recent improvements have been made in the methods of collecting and using intelligence. Some dozen different intelligence-gathering channels of the government and of the Americans have been pulled together at the provincial and district level under what is known as the Phoenix Program (the Vietnamese term is Phung Hoang, which means "all-seeing bird"). In about two-thirds of the approximately two hundred and forty districts in the country, so-called DIOCs—District Intelligence Operations Centers—have been set up, and similar centers have been established in thirty-nine out of the country's forty-four provinces. There are an estimated sixty-five thousand to eighty thousand members of the Communist infrastructure in South Vietnam, most of them People's Revolutionary Party members who operate completely covertly. So far this year, according to Robert Komer, our top man in the pacification program, some five thousand arrests have been made of alleged members of the Communist infrastructure. The hope is that by the end of the year the total will be twelve thousand. There are still many shortcomings to the program, Komer and his aides admit; they include a tendency on the part of the Vietnamese to build up a massive dossier on a suspect until he gets wind of what is happening and disappears, and another difficulty is created by competition among South Vietnamese agents from different police or security outfits, whose members will often feed information to their respective American friends rather than to one another, or compete against each other for favor with the province chief. In addition, despite the fact that some fierce fighting is still going on, the Communists have taken advantage of the current mood of accommodation to slow down the government's new program, or to sabotage it; district and village chiefs are sometimes loath to furnish or to act on intelligence on the ground that the war may soon be over. Aside from the members of the infrastructure who have been arrested, some have been killed by government assassination squads, but it remains debatable how much the Communists' capability really has declined. While there is some evidence that the calibre of their cadres has gone down, they still seem to have enough to replace those they have lost.

The government's belated effort to track down and eliminate members of the Communist secret apparatus is accomplishing something, but the cumbersome and corrupt police system is not designed to gain the people's confidence, especially since they have been neglected and abused for so many years. The government workers who could rectify this are the Revolutionary Development cadres, but unless they have more support and protection they will be unable to make sufficient headway. The Communists are fully aware of the threat posed by these cadres, which is why they have increasingly made them special targets for assassination. Without a covert apparatus of its own, however, the government is unlikely to succeed. It can perhaps disturb, but it cannot destroy, the Communist apparatus, and it can do little to alter the Communists' basic blueprint, which is to continue fighting in Vietnam and talking in Paris indefinitely if need be. Moreover, there is no evidence that the government has any complete blueprint of its own, either for negotiating or for engaging in the battle of accommodation in the hamlets and villages and in the cities. Both sides are seeking to win over as much of the population as possible before either of the two eventualities the Communists envisage: a coalition government or a political-party system that Hanoi would ultimately dominate. Despite the military setbacks the Communists have suffered, they are not losing politically in Vietnam today. How much this is due to their own tactics, and how much to the ineptitude of the South Vietnamese government and the Americans, is a moot question, but there is scant reason to doubt that the options at the moment belong to Hanoi. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

BOSTON (UPI)—Temperatures will average below the seasonal normal in New England during the next five days, Thursday through Monday, except above normal in northern Maine.

The Weather Bureau today said day to day temperatures will be unimportant. —*Portland (Maine) Express.*

We'll decide that.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MARITAL SCENE

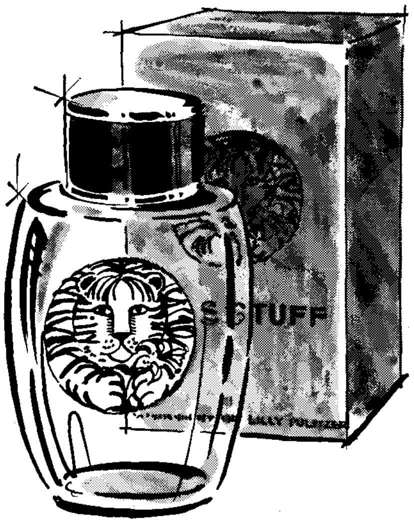
[*Adv. in the Aerospace Corporation Orbiter*]

WEDDING DRESS, cost $125. Has been cleaned. $50 or trade for Colt .45.

IMPORT
BENGAL
Distilled London Dry
GIN
A martini
by any other name
is tame.
Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated).
Try a Maneater Martini. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Never lose your cool!



It's New
It's Hot Stuff
MENS STUFF
by Lilly Pulitzer

FOR INFORMATION CALL 212-245-4080 OR VISIT THE LILLY PULITZER STORES AT SOUTHAMPTON • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • EDGARTOWN • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • PETOSKEY.

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

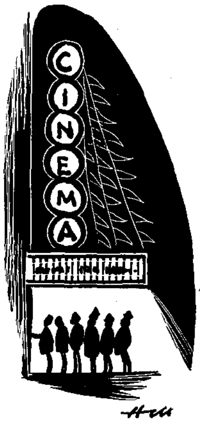
Cafe Pierre
Nice 'n easy... that's Stanley's style.
Elegant music with a gentle bounce.
Come dance to Stanley Worth's band...
and listen to the romantic songs of
Ellen Harwicke at the piano.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • 838-8000

Year 'round choice of particular people
HOTEL TECALI
In Mexico City
To entertain the discriminating visitor,
Mexico's most luxurious hotel offers:
26 Two-Level Suites
for two or four persons
On lower level: spacious living room, bar, kitchenette, small bathroom with shower, and terrace. On upper level: bedroom, dressing room, big marble bath with steam cabinet and shower. At star level, on the 16th floor, restaurant and bar command a thrilling view, and a famous continental cuisine conspires to help you enjoy it.
Representatives:
Hetland & Stevens, New York
HOTEL TECALI
Mariano Escobedo 736
Mexico 5, D.F. Mexico
Cable Address: HOTECALI

THE CURRENT CINEMA

For the Defense

“INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE” is a lamentably precise illustration of a theory of mine to the effect that the better the play the worse the movie that is likely to be made from it. My theory is based on the fact that the problems of stagecraft faced and resolved by the dramatist within the skimpy physical limits of a stage simply don't exist for the camera, which can go wherever it chooses and can play any number of electronic tricks with time, place, and circumstance; the pleasurable subliminal tension we feel in the course of a play when certain dangerous corners of make-believe are successfully got past goes slack when these corners not only are skated by on film without a moment's difficulty but are also seen not to have had a legitimate reason to exist—the magician with many a flourish having caused a nonexistent gold watch to vanish into thin air has no reason to be surprised if his audience neglects to applaud his skill. My theory gathers all the more credence when the conditions for the transfer of a given work from the stage to the screen are apparently ideal and still lead straight to failure. The play of “Inadmissible Evidence,” which had a run on Broadway a couple of seasons back, was written by John Osborne, directed by Anthony Page, and starred Nicol Williamson as Bill Maitland, a sorely beset London solicitor; the movie of “Inadmissible Evidence” was written by Mr. Osborne, directed by Mr. Page, and again stars Mr. Williamson, and one assumes that these three distinguished people were eager to make the best possible movie out of a very good play. Instead, they have made an exceptionally poor one. With a classic—and heartbreaking—neatness, everything that went right onstage has gone wrong on film. I am, as the Irish say on such occasions, sorry for their trouble.



In the play, Maitland paces about a single, darkling set that, while sometimes a courtroom and sometimes a suite of scruffy legal chambers, is always, inescapably and suffocatingly, the anguished inscape of a mind at the end of its tether. Maitland asleep is in the embrace of a nightmare, the chief horror of which is an awareness of his invincible mediocrity. When he wakes, the nightmare persists, doubly terrible for being mingled with the tasks and fancies of an ordinary day. At his desk, maudlin with fatigue and hangover, he attempts by sheer force of will to keep his disintegrating personality intact—a heroism exercised unnoticed and in vain, for, with his clients and associates drifting away from him, he hears, or seems to hear, a threat of imminent disbarment and perhaps even, not much farther off, a whispered threat of death. He teeters on the brink of crack-up, and none of his habitual anodynes—lust, sarcasm, iconoclastic badinage—can mitigate his pain as, rattling the bars of an invisible, slowly contracting cage, he howls and thrashes about like a beast upon all fours.

In the movie, the atmosphere of murky hallucination and despair has been unaccountably done away with; we catch our first glimpse of Maitland peering through the wired-glass window of a paddy wagon, and the window is clear, the wagon substantial, the panning camera shots fatally brisk and sharp-edged. Except for a hint of something strange in the suppression of the sound track during the introductory titles, we would deduce that a frightened but alert middle-aged man was being bundled off to jail for some conventional crime out of Agatha Christie. In the early scenes in chambers and in later scenes at home in the suburbs and at a tiresome dinner party in town, the same curious matter-of-factness prevails. Mr. Osborne and Mr. Page have succumbed to the foolish movie practice of “opening up” a play whose power to move us springs in large measure from its closedness; in the process Maitland's anguish has been transformed into mere brattish irritability, and he becomes a totally unheroic and therefore not very interesting second-rate man on his way downhill among a host of other second-raters. To make matters worse, the only weapon that the stage Maitland continued in his extremity to possess and wreak havoc with (a torrential, free-associating eloquence so wild and rueful that it put one in mind of the last lonely reaches of “Finnegans Wake”) has been wantonly dulled and whittled down by its own creator—an act of literary self-mutilation that is

The S.S.France original incredible low-price two-week cruise vacation with London or Paris thrown in

The S.S. France Transatlantic Cruise Vacation. An incomparable combination. Ten days aboard the world's longest luxury liner. Plus a three-day fling in London or Paris. All for one low package price. For singles, couples, or groups. From $531, Tourist Class. First Class, from $862.

You cruise from New York to Europe and back again on the 'France,' the Atlantic's luxurious sea resort. There's renowned French cuisine, and free wines. Swim, sun, and savor the friendly French Line atmosphere Americans have enjoyed for over 100 years. Do the frug and Funky Broadway 'til your feet fall off.

On the fifth day out, you'll take off for either London or Paris. To see the sights you've heard so much about. The Left Bank. The Carnaby Street. The Louvre. British Museum. Buckingham Palace. Versailles. (Hotels, meals, transportation included in the price of your ticket.) Later, it's back to the 'France' for five rousing days sailing to New York.

When do you leave? Every two weeks, beginning April 25, continuing thru September 26. See your Travel Agent or write for our free brochure. You can also enjoy the same atmosphere on a regular passage to and from Europe on these same sailings.

You could have an unforgettable European vacation without ever leaving the S S. France.

SAFETY INFORMATION. The S.S. France, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

French Line®

555 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017
212-983-2500

The friends you don't bring, you'll meet.
All French Line income from America is spent in America

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.

Gilbey's Vodka

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W.& A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

Skinny Sony. Fat Sound.

It's a 2½ lb. FM/AM. About the size of a book. But it sounds like a big fat radio.

Because deep down where it really counts it is a big fat radio.

We took the insides of our more expensive models, miniaturized them even more for this one, and shrunk the price to $39.95.*

We fixed it so you could plug in a stereo adaptor (optional). Or a tape recorder. Or people. (The earphone comes with it.) You can even plug in walls. (AC adaptor optional.)

We fixed it good. With a skinny Sony like this, you may never need another radio. A fat lot of good that does us.

The Sony® 6F-21W

©1968 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.

hard to justify on any grounds and that leaves Mr. Williamson with a role far too small to contain the lacerating, near-lunatic grandeur with which he seeks to endow it. Gerard Manley Hopkins said that "Better late than never" was almost the dismalest proverb he knew; I think "Leave well enough alone" may be the wisest proverb, and I wish the Messrs. Osborne, Page, and Williamson had obeyed it in respect to their beautiful play.

I HAVE such a soft spot in my heart for the works of George Axelrod that I even liked his "Paris When It Sizzles," about which I understand that Mr. Axelrod himself, like the rest of the civilized world, entertained grave doubts. His latest movie, which he wrote, produced, and directed, and for which he also ran out and got coffee and Danish for the grips and gaffers, is a high-spirited, mock-sociological study of sex in suburbia, and the only unfunny thing about it is its clumsily rhyming title—"The Secret Life of an American Wife." The story is but an extended skit, in which a respectable housewife in New Canaan, fearing that domesticity has caused her to lose her inalienable right to provoke desire in men, makes a therapeutic attempt to pass herself off as a call girl with a famous Hollywood movie star and womanizer. The Movie Star—he has no other name in the picture—happens to be the chief client of the troubled woman's troubled husband, a natty, hard-drinking public-relations man; the Movie Star also happens to be undergoing a painful sinus attack, but the call-girl-for-a-day is a determined little baggage, and soon she and the star are contentedly nuzzling away at each other in bed, and . . . But you know perfectly well how the story turns out. You could have invented it yourself; what you presumably couldn't have done is compose the sort of lively and surprising lines that are Mr. Axelrod's specialty and that are spoken, in this instance, by a trio of exceptionally attractive stars—Anne Jackson as the housewife, Patrick O'Neal as her husband, and Walter Matthau as the Movie Star. Mr. Matthau has a face that invites prolonged scrutiny; it is worth studying latitudinally and longitudinally, like a topographical map of one of the more mountainous of our Western states. He has learned to make excellent comic use of his terrain; he has only to let us see a thought being born, not without difficulty, somewhere behind all those outsize features and then slowly, slowly making its way up to the crinkled surface for us to become his willing, laughing slaves.

“The Queen” is a documentary account of a beauty contest held here last year in which the contestants were all homosexual transvestites, known to each other as drag queens. One can’t hope to keep up with *everything*, and I confess I wasn’t aware that such contests had become a cultural commonplace throughout the land. In the movie, we watch the contestants as they arrive in New York, are assigned rooms in whatever tacky hotels are prepared to receive them, and then begin the long-drawn-out series of sartorial and cosmetic miracles by which they transform themselves from ordinary-looking young men into—in most cases—thoroughly convincing facsimiles of women. Very sad they seem, and at the same time, mysteriously, very brave. —Brendan Gill

•

GRASS

Whoever has travelled in grassless
  places
Remembers forever the upward stare
Of blind earth eying out of pits
To gaze,
A skull-face changeless over the bone.

I am thankful for the grass I own.
It clothes bare tilth that my
Deliberate seed refuses;
It grafts an
Unbidden skin over the permanent soil.

But I have known it fail:
Given as the snow, it is taken away
In arid summers. When evenings grow
Ungardenly
With broadcasts of Oriental war,

I have stood at my open door
Remembering the wild rice of Asia
Teeming in waste, unpeopled swamps,
And the blanched
Lepers corroding through the cities.

Near them, where no grass is,
The slat-flanked cattle sometimes come,
Bringing a shrivelled cud gathered
From far off.
Rare seed falls on them from long-
  flighted birds.

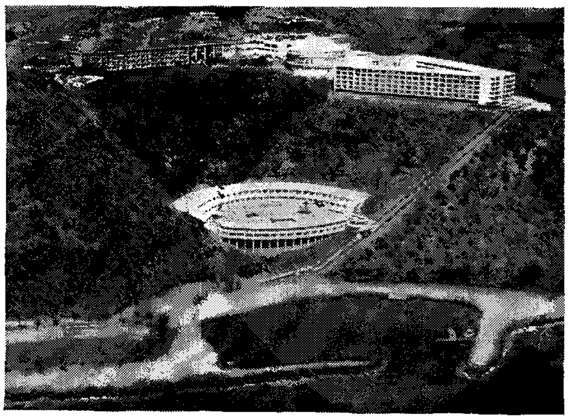
—Ted Walker

•

Harrisburg (UPI).—A twin-engined financier Richard K. Mellon and five other persons skidded off a runway at the Harrisburg-York Airport while landing. There were no injuries.—*Philadelphia Daily News.*

They’re tough, those moneyed types.

El Conquistador Hotel and Club
is a hillside of miracles.
It’s decks and docks, tennis and terraces,
patios and pools. It’s golf and go-go,
saunas and sunsets; paisleyed walls
and chairs of patent leather.
It’s places to dine, to drink, to dance,
to dream. It’s a tramway and a funicular
gliding from level to level.



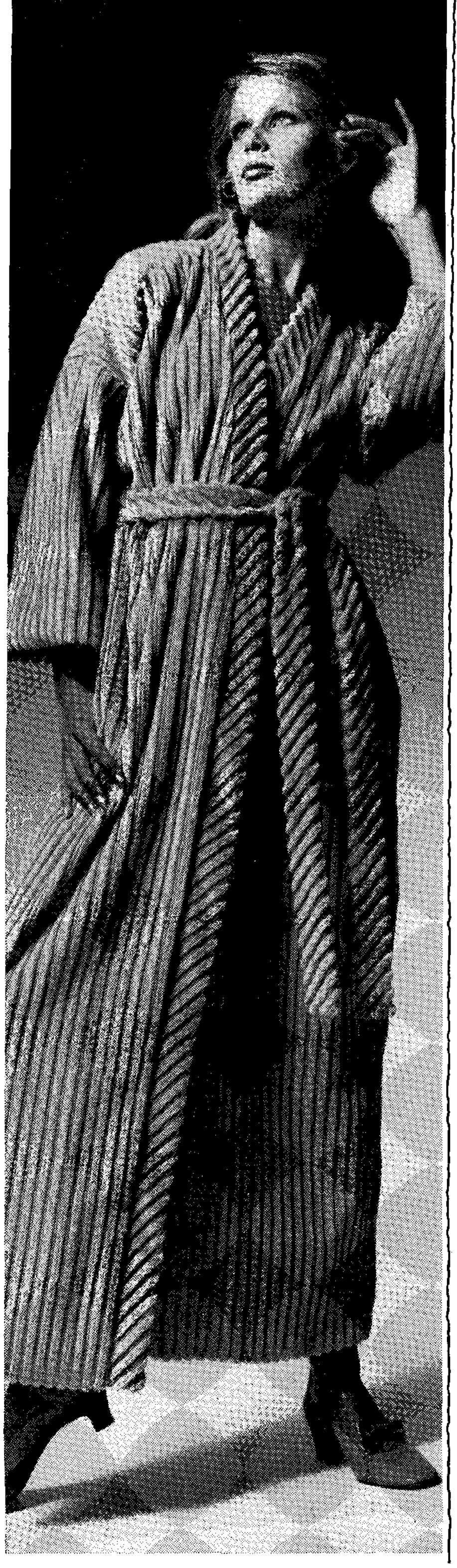
El Conquistador is southern France
in eastern Puerto Rico.
It’s the Atlantic and the Caribbean.
It’s blues and greens and a view
you’ll never forget. It’s nowhere
and somewhere and everywhere.
It’s an unforgettable vacation experience.

EL CONQUISTADOR
Hotel and Club
Las Croabas Puerto Rico

And in another mood, another location:
our El San Juan Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President
David C. Botbol, General Manager
For reservations, see your Travel Agent or write or call
850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 421-9322

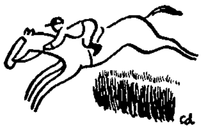
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our own kimono from the floor up. A plushy wrap of cotton velours, for cuddling up in after a session in the pool or shower. Smoothed over on the inside with nylon tricot. Shocking, royal, or bone, sizes P, S, M, at $40. Or for the short version, $35. From our Robe Collections. Glad to fill mail, phone.



THE RACE TRACK

Out of the West



LAST weekend, I played hooky from Belmont Park and went to Toronto for the hundred-and-ninth running of the Queen's Plate at Woodbine. It was as enthralling a race as you'd see in a month of Sundays, and Merger, from the Golden West Farms, won by a neck from Lanson Farm's Big Blunder, the favorite, with Jean-Louis Levesque's Rouletabille third, nearly three lengths behind. Thirteen three-year-olds came out for Canada's blue-ribbon event, and though they were hardly a vintage lot, they put up a good show. As they paraded round the walking ring in the bright sun, I thought Windfields Farm's Solometeor, who had won the Canadian Oaks the week before (she'd make two of Dark Mirage), and Big Blunder looked particularly good. It was evident that Mink Stole, one of the three fillies in the Plate, was going to give trouble. For minutes, she refused to go into the starting gate, but when she finally did, and the doors of the machine opened, she shot out of it like a greyhound. She led for about six furlongs, then ran out of speed, and eventually finished last. As she tired, Merger, who had kept close to the pace all along, took the lead, with two furlongs to go. Meanwhile, Big Blunder, who had been moving up steadily after the slow start, got his head in front and held it there for a dozen strides, but in the last fifty yards Merger came on again and was drawing away as the two passed the post.

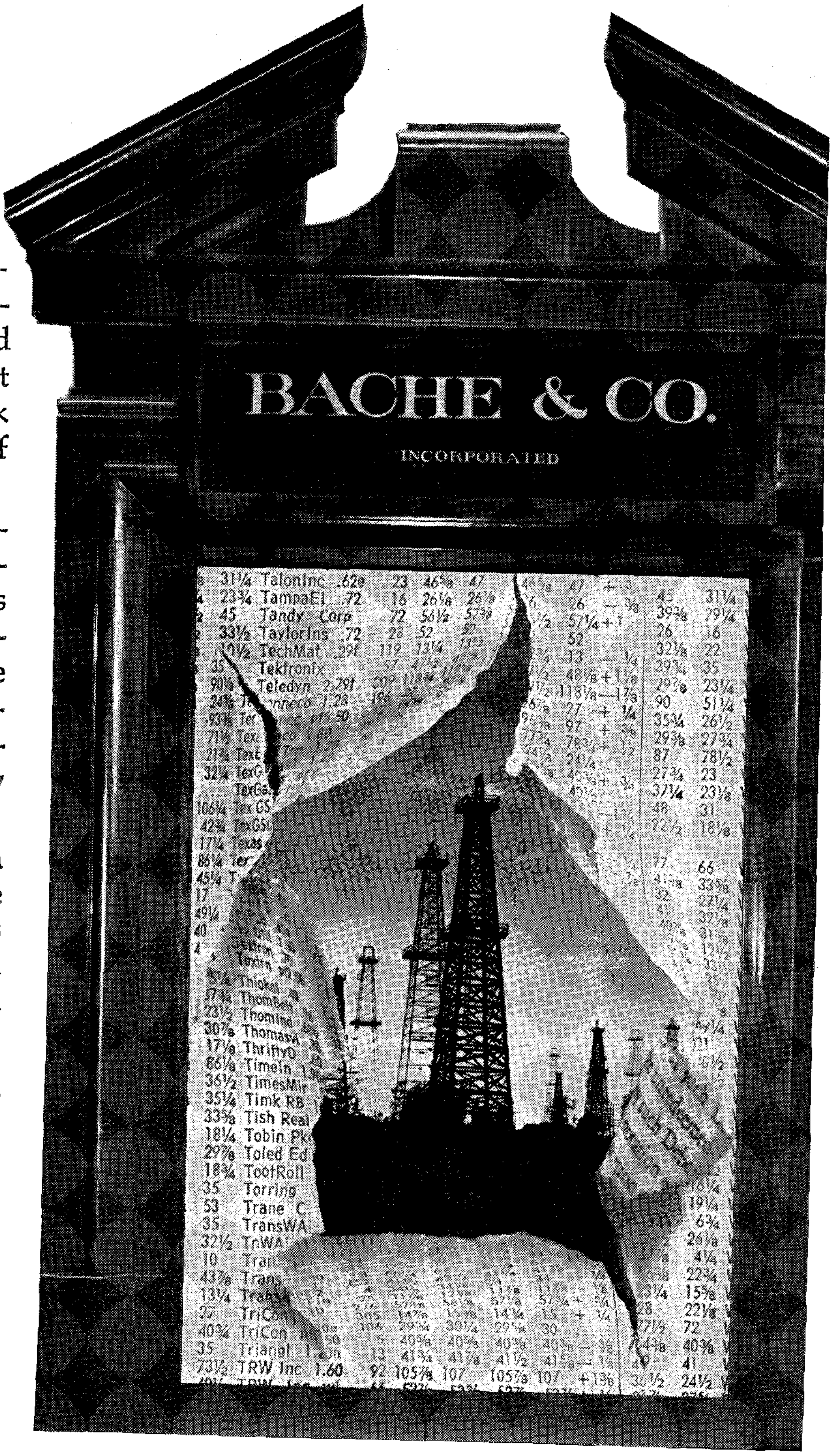
Merger, who is rather on the small side, is a sturdy, workmanlike bay colt by Prince d'Amour, a young English stallion, out of Anglirish, the dam of, among others, Gilmore, who ran in the Plate last year. The colt has been lightly raced, starting only three times at two and winning twice. He has started six times this year and won three times, and I'd say there are more victories to come. He was bred by Golden West Farms, which is the name of the racing partnership of Max Bell and Frank McMahon, two of Canada's richer industrialists, and was foaled at the Bell ranch in Okotoks, just outside Calgary. For one reason or another, Mr. Bell had never seen the colt run until the Plate Trial the previous Monday, and Mr. McMahon didn't see him run until the Plate itself. As you probably know, Mr. Bell has been in racing in Canada for ever so long, and he has also raced south of the border and abroad. (Three years ago, he and Mr. McMahon won the Irish Sweeps Derby with Meadow Court.) Only once in his life has he worn a hat—at Epsom some years ago, when he was running a colt named Indian Hemp in the Derby and decided to dress for the occasion. The horse wasn't in the first three. Last Saturday, it was easy to pick Mr. Bell out from among the wearers of morning coats and gray toppers at the presentation of Queen Elizabeth II's gift of fifty guineas to the winning owner. He wore a gray lounge suit and was bareheaded.

Queen's Plate Day at Woodbine had all the glamour and touch of the Old Empire it has always had, and when the viceregal party rode down the stretch with its escort of horse guards the near-record crowd of 32,065 loved it. Horsemen from western Canada enjoyed quite an afternoon. The first winner was saddled by a trainer from that part of the country, the second race on the card was won by Golden West Farms, the winner of the fourth race was trained by a western Canadian, and No Reasoning, who won the Highlander Handicap, which preceded the Queen's Plate, was handled by a former top jockey of the western circuit, who is now a trainer.

Back in 1952, a filly caught my eye one afternoon at the old Woodbine, and I submitted that she might win the Queen's Plate the following year. She was Windfields Farm's Canadiana, and she obligingly did win. Things like that almost never happen more than once, but last Saturday as I watched Windfields Farm's Viceregal turn back two challengers and win the Victoria Stakes in 1:04⅖ for the five and a half furlongs, I had the same feeling.

THAT dream of many owners and trainers—of winning the triple crown for three-year-old fillies—came true for the owner of Dark Mirage, Lloyd Miller, and Everett King, who trains her, as the blithe little filly galloped home in splendid isolation by a dozen lengths in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park last Saturday. She had already won the Acorn and the Mother Goose, and I was sure she'd do it. Still, I wish I could have seen it done. Oh, well, you can't be everywhere. —AUDAX MINOR

Walk into any Bache office to get behind the scenes of industry.



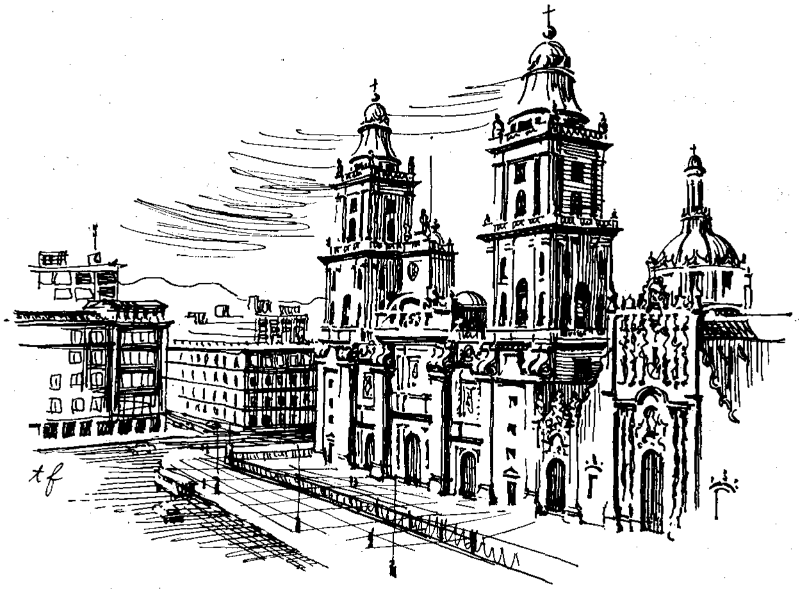
We think that our Research Department does such a detailed on-the-scene job of investigating and reporting on current investment opportunities, that you'll think you've been behind the scenes of industry yourself.

Our analysts travel far and often—gaining first-hand insight into industries new and old, companies large and small, opportunities immediate and long-range. We have experts in every major area of industry—from aerospace to oceanography, light metals to heavy machinery.

The single purpose of all our search and research is to help *you* make wiser investment decisions. That's why the findings of our 100-man research staff are available to you on a daily basis. So come into any Bache office soon . . . and let us help you get behind the scenes of industry.

BACHE & CO.
Incorporated
Members: All Leading Exchanges • Founded 1879
36 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 10005

LETTER FROM MEXICO



FOR us, 1968 is an election year, but for the Mexicans it is something immensely more important—an Olympic year, and hence *their* year. "1968, *el año de México!*" voices say here, stirringly, on the radio. Not only is the country being refurbished for the Olympic Games but so, too, it seems, are the people. An elder catching sight of a small boy slouching may say, "What's the matter with you? Don't you know this is the year of the Olympics?" Some observers think that the Olympics, which will take place from October 12th to October 27th, will be the greatest event in Mexico's history, and, indeed, that the games may herald the country's emergence from its "underdeveloped" status. The Mexicans are building new installations around the clock. They are pooh-poohing the alleged effects of altitude on the performances of foreign athletes. They are adding a new dimension to the event—a festival of "cultural Olympics" that is taking place throughout this year. At the same time, they are having their own athletes trained by expert foreign coaches—eight of them from the United States—in the hope of bettering the poor showings that Mexico has made in past Olympics. In every possible way, they are using their great talent for display—a talent heretofore expressed mainly in things like mural paintings and good modern architecture—to prove that "Mexico is no longer the land of *mañana*," in the words of Avery Brundage, the American who is president of the International Olympic Committee. An example is the new canal that has been created for the Olympic rowing and canoeing events beside the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco. The International Rowing Federation, it is reported, doubted whether the canal could be finished on time, some pessimists even claiming that two years and three hundred foreign technicians would be needed for the job. The Mexicans did it by themselves in six months, and the canal is said to be the best such Olympic facility ever provided; it is twenty-two hundred metres (about a mile and a half) long and a hundred and twenty-five metres (about four hundred feet) wide, with beautiful calm water—which may, however, be ruffled by tail winds during the races next fall, according to the experts. The Floating Gardens, incidentally, are not exactly that; they are artificial terra firma, created for the most part during pre-Columbian times, when much of Mexico City and its environs consisted of lakes. The shores were heavily settled, and the Indians, to increase the food supply, worked out a system of building artificial islands, called *chinampas*, in the water. The islands—or sometimes they were extensions of the shore—were made of lake mud, and they were very fertile; much of Mexico City's vegetable supply is still grown in that soil. Xochimilco is a pretty place, overlooked by the snowy volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. When I went out there the other day, I travelled a bumpy road between dairy barns and jade-green fields of young grain. Olympic visitors will use a more swift, if less enjoyable, approach, for the Periférico, the city's half-built peripheral freeway, is being extended to Xochimilco.

Other new construction, going up at a similar fast pace, is scattered throughout this large city, which at last count had almost seven million inhabitants. The most ambitious new building is the Palace of Sports, designed by a team under the famous Mexican architect Felix Candela. The Palace, out near the airport, east of town, will be used for the basketball competitions; it has a geodesic dome covered with copper. Another work in the throes of construction is the combined Olympic swimming pool and volleyball court, in the southern part of the city—a maze of concrete pillars and other masses, all whiskery with reinforcing rods. A third major work, the Olympic Village, is going up outside town, in the general direction of Xochimilco. (This is the *athletic* Olympic Village; a *cultural* Olympic Village is going up a few miles away.) The village, now a cluster of many-storied concrete shells, will accommodate about fifteen thousand athletes and their retinues and will eventually become government-subsidized low-income housing. It is out on the Pedregal ("Stony Land"), a region that was long ago covered by a thick lava sheet and is now a parched-looking waste of dark, crumbly stone and yellow grass. In excavating for the Olympic Village, builders found several stone "pyramids," or terraced ceremonial platforms, beneath the lava, and some of these have been cleared by archeologists for permanent display. They are thought to have been built before 300 B.C.—a date that would put them among the oldest man-made structures surviving in the Western Hemisphere.

Not all the Olympic installations are new; in fact, most were in existence before the games were scheduled. The two largest, the Aztec and (newly renamed) Olympic Stadiums, are also out in the Pedregal-Xochimilco sector. The Aztec Stadium, designed by the architect Pedro Ramírez Vázquez, who is now head of the Olympic Organizing Committee, is a vast, soaring, very functional concrete affair that seats almost a hundred thousand people; it was built for soccer—called *futbol* in Mexico, where it is very popular—and will be used for that in the games. The Olympic Stadium, which is only slightly smaller, was originally built for the University of Mexico in 1952; it is of concrete faced with dark basaltic rock—lava quarried from Pedregal. It will house the track-and-field events, and the opening and closing ceremonies, and it is being thoroughly refurbished. Workmen armed with pickaxes have been chipping out its old seats, so that more comfortable, and less space-consuming, new ones can be substituted; its running track has been resurfaced with a relatively new American synthetic plastic called Tartan, which is said to retain its smooth, even consistency under repeated poundings

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

WATERMILL wanted a tweed bold enough and bulky enough to dominate the fall fashion scene, yet light enough for casual *comfort.* Found the answer in cotton. Light, fresh cotton; *its black, ebony black; its white, sunburst white.* Worked it into this three-button vest and dirndl skirt. And completed the ensemble with a white leno cotton blouse. As shown only; 6 to 16. Vest, about $19.00; skirt, about $21.00; blouse, about $19.00. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, San Francisco and Los Angeles; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, and other distinguished stores across the country.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
336 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Introducing mileage ingredients for cocktails.
IMPORTED
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
ORIGINAL
DUVAL
EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH
DUVAL
IMPORTED
ORIGINAL
DUVAL
ORIGINAL SWEET VERMOUTH
DUVAL
Makes manhattans go smoother.
You can go farther with your martini.
IMPORTED BY: PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC., N.Y.

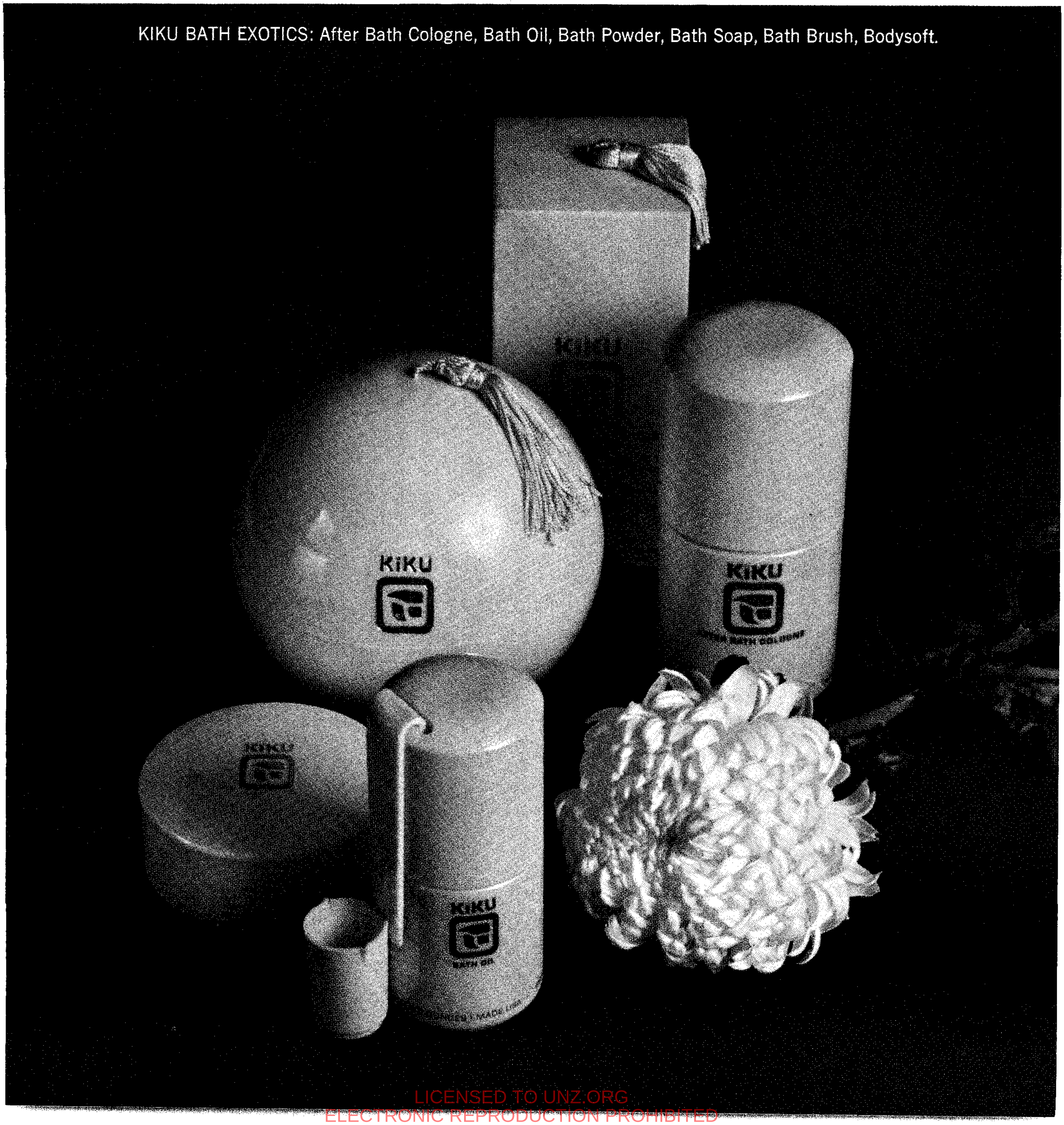
from runners' feet and is expected to contribute to the setting of many new records—especially in the shorter races, in which the altitude can't affect the runners much.

On the outside of the Olympic Stadium is a big three-dimensional mural of concrete covered by stone mosaic, which was designed by Diego Rivera, and which hasn't weathered well; patches of the mosaic have fallen out, and these will have to be replaced before October. Right across the highway from the stadium is another three-dimensional mural—a very striking one, by David Alfaro Siqueiros, on the University's Administration Building—and it, too, has been losing stones. But visitors needn't worry; Mexico City is still very much a mural showplace. The theatre where the Olympic weight-lifting events will be held has a magnificent Rivera mural across its façade. This has all the pointillistic brilliance of such mosaic creations; its central figure is the great comedian Cantinflas, who is flanked by various figures and scenes, satirical and otherwise, from Mexican history, religion, and daily life. And Siqueiros—who, unlike Rivera and José Clemente Orozco, the third great Mexican muralist, is still alive—is now doing a huge new indoor wall-and-ceiling mural, said to be the biggest ever executed, for a new hotel here.

In general, the prophets who were declaring that the Olympic facilities wouldn't be ready on time—and they were many—are silent now. The Mexican countryside may not be "developed" yet, but at least Mexico City has an advanced, sophisticated building trade, whose manpower ranges from many excellent architects, down through master craftsmen, to battalions of easily marshalled raw laborers. The nation also has a huge cement industry, and Mexico's building capacity has been developed over the years, through much work on public housing, private skyscrapers, and so on, to a point where it is taking the Olympic problem in stride. (Not only that, but Mexico City is simultaneously building a new subway, along the route of which thousands upon thousands of archeological treasures are being found.) It seems especially fortunate that an architect has been chosen to head the Organizing Committee—a job that in most countries would go to a politician or to a front man from the business community. Ramírez Vázquez designed Mexico City's celebrated Museum of Anthropology and its only slightly less celebrated Foreign Ministry, and also the Mexican Pavilion at the New York

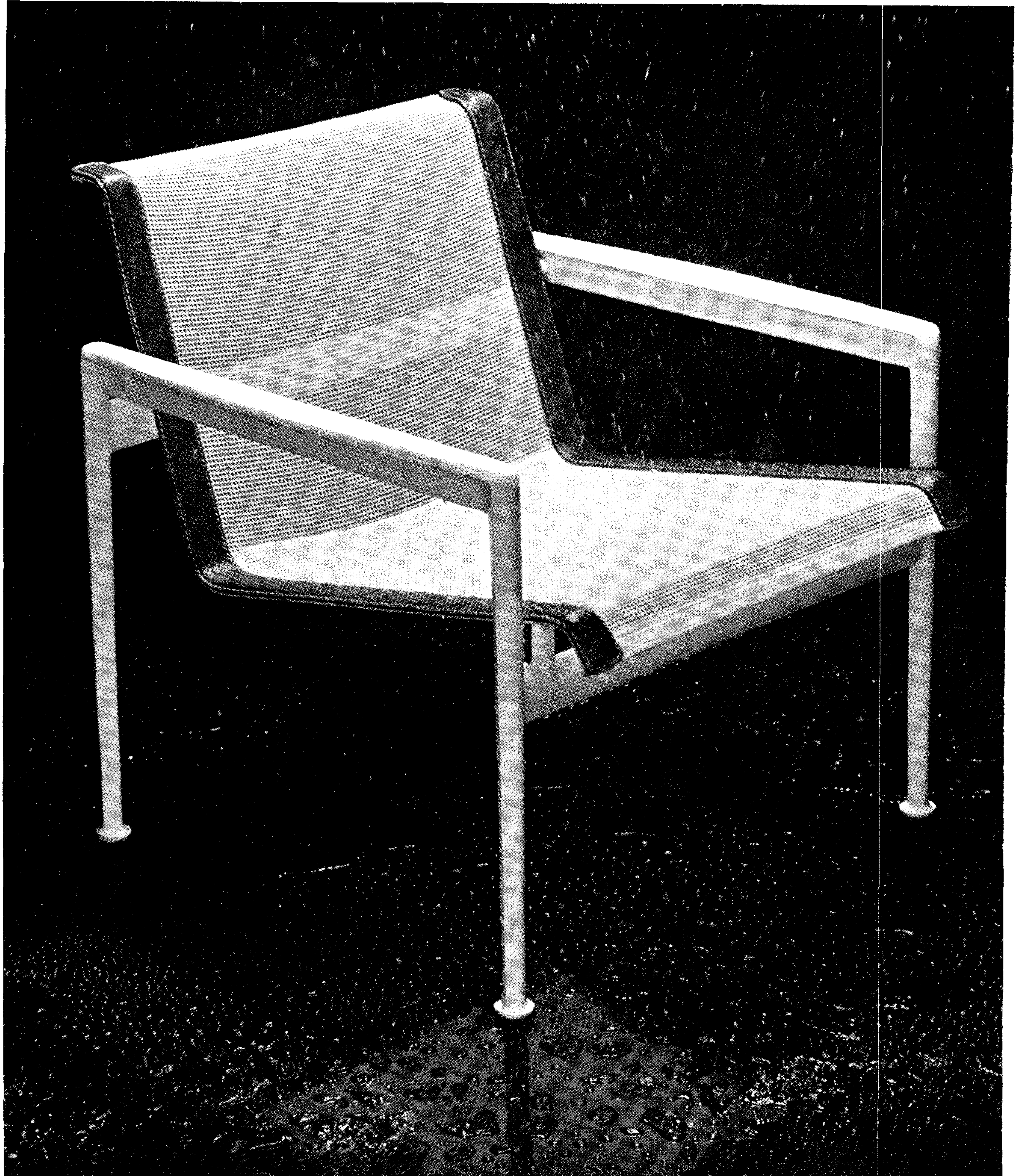
Exotic love potions for the bath and afterbath.

KiKU – like love – smooths the body,
soothes the soul, embraces your whole being
with long-lingering, spirit-sparkling
scent. In gleaming yellow and golden
treasure boxes for gifting and getting.
Shamelessly feminine. Fabulously Fabergé!



KIKU BATH EXOTICS: After Bath Cologne, Bath Oil, Bath Powder, Bath Soap, Bath Brush, Bodysoft.

KIKU
KiKU
KiKU
BATH COLOGNE
KIKU
KiKU
BATH OIL

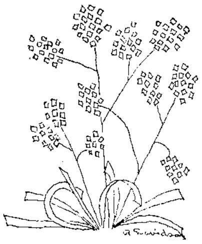


Richard Schultz designs furniture for indoors and out. The same furniture.

Richard Schultz set two goals for this Leisure Collection: It had to work equally well indoors and out. It had to be maintenance free and durable. The result is furniture that is cool to sit on, won't collect rain, dries rapidly and is rust-proof. The construction features aluminum frames coated with textured plastic. Nylon-dacron mesh sling seats with extruded vinyl edge bands. Stainless steel connections. The Knoll Leisure Collection includes lounge chair and dining chair, with or without arms: contour chaise; adjustable chaise; rectangular and square dining tables and coffee tables. In white or beige. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles. 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Knoll International operates in 26 countries.

World's Fair. In addition, he has been mainly responsible for a huge program of designing and erecting prefabricated schools throughout the country. He is evidently doing a superb job on the Olympic preparations, and one that will have lasting influence, for all the new installations are designed with a view to post-Olympic utility.

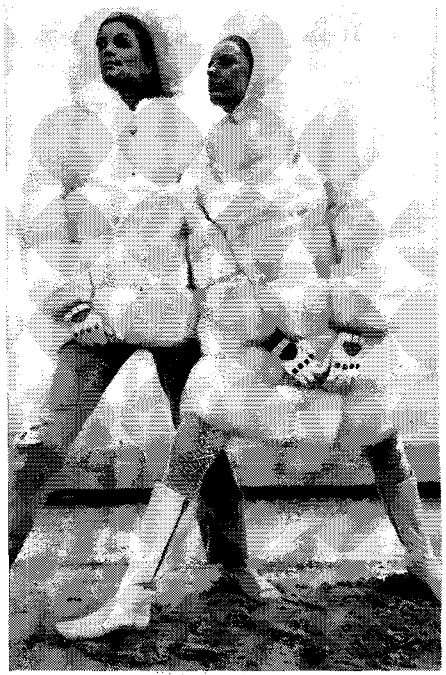
Traffic here is a very different problem, whose solution can't really be tested until the games open. Mexico City often reminds one of Los Angeles; it has the same bright, sunny light, somewhat dimmed by smog, and the same sort of sprawl—slightly less in extent—laced together by freeways and long, wide boulevards. Its people are motorborne in the careless California fashion, and the Olympic facilities—except for the cluster out in the Pedregal-Xochimilco area—are widely scattered. Only October can tell whether this will mean order or chaos in Olympic transport.



ANOTHER problem, that of the altitude, is a matter of much debate here. Mexico City has an altitude of 7,415 feet, which means—according to one expert I have talked with—that with each breath about twenty-seven per cent less oxygen gets into the lungs here than at sea level, although the amount of oxygen in the blood is not reduced anywhere near this much. For years, many people maintained that this difference was harmful to athletes—that a runner coming here from sea level would do badly until he had had a long period of acclimation, and that he risked illness if he exerted himself too soon. The Mexicans have been aware of these beliefs, of course, and to counter them they have held "pre-Olympics"—preliminary international sporting meets—during each of the last three autumns; they have hoped that these would help acclimate foreign athletes, or even show the fears about altitude to be groundless. The results, unfortunately, have not been conclusive—although almost no one now predicts serious illness or death among the athletes. The Mexicans have taken to assuming that altitude is an insignificant factor, whereas some foreign experts still maintain that it may mean a good deal in the long-distance events. "Altitude will be a big problem in performances," I was told the other day by D. Conrad Jarvis, a trainer from Stanford University whom the Mexicans have imported to help condition athletes. "It will be a problem in the distance events, that is. In anything from the eight hundred metres up in running, or from the two hundred metres up in swimming. In basketball, too, and perhaps in rowing. Our American athletes will definitely suffer from oxygen shortages in these, whereas people who have always lived at high altitudes—the Mexicans, the Ethiopians, the Colombians, and so on—may be better off. Three months is the minimum time needed for getting acclimated here, and, of course, some athletes adapt better than others. We Americans will try, just before the games, to weed out the ones who don't adapt well, though this will be hard in the team sports. I am speaking of the long-distance contests, you understand. In the short-distance events, the performances here should be better than ever. This will be partly owing to technical improvements—the Tartan track, for instance, and the new swimming pool, which will have no backwash to speak of—but also reduced air-resistance at this altitude may help. Of course, the difference may be partly psychological, but sprinters, for instance, seem to just fly here."

An Olympic rule—whose aim is doubtless to protect the poorer countries—decrees that no team may take special training at high altitudes for more than a month in the three months immediately preceding the games, nor more than six weeks in the year immediately preceding the game. This means that no Olympic squad (except the Mexican one) will show up here before September. It also means, at least theoretically, that no squad will go off to its own national mountains before then. But one hears rumors to the effect that American distance runners are now training by themselves in the Rockies, and Russian ones in the Urals. I have also read that four Swedish athletes enrolled last fall in the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, which has a high altitude, to get ready for the games. No doubt preparations like this are going on all over the globe, now that the threat of a boycott of the games by the Russians, the East Europeans, and most of the Africans has been removed. The talk of withdrawal from the games by all these nations had been prompted when South Africa was invited, but now the Olympic Executive Committee, in response to the protests, has withdrawn the invitation.

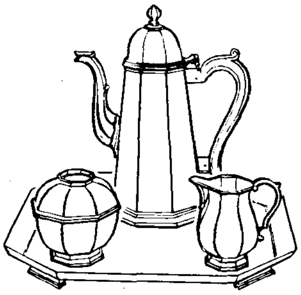
Of course, foreigners *may* be overestimating the altitude problem; after



American travel author, Temple Fielding, said of Copenhagen: "It's too good to be true". American women who know high fashion say the same of Birger Christensen furs. (No wonder we adore Americans.)

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



"GEORGE I"

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

WE'VE MOVED

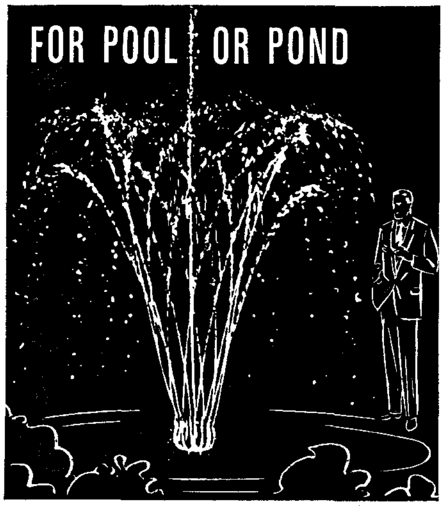
ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID

Los Chavales de España • Yma Sumac

Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080

NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave.
48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

FOR POOL OR POND



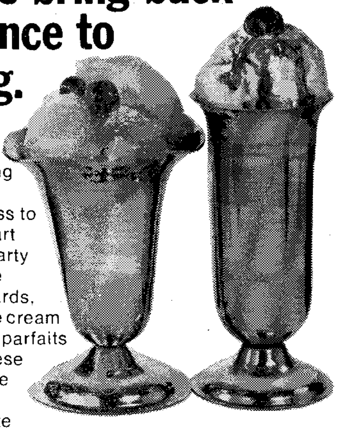
A dramatic fountain is created by this specially-designed Rotating Jet. Maximum pattern shown; can be regulated. Waterlily fountain head $155, recirculating pump $94, f.o.b. New York. Also other models.

CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL FIGURES AND FOUNTAINS

Visit our galleries and see our wide selection of attractive garden ornaments in bronze, stone, lead, copper and marble, in a wide price range. Or send 50¢ for fully-illustrated Catalogue.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 383, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

These graceful dessert dishes bring back elegance to dining.



Our dessert servers bring yesterday's graciousness to today's smart dinner or party table. Serve fruits, custards, gelatins, ice cream sundaes or parfaits in them; these dishes make any chilled dessert taste better—because they keep it cold longer.

Made of satin-finish stainless steel, our dessert servers won't tarnish or break, and they're dishwasher-safe. Each stands 5¼ inches tall; capacity: 6 oz. And now they're yours by mail. Only $29.95 for 4 (same or mixed styles); 8 for $56.95; 12 for $109.95. Extras for $6.95 each. All prices post-paid. Send check or money order.

PAPRIKÁS WEISS IMPORTER
1546G Second Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10028
Visit our retail shop when you're in the neighborhood: between 80 and 81 Sts.

"Sip and savor Gourmet Cantonese Specialties at . . ."

BRUCE HO'S FOUR SEAS

New York Manhasset
116 E. 57 ST. N.Y.C. • PL 3-2610

all, bullfighters, ballerinas, jai-alai players, and so on, have been coming here for a long time and performing perfectly well almost immediately after their arrival. And visiting athletes have long been surviving the far worse altitude of La Paz, Bolivia (about twelve thousand feet). Only the records made in the games next October can really settle the question. And there are other problems of adjustment for visitors here. One concerns temperature variation. Mexico City has a mountain climate, with hot sunshine and cool shade. Exertion in the sun brings on sweating, and, rest in the shade brings on chills. I am told that many bullfighters here suffer respiratory troubles because of this. It is feared that delicate foreign athletes will have their difficulties with it, too, especially since there is bound to be a good deal of waiting around between events.

Food and water have been regarded by some foreigners as additional hazards. The Mexicans, try as they will, simply cannot process food with the almost daft attention to cleanliness that we, with our Puritan background, go in for. Americans coming down here have always been prone to intestinal disorders, sometimes known locally as Montezuma's Revenge. Not that the problem is peculiar to Mexico; at the Rome Olympics, eight years ago, a hundred and sixteen of our athletes were sick at one time with such disorders. As for water, the supply at the athletes' Olympic Village will be extremely good, according to Jarvis, who has been looking into such things for our Olympic committee; it will come from deep beneath the lava cap and will be safe from any possible contamination by waste from human settlements, for up to now that part of the Pedregal has been uninhabited. The water in the city and at various other sites to be used for the Olympics has traditionally been subject to more suspicion. A peculiarity of Mexico City, with its lake-bed site, is that it has been settling slowly, through the years, as the water table under it has been lowered by use. (The city's new skyscrapers are built on floating-caisson foundations.) I am told that the city's settling has been bad for the water pipes, and that they have tended to develop leaks through which came undesirable seepage. Although the city authorities say that the problem has now been solved by leakproof pipe joints and have uttered repeated assurances about the purity of the entire water supply, some Europeans are said to be importing water for their Olympic athletes. Smaller problems include

One of the Great Independent Hotels of the World
ESSEX HOUSE

In New York, one stands out . . . Essex House, with unique standards of service catering individually to the comfort of each guest. On beautiful Central Park South, you are within easy reach of Fifth Avenue's smart shops, Lincoln Center, Rockefeller Center, theatres, galleries. Elegantly appointed rooms and suites with TV and serving pantry. Hotel garage adjacent.

Single from $20, Double from $26
Suites from $37

DINING AT ITS BEST
Casino-ON-THE-Park

For reservations call Robt. F. Warner in Chicago, Boston, Miami, Washington, Toronto; John A. Tetley in Los Angeles, San Francisco; Utell Int. in Dallas, Montreal; Booker Ltd. in London.
MEMBER OF DISTINGUISHED HOTELS

ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. & MNG. DIR.
160 Central Park So., New York, 10019
Tel.: (212) 247-0300

Bean's Zipper Duffle Bag

Made of good water repellent duck with zipper running almost the full length. Shaped much the same as a regular traveling bag. Double leather handles. The handiest duffle bag that can be made. Two sizes: Length 21" diameter 11", Price $12.00. Length 27" diameter 16", Price $14.00 postpaid. Send for Free Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
329 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Camping, Fishing and Hunting Specialties

COLONIAL INN at DARK HARBOR
Islesboro, Maine. Tel: (207) 734-2221
Gracious, intimate Inn on Penobscot Bay. Former estate right on the water. Golf. Tennis, own dock, moorings, launch facilities. Cocktail Lounge, pvt. bath accommod. Rates $16 to $26 daily on Modified Amer. Plan (European also available).
Write or call for folder.

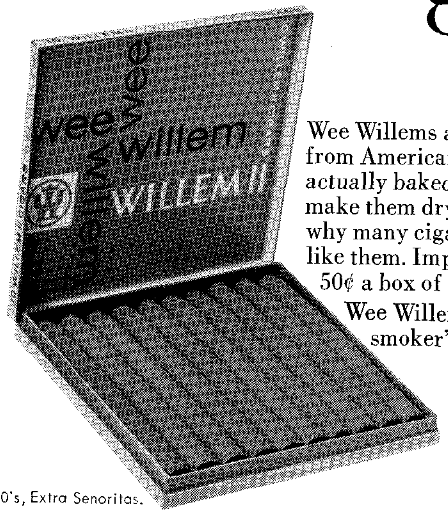
the mountain dryness and the mountain glare here. The former makes for dry skin and chapped lips, which nervous athletes are subject to anyway, and the latter makes for fatigue, and even headaches. These things result from Mexico City's very special climate. It is a delightful one, but it takes some getting used to.

As for the Mexican athletes, they are getting used, in a way they had not before attempted, to big-time international training. "The emphasis here has been on play, not competition," one American coach who is helping the Mexicans prepare told me. "The family has been the main thing, not the individual. You can see this on a Sunday in Chapultepec Park. The whole place will be full of families on outings—picnicking together, family by family. And in sports the older boy in a family will kick a soccer ball around with the younger ones. He is much less likely than an American boy to go into competition against kids his own age." In addition, only a few of the regular Olympic sports are national favorites in Mexico. "The emphasis here has been overwhelmingly on soccer," another American coach told me. "Then come boxing, basketball, and equestrian sports. The Indians also have a great tradition here of long-distance running. Otherwise, the interest in Olympic sports has been negligible, though baseball and tennis are popular."

For these reasons, and others—such as diet—the Mexicans have not starred in past Olympics, and they have been giving much thought to the matter since it was decided, in 1963, that they would be the Olympic hosts this time. I have been told that they originally asked the United States to provide coaches for them in *all* sports, and that we declined to do so. Whatever the reason, there are now, in addition to the eight American coaches here, some thirty from other foreign countries, including Bulgaria, Hungary, India, Italy, Poland, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. (Cold War rivalry is said to have helped make the turnout large.) These coaches are operating, for the most part, at a very fine new Mexican Olympic Sports Center, in the eastern section of the city—a complex of dormitories, gymnasiums, and other facilities, built in a pleasing combination of concrete, glass, and brick, that will serve as a sort of permanent national sports capital. Our coaches have been not only coaching but leading a major cultural conversion. In diet, for one

Another triumph of European cuisine.

Wee Willem. The baked cigar.



Wee Willems are very different from American cigars. They're actually baked in ovens to make them dry. And mild. That's why many cigarette smokers like them. Imported from Holland. 50¢ a box of 10.

Wee Willem. A cigarette smoker's cigar.

Also: Long Panatellas, No.30's, Extra Senoritas.
Made by Holland's No. 1 cigar maker. If you can't find Willems, write Consolidated Cigar Corp., N.Y. 10017.

"Pow"..."Mazel Tov"..."I do"... "Come to Order"... and "One lump or two?" These are the sounds of the Sheraton-Russell. Whether you're planning a costume party, Bar Mitzvah, wedding reception, sales meeting or just a social tea, the Sheraton-Russell is the place to have it. For the finest in old world atmosphere and cuisine combined with new world service, it's the Sheraton-Russell in New York.
Park Avenue and 37th Street, Phone 685-7676. Sheraton-Russell

LA TABLE AUX LANTERNES
HENRI LE SIDANER
1862 · 1939
PROVENANCE: CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

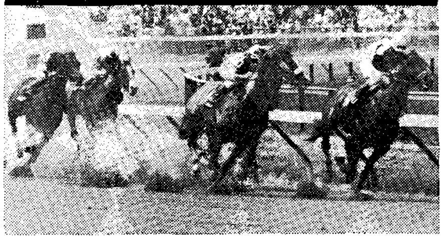
UNIQUE LE SIDANER CATALOG
(LIMITED EDITION $1.00)
LARGEST COLLECTION

Also

FRANK BOGGS
HENRI-MARTIN
GUILLAUMIN

MAURICE STERNBERG
FINE PAINTINGS
149 WEST KINZIE STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610
PHONE 312 • 321 • 0406

MONMOUTH PARK
RESORT OF RACING



OCEANPORT, N.J.
2 miles from Garden St. Parkway, Exit 105
SPECIAL TRAINS Direct to Grandstand
Lv. Penn. Station, New York....11:48 AM Daily
Lv. Newark (Penn. Station)......12:04 PM Daily
PATH Connect'n lv. Hudson Ter. NY 11:29 AM
SPECIAL BUSES, Garden St. Parkway: Lv. Port Auth. Term., 8 Ave. & 41 St., 10 to 12:20 Daily
CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED
NOW thru Aug. 3
POST 2 PM • Daily Double 1:50 PM

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
"a bit of Jamaica that swings"
Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. Directly on the ocean — fully air conditioned. A staff of 250 — no conventions — adults only. For brochure and tariff see your Travel Agent or write owners. Box 15073, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

thing, they have drawn their charges away from the old local regimen of rice and beans, or *tortillas* and beans, to one far richer in proteins. Lester Lane, the American basketball coach here, told me, “I think the boys on my team have eaten more meat in the past three years than in all the rest of their lives.” The rhythm of Mexican eating has been changed as well. “Mexican eating habits are peculiar by our standards,” says William Easton, one of the American track-and-field coaches here. “They eat a light breakfast, then a huge lunch, then a light meal again in the evening. That's all wrong if you're training hard, because you'll just get sick in the afternoon. We have had to teach them the importance of a light lunch.”

Lane, a graduate of the University of Oklahoma who was on our 1960 Olympic basketball team in Rome and has since coached amateur basketball in the States, has been with the Mexicans for about three years. “We've been working ten months a year, playing and practicing,” he told me a while ago. “Sometimes the boys get stale, and then we play touch football or soccer as a diversion. But most of the ten months we just work on basketball, and the rest of the time they have for home leave. If their home is down on the coast, they have to readjust to the altitude when they get back here. The results of these three years' work are showing now. The Mexican basketball team placed twelfth both in Rome, eight years ago, and in Tokyo, four years ago. But last August, in the Pan-American Games in Canada, it was second, behind only the United States. The team is one of the six best in the world now, without a doubt, and in the Olympics we will have the altitude going for us as well as the usual home-ground advantages. We can possibly finish second to the United States again, with a chance of beating even the Russians, who have been second in the past two Olympics. One of our troubles, though, is height. No one on our team is taller than six feet five inches, and the American and Russian teams, and several others, have seven-footers. But the Mexicans have initiative, quickness, agility, and rhythm, and basketball is a rhythm game. The Mexican Indians are especially short, but they're great at jumping.”

I had coffee one morning recently with Easton and with Tommy Kono, of Honolulu, who coaches weight lifting here. Both have been in Mexico for more than two years, and both praised the politeness and the pleasant demeanor of the Mexicans. One of the coaches commented on how “they thank you after you've given them a hard workout.” In trying to explain the Mexicans' temperament, Easton pointed out that they are not aggressive. “They're nice,” he said. “I don't exactly like to call them sweet. But they are nice.” He paused, and then went on, “You can't understand the tremendous culture behind these people. They have a leisure that is wonderful. Right now, Mexico is in one of its greatest periods, because it is emerging. It is going to have a tremendous middle class. Then—and only then—it will have great athletes. Our athletes, you know, are a middle-class phenomenon. Peasants haven't got much time for athletics. They have to dig to live.”

Although the Mexicans are potentially good athletes, the two coaches told me, athletes can't be made to order in a short period. It takes experience and work over many years. You have to start very young, as we do and the Mexicans don't; you have to have physical education beginning in the fourth, fifth, or sixth grade. “In Mexico, we have had to start with all the fundamentals,” Easton said. “The youngsters are great, but they are handicapped by the lack of physical education.”

“When I came here, two years ago, they had no idea of technique, because they had never seen a good weight lifter in action,” Kono said. “Now I am even teaching lifters who aren't expected to make the team, so they can go on and coach when I am gone. Our squad went on tour throughout Mexico last December, to show lifting to the nation. On the tour, we held clinics for the local lifters at each stop, so the coaching would filter down. It takes time to change the customs. It took me ten months to understand the Mexicans' thinking, and then it took them four more to understand mine.”

“It took the Russians time, too,” Easton put in. “It was only sixteen or twenty years ago that Russia came out as a leading Olympic nation. They had to go in for basic physical education before they could do it.”

“Russia has a million weight lifters now,” Tommy Kono said. “The best ones coach the others. That makes a wonderful base for the Olympics.”

The Americans here are now coaching basketball, weight lifting, swimming, diving, and track and field, and

Only an Irishman
could love whiskey
enough to take this
much care making it.

Proud Whiskey: from Fairfield, Kentucky, with love.

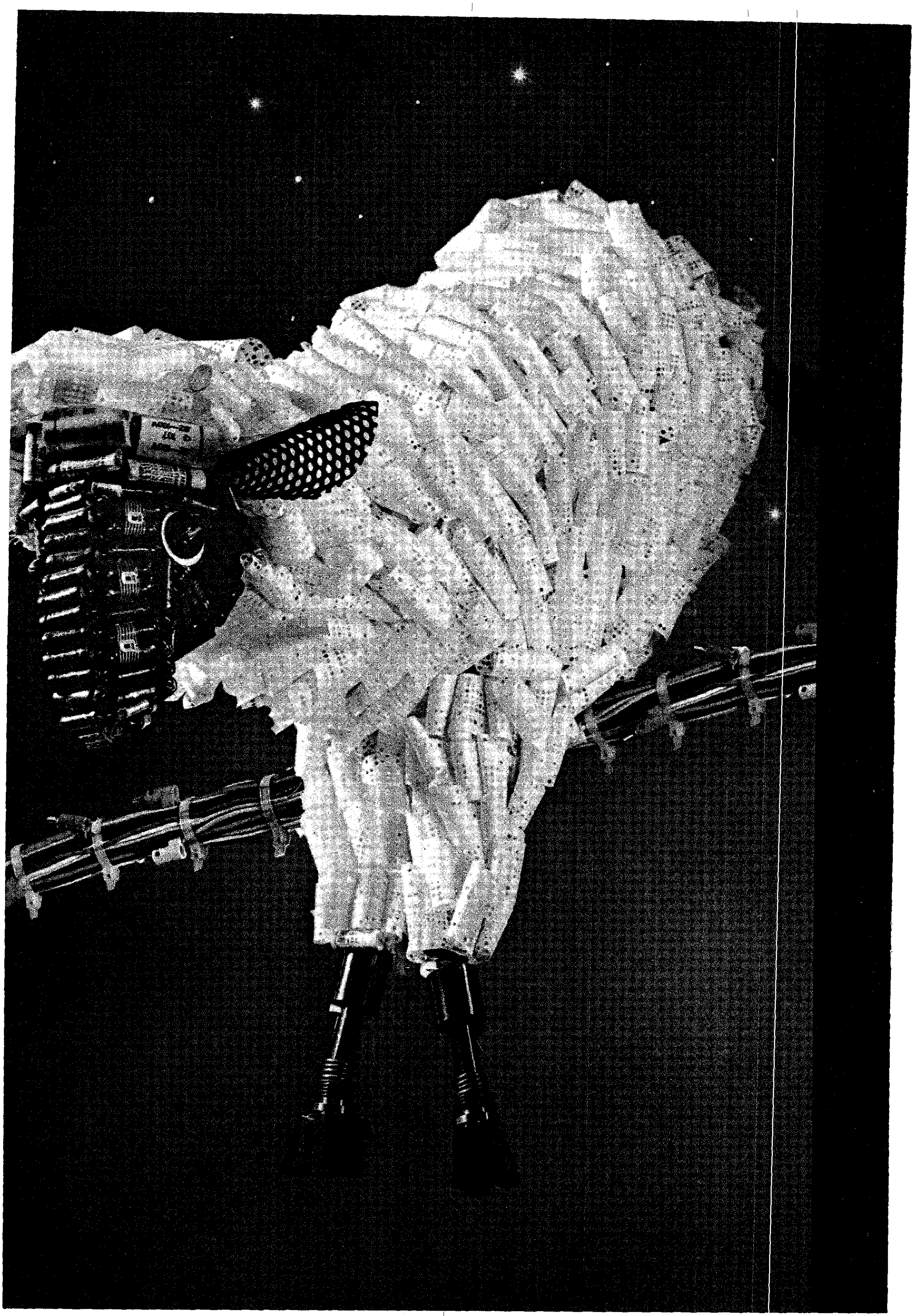
Henry McKenna truly loved fine whiskey and in making it, he would use no water other than water from his own limestone spring. He would mash no grain that was less than exceptional. He would not pour a drop of his whiskey until it had achieved his demanding standard of maturity. And we try to give the bourbon we make today the same care and affection that has been the good heritage of Henry McKenna Bourbon for more than one hundred years.

HENRY
McKENNA

Henry McKenna

Remarkable Kentucky table whiskey
The bourbon with a brogue

H. McKenna Distillery, Fairfield, Kentucky, 86-proof Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey six years old.



Men who pick computers don't sleep.

We can probably take the blame.

If it weren't for us, picking a computer could be a very simple matter. You'd pick the first computer you could think of, and that would be it.

But, you see, we're the other computer company. We make you make a *choice.*

We come along with a third-generation computer that's actually *easy* to program and run.

And a system in exactly the configuration you need. (It takes us over 900 computer products to be able to do this, but it's worth it.)

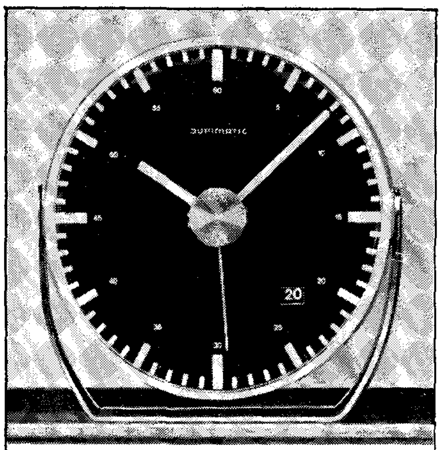
And a support team that includes not just programmers, systems analysts and service experts. But educators, too. And specialists in *your* business.

Yes, it's the kind of decision that keeps men up nights.

But imagine, what if you had *no* choice?

Count your blessings.

The Other Computer Company: Honeywell



tilt,

is now a word that applies to clocks too. This exceptionally well-designed clock is at home on desk, wall or ceiling, and tilts to any angle for convenient "clock watching." Runs for over a year on just one flashlight battery. Red sweep-second hand. Calendar window. 6" diameter. White face with black details, or vice versa, if you prefer. $25.95 post/paid.

haverhill's

Mail & phone orders promptly filled.
Refund within 10 days if not delighted.
584 Washington St., San Francisco 94111
(415) 981-5688 (Calif. res. add 5% tax.)
NY0629

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8

☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP Code)

there is also the trainer, Jarvis. Their expenses are covered mostly by the Mexicans, with a supplemental grant from the State Department. In addition, our embassy here has an Olympic attaché and two assistant Olympic attachés—an arrangement that is said to be largely the doing of our ambassador, Fulton Freeman, who was a college swimmer and diver, and takes a great interest in the games. France is the only other country that has a special Olympic attaché here so far, though all the countries that will take part have assigned Olympic duties to regular members of their embassy staffs. Our Olympic attaché, David Carrasco, a tall, athletic man, was born in 1919 in El Paso, Texas, of Mexican-American parentage, and was brought up bilingually. He played basketball in school and college, and during the summers he used to barnstorm through Mexico and Central America with a Mexican team representing the state of Chihuahua. After graduating from the University of Texas, he held various coaching jobs, ending up at American University, in Washington, D.C., where he coached basketball and was athletic director. He held that post for eight years, sometimes travelling in Latin America in the summer as a "sports specialist" on a State Department grant. Later, he joined the Peace Corps to run a big physical-education program in Ecuador, and after that the State Department recruited him for his present job.

"The United States should get more involved in youth programs abroad," Carrasco told me the other day. "Sports are very important for Latin America—for developing its leadership. They are about the only field here where the opportunities are the same for all growing youngsters, regardless of their heritage. Furthermore, they bring people from isolated parts of a country together, so they unify that country. And they supply leaders. The State Department should increase its emphasis on the American sports-specialist program. It's the best investment in cultural relations that we can make."

We have a great opportunity now in Mexico to exert influence through sports, Carrasco went on, because the Olympics have caused an interest in athletics and physical culture to boom here. "Universities, high schools, and athletic clubs are all looking for advice," he said. "Only this morning, a man came in to see me from the University of Mexico, wanting to know how they could build up their basketball team, which is weak now. We get that

If she says 'Perhaps' buy the perfume.

Perhaps
PERFUME OIL
ANN HAVILAND

AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

LE GRILL

Charles C. Chevillot introduces a convenient new rendez-vous for unusual cuisine at informal prices. Perfect for Pre-Theatre or casual dining every evening but Sunday.
An exciting addition to the
Ground Floor
CBS BUILDING • 51 W. 52 AT SIXTH AVE.
Telephone: 751-5152

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

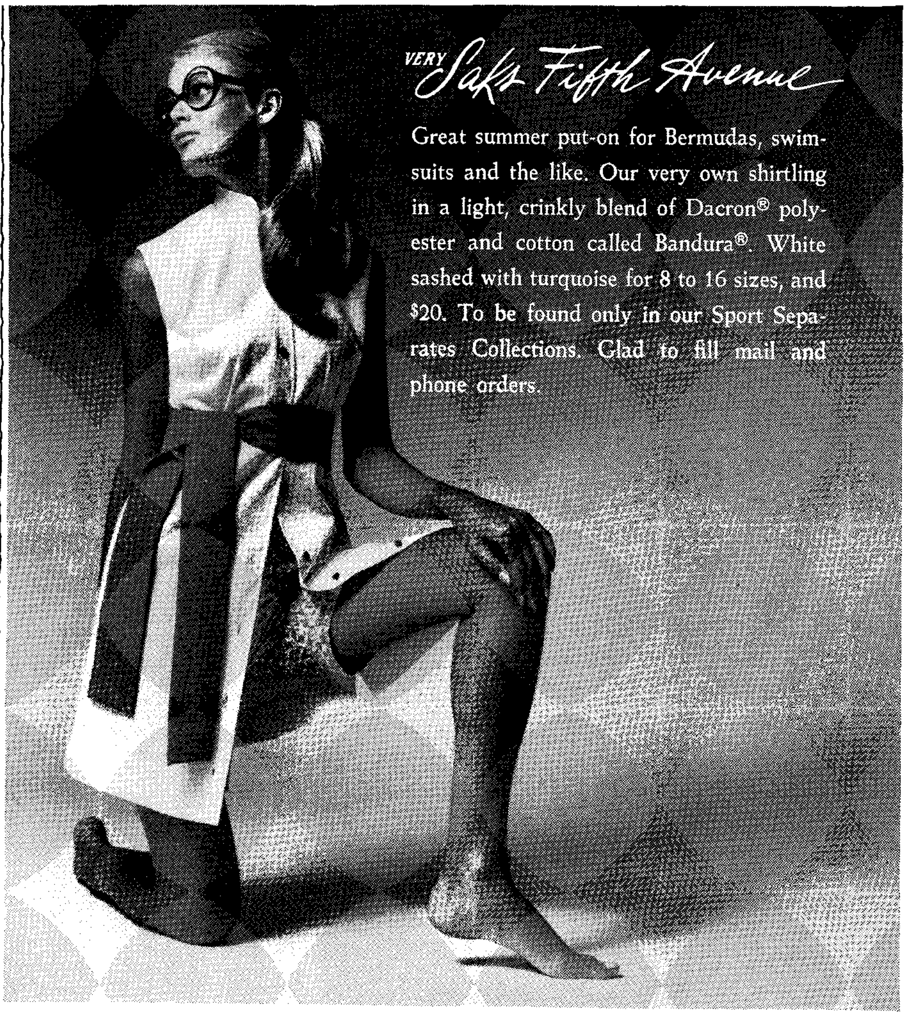
RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

kind of inquiry all the time—from high schools, colleges, and other institutions. And we can help out with our coaching talent, though we have to do it in the right way. A coach who comes to Latin America has to forget that he's a big man on campus at home and remember that here he's taking someone else's job. And he must coach at a level that can be assimilated here—he can't come on too strong too fast, or the kids will get discouraged. He can't chew his athletes out so, either. In the States, you can say almost anything to a boy, but here you have to be more gentle and considerate."

As for the cultural Olympics, they began on January 19th, with a big intercontinental ballet performance, attended by President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz and demonstrating Greek, African, and Mexican-Indian styles of dancing. The elaborate cultural Olympics, which were planned by Ramírez Vázquez, are being advertised as a return to the spirit of the old Greek Olympic festivals, where things of the mind were celebrated along with things of the body. They will involve twenty categories of events, matching the twenty divisions of Olympic sports, and will bring to Mexico, as the year unfolds, a wealth of art objects and artistic performances recalling the attractions of recent world's fairs—though one difference between the cultural Olympics and a world's fair is that many of the attractions will tour the secondary cities of Mexico, thus spreading the benefits and also, it is hoped, reducing the crowds in Mexico City.

One of the more interesting events in the cultural Olympics will be a "symposium" of contemporary sculptors, each of whom will contribute a monumental work. Alexander Calder, invited as a "special guest of honor," has been in Mexico working on a stabile seventy-eight feet high—his tallest work to date—which will stand in front of the Aztec Stadium. He has made a model of the sculpture here, and this is being reproduced full scale in a Mexican steelworks. The final version will weigh about seventy tons, consisting of three pieces that will be welded together at the site. The work will be a soaring creation of black steel with a red-orange disc in its center section. As for the symposium, it will, according to the present plan, include eighteen sculptors, with at least one from every continent. Four will be Mexican, and three—Herbert Bayer, Costantino Nivola, and Todd Williams—will be from the United


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Great summer put-on for Bermudas, swimsuits and the like. Our very own shirtling in a light, crinkly blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton called Bandura®. White sashed with turquoise for 8 to 16 sizes, and $20. To be found only in our Sport Separates Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

RR

Peter Zage is pleased to announce the arrival in this country of Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow chassis numbers SRX 6010, SRX 6030, SRX 6031. They await your pleasure at PETER ZAGE & CO. LTD.

SALON GRAND LUXE OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CAR.
301 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK, TEL: 421-0500
Official retailer exclusively for Rolls-Royce and Bentley Motor Cars.

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NK, Trenton, N. J. 08618

CYBIS

© Cybis Inc.

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg, Fla., Aug. 1-20.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer—a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the more than sixty designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed September first.

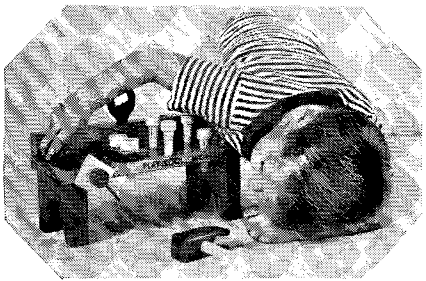
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N5

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

________________ZIP_______



No. 300 Workbench

Playskool toys entertain, enrich, stimulate, teach.

Playskool creates the playtools to shape a child's world. Look for the Play and Learn Centers in leading stores.

PLAYSKOOL ® PLAYSKOOL PLAY AND LEARN CENTER

Playskool Manufacturing Company
3720 No. Kedzie Ave./Chicago, Ill. 60618

THE CAPRICE

Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
To
Waterville, Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

States. The eighteen sculptors have been asked to supply scale models of their offerings, which will be enlarged by Mexican contractors and set up at strategic places along the Periférico.

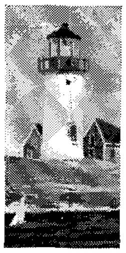
The cultural Olympics will also feature a symposium of poets, a film festival, an international exhibition of fine arts, an international exhibition of children's painting, and a coming and going, throughout the year, of symphony orchestras, chamber orchestras, solo concert artists, ballet groups, and theatrical troupes. There will be a show having to do with the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and another having to do with space exploration. And there will be exhibits of Olympic philately, Olympic art, and international sporting architecture. All these attractions, and others, will be staged or housed in appropriate places throughout the city. The plans are not yet fully crystallized, though, partly because of uncertainty about what the participating nations will send. The number of items in the fine-arts category, for instance, is running way ahead of expectations. Originally, each country was asked to send one traditional and one modern work of art, but in some cases the response has been almost overwhelmingly generous; Egypt, for instance, has offered twenty large ancient sculptures, and Nepal has offered ninety-eight works of Hindu and Buddhist art. The plan is to show contemporary works in the city's Museum of Modern Art and traditional ones in its Museum of Anthropology. The folk aspects of the cultural Olympics—mainly folk dancing and folk art—may turn out especially well, because of Mexico's own traditional emphasis on such things. Mexico's Ballet Folklorico, under the direction of Amalia Hernández, has long been famous for its interpretations of old Indian dances, and its influence will undoubtedly be felt here throughout the year. And the Museum of Anthropology, which is the world's foremost center of pre-Columbian art, and whose permanent displays will not give way to the cultural Olympics, may attract other good exhibits in that line. Our own Bureau of Indian Affairs, for example, is planning to send a big collection of artifacts, as well as a Navajo sand painter and his wife, who is a weaver. If countries like Canada and Peru should also come through with large offerings, a subsidiary, *Indian* cultural Olympics could develop.

One phase of the cultural Olympics is called "Advertising in the Service of Peace." What this means is that

Big, thick, juicy steaks.
Deep down leather armchairs.
Crisp, garden fresh salads.
Atmosphere very much like home.

If you happen to be from London.

downing square
A steak and chop house.
Lexington Ave. at 48th St.
For reservations
call 826-9730
All credit cards accepted.
Free parking.



TAKE YOUR CAR ALONG
and enjoy the full flavor of an Island vacation on

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
or
NANTUCKET

Year-round car and passenger service to these enchanting islands is offered by the Steamship Authority. Frequent daily service operates between Woods Hole on Cape Cod to both islands. Car reservations should be made in advance.

From NEW YORK (direct line) 966-1929
or write for brochure and schedules
WOODS HOLE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD
and NANTUCKET STEAMSHIP AUTHORITY
Woods Hole, Mass. Tel. (617) 548-5011

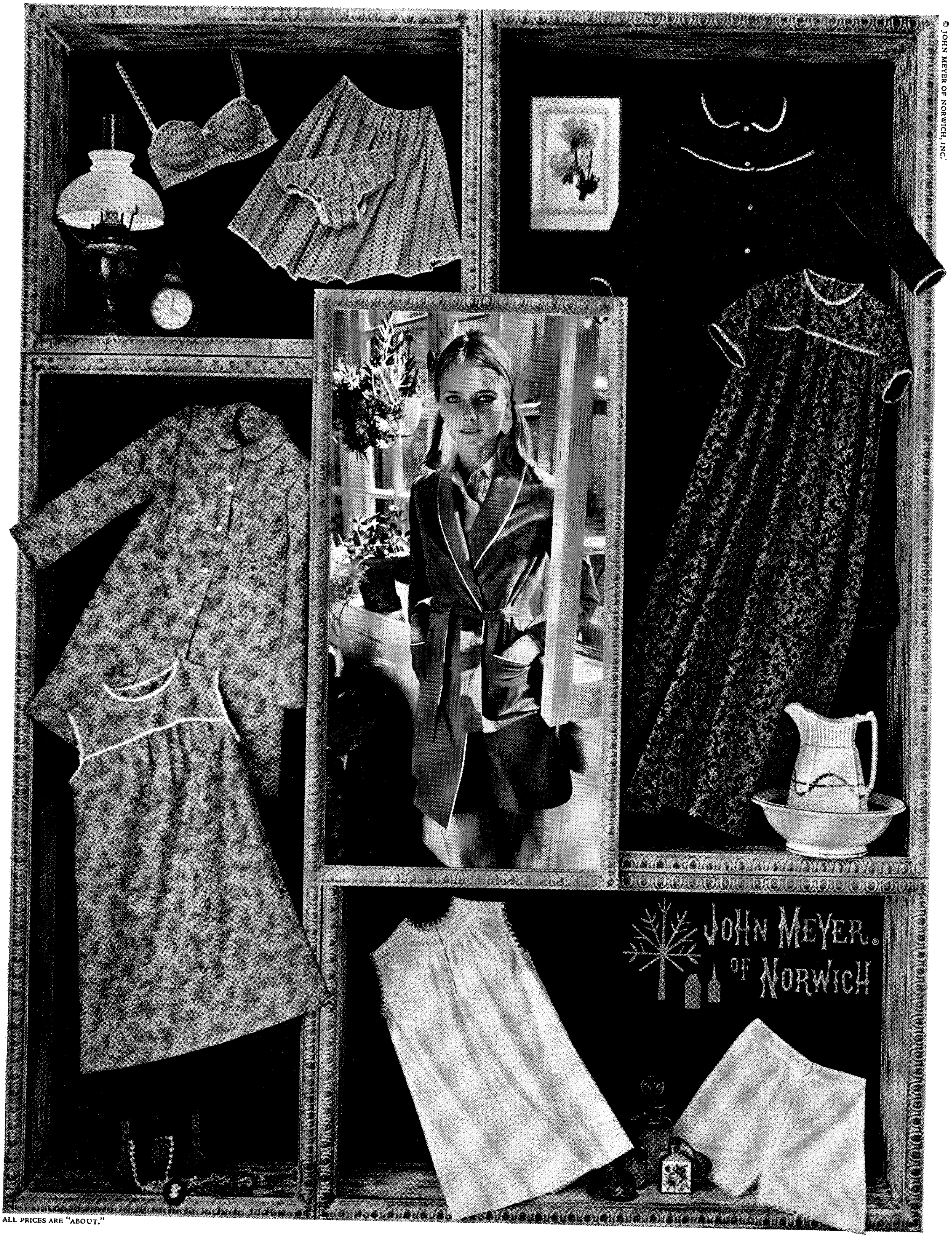
A TRULY REMARKABLE RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER

Rattazzi

Private rooms available for cocktails or dinner.

Closed Sat. and Sun.
9 EAST 48 STREET, N.Y.C.—PL 3-5852

Lamps & Shades
WARD & ROME
63 East 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



© JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.

ALL PRICES ARE "ABOUT."

Victoriana 1968—young enchantments for fall, with the refinement of tailoring that is typically John Meyer. Light and bright, the dirndly petticoat in a wide-eyed daisy print $7. Bra $6. Pantie $2. Early to bed—in the arbutus-strewn gown $14. "Go with" coat in baby corduroy $18. Early to rise—in the classic tie coat $20. Tossed over the traditional checked night shirt, long-sleeved and barrel-cuffed $11. Treasure-trove, the quilted coat in meadowvine print $20. Its demure partner in flannel $9. Another pretty adornment, the lace-edged shorty pajama with little-boy shorts $12. All in brilliant colors that match the new John Meyer clothes. At discerning stores.

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
The beer taste for the champagne pocketbook.

BOTTLED AND BARRELED IN MUNICH, WHERE IT HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383. LÖWENBRÄU IS IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK.

the owners of Mexico City's billboards and other large areas of display space are being asked to forswear commercial advertising during the games and to carry slogans about world brotherhood and similar themes instead. Nations participating in the Olympics are being asked to contribute the slogans, many of which may turn out to be sayings of famous thinkers; Nepal, for instance, is expected to come up with aphorisms of the Buddha. Each slogan will be rendered on its billboard in Spanish and in the language of the contributing country, and visitors will be confronted with them again and again while plying between the events here.

The United States contribution to the cultural Olympics may not be as great as the Mexicans would like, mainly because we are trying to cut down on expenditures now. For this reason, we do not plan to send a symphony orchestra, but we shall probably send, among others, Martha Graham, Van Cliburn, representatives from the Newport Jazz Festival, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band from New Orleans, and the Minnesota Theatre Company. In the end, our big contribution may be not so much in the performing arts as in the space and nuclear-energy exhibitions, for which organizations like NASA have material ready to hand.

THE bringing of the Olympic flame to Mexico City will be the occasion for a huge mobile cultural display, involving the ancient Indians, the ancient Greeks, the modern athletes, and Christopher Columbus, among others. Plans for the affair are subject to change, but the following is what has been devised so far: The flame will be kindled in Greece, as it always is, in the ruins of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. From Greece it will travel—on Greek, Italian, and Spanish ships—through the western Mediterranean and the Atlantic, stopping en route at Genoa, Columbus's home town, and passing through part of Spain, in order to leave that country by the port of Palos, from which Columbus left. In the New World, it will stop at the island of San Salvador, Columbus's first landfall, and will be carried thence to the Mexican port of Veracruz, where Cortes landed to begin his conquest. From Veracruz it will be carried, perhaps by Mexican runners, to Teotihuacán, a famous pre-Columbian ceremonial center thirty miles to the northeast of Mexico City. The symbolism of this journey is clear: European civilization, with its origins in Greece, is

It's nice to travel with because it's so small.

This is the most compact Kodak Instamatic camera of all. It'll fit in pocket or purse. It loads instantly (just drop in the film) and you get really good, sharp color snapshots or slides. And it comes in a color outfit for less than $35.

Kodak Instamatic® S-10 camera.

Kodak
INSTAMATIC
S-10 CAMERA

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

In Boston,

Keyed-up executives unwind at the
Sheraton-Boston Hotel
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT

a new city is arising, and there's a modern luxury hotel right in the heart of it. But this is one modern luxury hotel with some old-fashioned ideas about comfort and service. Eight fine restaurants and lounges. 1000 spacious, air-conditioned rooms, tower suites and lanai rooms surrounding the roof-top swimming pool. Just off Mass. Pike Exit 22. Limousine service from airport. **For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call your nearest Sheraton Hotel.**

JIGSAW PUZZLES
African Mahogany

Colorful hand-painted elephants, zebras, hippos, clowns, Yale bulldogs, Princeton tigers, California bears, etc., for children and their parents. You name it, we draw it, we cut it. All interlocking pieces. No two alike. Priced from $7.00 depending on number of pieces . . . (4-5 year olds—8-12 large pieces). When ordering, state age of puzzle-doer and choice of subject . . . (the elephants are really great!) We advise cost before mailing.
MAHOGPUZ, 12 YORKE ROAD, CONVENT, N.J.
201-JE 8-4741

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
- IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

Tonight, drink 50 great Scotches.

THORNE'S
18 T 31
THORNE'S
Est'd
1831
10
Scotch

They add up to Thorne's. Because inside every bottle of Thorne's are 50 great Scotch whiskies. 50 great Scotch whiskies (Strathislas, Glenlivets and Speysides among them) that have been aged *ten years* and then blended. Fifty Scotches blended together to make one great light whisky.

Then this blend is poured by hand, bottled by hand, labelled by hand and registered by hand in our master log in Scotland.

And we've been doing it like this since 1831. Just so we wouldn't lose count.

Imported most pridefully by Hiram Walker, since 1858 purveyors of fine whiskies to the world.

©1967

10 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.

A Unique Poetic and Musical Experience

baptism

A JOURNEY THROUGH OUR TIME (VSD 79275*)

Sung and Spoken by **Joan Baez**

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY PETER SCHICKELE

Exclusive Vanguard Recording Artist *-Stereo VANGUARD RECORDINGS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

brought by Columbus and Cortes to join with that of the Indians. At Teotihuacán, before the flame is finally carried to the Olympic Stadium, a huge ceremony will be held at dusk on October 11th, the day before the games are to open. The plans for this event are fluid now, because they have only very recently been put in the hands of Rufino Tamayo, one of Mexico's greatest painters—and a painter whose outlook is appropriately international, as distinct from the nationalism of Rivera and Orozco. Tamayo has not worked out all his ideas yet, but he seems certain to put on a good show. Teotihuacán is one of Mexico's greatest ancient centers, and it is a mysterious one; we do not know what people built it or why their civilization fell. But even today it is a wonderful composition of vast open spaces, pyramids, smaller stone platforms, and long masonry walls; its two main pyramids, comparable in size to the pyramids of Giza, are thought to have been built around the time of Christ. ("Pyramid" is not really a good word for them, though it is the one commonly used in both English and Spanish. It conjures up thoughts of Egyptian pyramids, which were primarily tombs and have pointed shapes, whereas the Teotihuacán constructions were ceremonial pedestals, with flat tops on which temples probably stood and with terraces breaking into their slopes.) Tamayo, himself of Indian descent, has chosen the larger of the main Teotihuacán pyramids, the so-called Pyramid of the Sun, for his major production. He wants the Mexican runner to come to its base and there to be met by some Mexicans dressed as ancient Teotihuacána priests. These will take the flame and carry it to the top of the pyramid, and then—if the archeologists allow it—a cascade of fire will pour down the pyramid's face, joining a huge blaze at the bottom. (Tamayo looks on fire as a symbol of friendship.) Meanwhile, hundreds of dancers, under the direction of Amalia Hernández, will be doing Mexican-Indian folk dances nearby, to music by Carlos Chávez, the leading contemporary Mexican composer. It should all look splendid on color television. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

I WORRY ABOUT
WINDOWS AND CHILDREN
PETER W. SPARKS
Connecticut Mutual Life
—*Adv. in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Who doesn't?

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ENDERBY, by Anthony Burgess (Norton). Enderby, a genuine poet, is an eccentric middle-aged man who is a triumph of unworldliness. He composes most of his poetry on the lavatory seat, accepts and indulges his cloacal obsessions and infantile fixations, and does well as a bachelor recluse in a small English town. Then the world yanks him outside, upsets his enclosed poetry routine, and spins him, unprepared and unsuited, into ludicrously inappropriate roles: husband to a fashionable bitch on a non-consummating Roman honeymoon; pathetic mental patient blandly remodelled into a change of name and identity; barman in a slick London hotel; fugitive from the apparent murder of the ranking pop-singing star of the time; holiday-tour romancer on a plane flight and in moony Seville; vagrant in Morocco, tanned by boot polish into a holy, begging Arab; and Tangier beach-café parasite supported by the dying fellow-expatriate who is his lifetime spiritual enemy and plagiarizer. The black satire is ferociously amusing, and the language superlative.

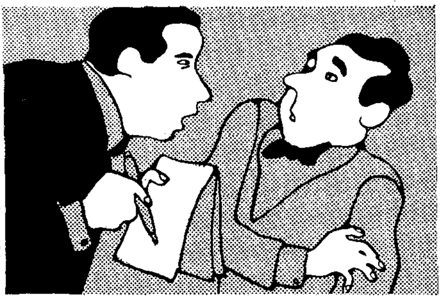
I AM MARY DUNNE, by Brian Moore (Viking). A two-hundred-and-fourteen-page monologue by the most interesting of women is in danger of being trying, but a two-hundred-and-fourteen-page monologue by a nondescript woman cannot help but list from the first words. Mary Dunne, a native of Nova Scotia, has been married three times, and now, at thirty-two, finds herself with so much time on her hands that she has trouble remembering exactly who she is. The scene is New York, for the most part, with recollections of time spent in Toronto and Montreal. Mr. Moore writes with a rancid intimacy that makes his wilting heroine very real. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

A LONDON CHILDHOOD, by John Holloway (Scribners). Mr. Holloway, a poet and a reader in English at Cambridge University, was born an only child in a working-class neighborhood on the outskirts of London in 1920, and in this memoir he recalls what he can of the first nine years of his life there. It is not a chronological account. It is, rather, an attempt to evoke the total ecology of his childhood by an intensive examination of its chief components—a five-room row house (with two rooms rented out); a doting mother and an attractive and guileless father (and the sudden, china-breaking rows that enlivened their marriage); the simple family culture of songs, proverbs, weather rhymes, riddles, folk beliefs (" 'The King can do no wrong!,' my father taught me with emphasis"); passersby and callers (rent collector, muffin man, street singer, chimney sweep, gas man, knife grinder, lamp lighter); toys (an endless flow of hand-me-downs from the hospital where his father worked as a maintenance man); the ritual of holidays; the family motorcycle and sidecar. The result is a truly moving book, and one of genuine and generous substance.

THE QUEST OF THREE ABBOTS, by Brendan Lehane (Viking). A bright and smiling study of the great missionary priests of fifth- and sixth-century Ireland who brought Christianity back to neo-pagan Scotland and England and renewed its powers in France, where, "on account of the negligence of bishops, the Christian religion had almost disappeared from the country." The emphasis is on the careers of St. Brendan (whose wanderings may have taken him to the shores of North America), St. Columba (whose voice could be "heard at a distance sometimes of four furlongs, sometimes even of eight"), and St. Columbanus (who "lived and died on the Continent, fearlessly thundering his convictions at all who could hear, castigating queens, threatening kings, taming bears, repudiating the Pope himself"), but Mr. Lehane also considers their lesser contemporaries, including St. Fiacra, whose name is commemorated in the French word for "taxi," and St. Deicolus, who "used to hang his cloak on a sunbeam." Photographs, mostly architectural, and an end-paper map.

VENCEREMOS!, by Ernesto Che Guevara, edited by John Gerassi (Macmillan). The speeches and writings



If we seem snoopy...

when you say you're relocating . . . it's for your own good. "Must move within 30 days," you tell us, "to Wichita (or Baltimore or San Diego)." Out comes our quiz sheet and we fire away: *Children—how many? Ages? Schools—what kind? House—what style? Cultural interests? Mortgage requirements?* . . . until your family needs and activities are accurately assessed. Then Realtors of your new area are notified, neighborhoods and homes are matched to your specifications. For doing all this (and much more) we charge you *nothing*. Homerica is the original and largest homefinding service, and the only one working solely for you, the buyer. Send today for brochure.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 277-3110

500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

MIT

175th Consecutive
Quarterly Dividend

$15.2 million, equal to
11 cents a share, to
214,000 shareholders.

Payable: July 22, 1968
Record: June 28, 1968

Massachusetts
Investors Trust

Siambelli
50th

RISTORANTE ULTIMO

GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE

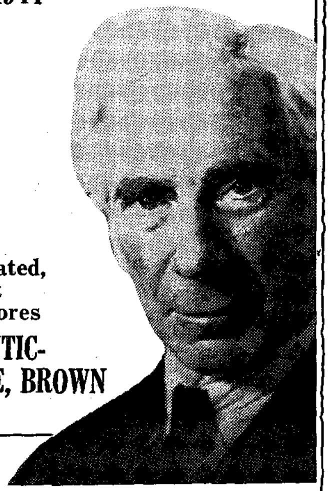
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner

46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760

Diner's Club
American Express

Just published, the 2nd volume of one of the towering memoirs of our time—startlingly frank, immensely readable

The Autobiography of
BERTRAND RUSSELL
1914-1944



Illustrated,
$8.95 at
bookstores

ATLANTIC-
LITTLE, BROWN

"¡Estupendo!

All of Michener's varied talents as reporter, researcher and story teller extraordinary are brought to bear in this delightful Iberian odyssey."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

IBERIA
Spanish Travels and Reflections
By JAMES A. MICHENER

Photographs by Robert Vavra
A Book-of-the-Month Club selection • $10
RANDOM HOUSE

*Rex Carver in "the best Canning thriller for many years."**

THE
PYTHON
PROJECT

by Victor Canning

Soon to be a
Universal movie.

$4.95

**The Sun*, London

MORROW

of the Argentine-born Cuban revolutionary who has become one of the principal heroes of the New Left since his death in Bolivia last year. We see Che in all his colorful stances: reminiscing about the beautiful early days of the revolution, when Fidel once assigned him an undeserved hammock; cutting sugarcane for twelve hours straight with a tractor to show the workers the advantages of mechanization; telling the latest joke against the Party to an audience of textile workers to demonstrate the counter-revolutionary spirit; bringing Marx and Lenin up to date (which sometimes required returning to the early Marx of the 1844 manuscripts); warning the United Nations that it bears on its hands "the blood of Patrice Lumumba;" and endlessly, everywhere, fulminating against the "fascist" United States, "the great enemy of mankind." We also see him at some less colorful activities: preaching the need for "adequate inventory control" and "cost accounting." Mr. Gerassi teaches "Nationalism and Revolution in the Third World" at San Francisco State College, and his introduction can only be called worshipful.

THE MONEY GAME, by "Adam Smith" (Random House). A jocular survey of contemporary approaches to Wall Street speculation. The pseudonymous author, who writes from his own professional experience, emphasizes the irrational aspects of stock-market dealings and dealers, and appears ambivalent about the morality, utility, or attractiveness of this way of making money. The effect of his humor is uneven; sometimes he sounds like a wise man, sometimes like just a wise guy.

•

NEW YORK (UPI)—Hey, there, Jane Brain.

You with that sheepskin in tow—and children, too—ought to cogitate about the battle of the sexes in the office before thinking of combining marriage and motherhood.—*Patricia McCormack in the Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

Can you *suggest* a combination?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Times*]

While a large poor population works to the advantage of a resort area that needs a reservoir of low-skilled workers on a short term basis, it works to the disadvantage of the poor population.

"Explores with analytic sweep and probing authority the unique nature of the movies"
—Lewis Jacobs

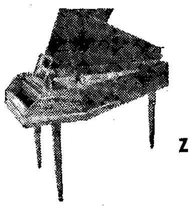
The
Moving
Image
A Guide to
Cinematic Literacy
Robert Gessner

Unique among film books, *The Moving Image* is a pioneer exploration of the shooting script, "the key that can unlock most of the secrets of cinema," according to Professor Gessner. His book—basic, brilliant, wonderful to read—will be an indispensable delight to all devotees of the ninth art.
$8.95

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.



HARPSICHORD

Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

emen John Heffernan and John Donaldson on their way to counsel with a metals customer in Pittsburgh

There's a banker/technical director team to bring you an added dimension in corporate banking from Chase Manhattan

the bank with the wide world reach

Your needs motivated us to offer you Chase team service. Here's how it works.

Your Chase banker is thoroughly knowledgeable in your industry. But in this day of increasingly complex business the need for expert technical counsel frequently arises.

When he sees the need, he can instantly call upon the skills of the Chase technical director experienced in your particular business.

At this point, you have a perfectly balanced team at work for you. One a banker who knows your financial needs. One a technical man who knows your operational needs. Technical Director John Heffernan, above, is typical.

With a degree in Metallurgical Engineering from the University of Pennsylvania, and years of practical experience in metals research, production and marketing, he knows his business thoroughly.

And our other technical directors are equally knowledgeable, whether they specialize in electronics, mining, energy, agriculture, chemicals, transportation, aerospace, textiles, or forest products.

Why not talk to the people at Chase Manhattan and benefit from this added dimension in corporate banking.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
N.A. /1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10015 • Member FDIC

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Canadians must like us, to send us their finest whisky

Schenley
O.F.C.
Imported
PRODUCT OF CANADA
IMPORTED
O.F.C.
BY
Schenley
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
SIX YEARS OLD
Distilled, aged, and blended under supervision of the Canadian Government
Canadian Schenley Distilleries
VALLEYFIELD, P.Q., CANADA
86.8 PROOF

Henderson County Junior College Library

86.8 PROOF · ©SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.